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THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

NOTES ON CURRENT EVENTS

A CROWD of dramatic and exciting events has filled the past month. The issues which are disturbing both our own and other nations are for the most part, in form at least, constitutional. Yet they are issues which go far down into the life of peoples, and they evoke the deep sympathy, the eager interest and hope, of every man and woman in whose thoughts the problem of social progress is dominant. In Russia, where the Stolypin ministry is doing its best to hoodwink Europe by a show of reform, the gloom of exhaustion seems to have settled for a time on the revolutionary parties, broken only by fitful flashes of half-suppressed civil war. In France, the very essentials of democratic and national government are at stake in the fierce struggle which the Vatican's reckless policy has forced upon the Republic. The situation at the moment is discussed below by M. Ernest Dimnet. In Belgium, the Liberal and Socialist element in the Chamber has struck, against the hostility of a greedy king and an obsequious ministry, a blow for humanity as brilliant as it was unexpected. The Chamber has declared its right to annex the Congo, unrestricted by the terms which Leopold II sought to impose last June; and has secured from the Government a promise of that full information which has hitherto been denied to it, and without which the question of actual annexation could not be decided. Sir Edward Grey's confidence in the desire of the

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Belgian Parliament to take the Congo question in hand and do justice to the natives is, so far, thoroughly justified. In the United States, the President's Message reveals a nation striving desperately to control the exploitation of its citizens by irresponsible capitalism, and to check the local maltreatment of negroes and Asiatics, but thwarted at every turn by a constitution which reduces the central authority to impotence. The President's great service to the world in helping to bring the Russo-Japanese war to a close has been recognised by the award to him of the Nobel Prize.

The unsuccessful war with the Herreros, with its accumulation of debt and taxes, has at last produced in Germany the long-expected outburst of discontent, the long-expected demand for a constitutional government. Perhaps the revolutionary movement in Russia, the success of republican government in France, and the establishment of manhood suffrage in Austria by a real parliamentary government has hastened and precipitated the crisis which culminated in the rejection by the Reichstag of the Supplementary Estimates for the Herreros War, and its dramatic dissolution by imperial decree. The majority indeed was small, but it sufficed. It was produced by a sudden combination of the Clerical Centre with the Socialists. It is a strange combination ; but it is very noteworthy that these are the only two parties in Germany which depend for their strength upon the vote of the labouring classes, the Socialists drawing mainly from the towns, the Catholics mainly from the rural parts of Germany. Hence the Socialists are free traders, and the Catholic Centre are protectionists. The meat famine, which is a most important element in the situation, is produced by the co-operation of the Catholic Centre with the Conservative squires and landlords. Here is a complexity. The Catholic Centre has adopted the constitutional cry. It is not only opposed to the excesses of military and colonial expenditure, but it declares that the Reichstag must have control of finance and that the Ministry must be responsible. The

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Socialists stand to these principles also, though they express them with more strength and definiteness. But they will also assail once more the protection tariff, and will call loudly for opening the ports to free food supplies. Cheap bread and cheap meat are likely to prove very important planks in the campaign. It is likely therefore that the German Radicals will join hands with the Socialists, and the Government will have to rely upon the Conservatives and National Liberals. Their cry will be the honour and safety of the Army and the glory of maintaining at whatever cost the Colonial Empire.

The grant of self-government, on the most democratic basis, to the white people of the Transvaal is of profound import to all who cherish the Liberal ideal of empire. It would be idle to minimise the difficulties raised by reserving for the supreme imperial authority all legislation which differentiates between whites and non-whites—whether natives or Chinese. This will of course be hotly opposed, even by some who welcome the new constitution. Yet such reservation is an absolute necessity. Recent events in Natal have pointed to it with overwhelming force, and have shown it to be especially needed where the whites are in a minority. The principle of self-government is that men of a certain civilisation are the best judges of what is good for themselves—not of what is good for all others with whom they may come in contact. Apart from this difficulty, the new constitution is giving all but universal satisfaction. Its bestowal at so early a date is an act of faith, upon which no other nation than England would have ventured. Yet it is justified up to the hilt by our own colonial experience, and it is rendered doubly secure by the fact that the divisions in the Transvaal (to the bitter disappointment of Lord Milner, if one may judge from his speeches) are not racial but economic. The programme of *Het Volk*, for instance, includes labour legislation, agricultural reform, and repatriation of the Chinese, as well as an absolutely just demand for the equality of the English and Dutch languages in the schools. This

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grant of freedom is a declaration to all the world that England does not consent to wield sovereignty except on the one condition which justifies it—the free co-operation in empire of all her subjects who are capable of self-government. It is also an incalculable relief to those on whose consciences the memory of the events of 1899, with their train of fateful consequence, has been a heavy burden. That burden could only have been lifted by the establishment of free and fair institutions on the soil of the two republics—for the Orange River Colony ought not to wait long for the same privilege—which England once thought it necessary to destroy.

At home, the outlook is stormy. After a long and laborious session, the House of Commons finds its chief measures destroyed or injured by the Upper Chamber ; and the question of the moment is the time when, and the method whereby, the inevitable constitutional conflict is to be opened. On the report stage of the Education Bill, while professing to make their amendments more acceptable to the Commons, the Lords passed a new amendment which would compel all children, in hundreds of rural single-school areas, to attend a purely denominational school, subject only to a kind of conscience clause as regards the religious teaching. Such a provision, adhered to though even the *Times* counselled its withdrawal, showed beyond a doubt that the Peers intended to transform the whole character of the Bill. It would restore the chief of the grievances which caused the agitation against the Act of 1902. It would tear up that charter of independence for the villages which the Bill, whatever defects it may have had as an ultimate settlement, did provide in the form in which it left the Commons. No other course was open than to return the amendments to the Upper Chamber *en bloc*, as was done unanimously by the Liberal, Labour and Nationalist parties. In the negotiations which followed, the Opposition Peers, who seem to have been riding for a fall throughout, insisted on complete surrender on the question of the teacher's position in all schools with denominational

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facilities. They demanded a system which would, in effect, have imposed a strictly denominational test on every teacher in every such school. To this the Government, who had offered large concessions, very properly refused to agree. The Lords insisted on their amendments, and thus destroyed the Bill, by a majority of 132 to 52. The Duke of Devonshire protested strongly against their decision, and his feeling is shared by moderate men of all parties. Nothing, indeed, could be more disastrous to the Church of England or to the country. The leaders of the Church have alienated many of the best Churchmen, and have deepened the impression, already widespread, that they are fundamentally hostile to democratic ideals. The nation has seen its first great demand contemptuously rejected and the labour of half a session thrown away, and is doomed to another godless wrangle as bitter, though it will assuredly not be as barren, as the last.

Apart from this unfortunate achievement, and its summary rejection of the Plural Voting Bill on the humorous ground that it was not a sufficiently sweeping change, the House of Lords has confined its reforming energies within comparatively narrow limits. It has accepted the Trade Disputes Bill so as not to come into direct conflict with labour, and the Land Tenure Bill so as to escape the charge of defending the landlord interest. These motives are obvious; there has been no shadow of pretence that the Lords passed these measures on the ground that they were good ones. On the contrary, they denounced them as introducing a reign of licence and throwing the whole machinery of civilisation out of gear. If we are to have a Second Chamber at all, we ought at least to have one whose opinions we can respect—one which, at any rate, does not tell us openly that it votes against its opinions in order to preserve its privilege. The Workmen's Compensation Act, which has now been expanded, largely by the knowledge and energy of private members, into a really fine and comprehensive piece of legislation—including all labour but that of the unfortunate

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and inaccessible "outworker," and the most obvious, at least, among the diseases of occupation—has passed into law with but slight modification. So has the Provision of Meals (Children) Bill, a bold attempt to arrest the appalling physical deterioration in boys and girls of school age, on which recent inquiries have thrown a lurid light. In the face of this evil, the advocates of *laissez-faire* have proved infinitesimally few in number. Even if their view of the way in which parental responsibility is impaired were valid, their conclusion would be wrong. For parental responsibility, if undermined at all, is far more seriously undermined by the present spasmodic flow of private charity (which will infallibly continue unless we substitute something else for it) than by any regular public provision.

The Bills which have been discussed in Parliament do not constitute the whole work of the Session just closed.

Foreshadowings of Reform: There has been preparation for future reform. The Select Committee on the Income Tax, after exhaustive discussion of the complicated questions involved, has decided that graduation is possible. This is a point of vital importance, for without the differential taxation of large incomes the task of securing a more equal distribution of wealth would be seriously impeded. Graduation, says the Committee's Report, is possible in two ways. The existing system of abatements can be extended to incomes not exceeding £1000 a year; to carry it further would mean that very large sums of money, collected "at the source" by the taxation of company profits, would have to be returned, and the inconvenience would outweigh the advantage. Secondly, a super-tax can be imposed, based on a personal declaration, on incomes (say) exceeding £5000 a year. Subject to these exceptions, the Committee recommend the continuance of the existing system of collection at the source, as opposed to a direct assessment of the whole of each person's income; though they think that a compulsory personal declaration of total net income would help in preventing

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evasion. On the other great question which has divided Income Tax reformers—differentiation between earned and unearned incomes—the Committee decide in favour of the possibility of differentiation, though they say that it must necessarily be done in a rough and ready manner, and ought perhaps to be limited, in the case of “earned” incomes, to those not exceeding £3000 a year.

Another Select Committee, that on Housing, has issued a Report on which there can be little doubt that future legislation will be based. The question

Housing ought not to be allowed to wait; there is hardly any which has so close and intimate a bearing on the home life and the physical standard of the people. The main point, as regards Housing itself, is the Committee’s proposal to transfer the building powers of the District Council to the County Council, a body less exposed to sinister local influences. The County Council is to make an annual register of houses within its area, and to have its staff of Medical Officers and Sanitary Inspectors, who are to hold office during good behaviour. The scandal of the dismissal of too energetic officers by owners of house-property who have obtained seats on local bodies will thus, it is hoped, be rendered almost impossible. The County Councils may receive grants from the Exchequer at the discretion of the Local Government Board; the Treasury is to lend to them at the lowest rate at which it can itself borrow, and the period for repayment of loans is to be lengthened.

But the Committee have found it impossible to confine themselves to Housing alone. The question is too much bound up with the land problem as a whole.

The Land Accordingly, one of the most sweeping of the recommendations is that local authorities should be able to buy land compulsorily, at its rateable value, not only for house-building, but for general sanitary purposes and for small holdings. Here they are at one with

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the important Conference on small holdings, convened three weeks ago by the Co-operative Small Holdings Society and the Allotments Association. At that Conference every shade of opinion upon small holdings reform was represented—those who believe in freeholds and those who believe in tenancies, those who trust the local authorities to act, and those who see the chief hope in a national body of Commissioners under the Board of Agriculture—and a comprehensive policy was unanimously adopted. It included the wide extension of the compulsory powers of local bodies (already in force as regards allotments), the strengthening of the Small Holdings Act of 1892, and the appointment of national Small Holdings Commissioners. This policy was urged upon Lord Carrington by a representative deputation, which received a favourable reply. Nevertheless, a strong impression is abroad that the Cabinet, apart from the Prime Minister and the President of the Board of Agriculture, is not sufficiently alive to the urgency of this and other land reforms. A Land Bill, or series of Land Bills, dealing with small holdings, the purchase of land for various purposes by local authorities, and the taxation of land values, ought unquestionably to take precedence of Temperance Reform in the Session of 1907. The demand for these measures on the part of Liberal and Labour Members, from both town and country constituencies, is overwhelming; and not from Liberal and Labour men alone. There are a large number of Unionist landlords who are keenly anxious for small holdings reform. And the Agricultural Committee of the "Tariff Commission," whose report is just issued, lay the greatest stress on the need of State action—apart from fiscal changes—for the encouragement of agriculture and the increase of small farms. The Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Small Holdings, which was on the point of being issued at the time of going to press, will be dealt with by Mr. R. Munro Ferguson, M.P., in the next number of this Review.

Earl Russell contends below, in reply to Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, that the case against motors must be strictly

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confined to proof of danger to life and limb, and of injury to roads, crops and house-property. The former he shows to be less than is generally supposed; as to the latter, he quotes cases where no injury has been done, and some in which property has risen in value, as might have been expected, from the presence of a public motor service. But he dismisses as irrelevant, and hardly attempts to meet, the contention that motoring for pleasure destroys some of the amenity of life for the non-motorist, and that the spectacle of a "peculiarly fatuous and ignoble sport," enjoyed by a small number, does not compensate us—the vast majority—for our loss. The boys and girls who—driven by our land laws off the grass and the woodland turf—play in the road after school; the old men who on summer evenings chatter and loiter in the village street; these are, in Earl Russell's language, "anarchists," perverting the roads from their proper use. This question of motoring is fundamentally a question of values, not of figures. It does not follow, because you cannot prove the contrary by statistics, that mere rushing at headlong speed is an elevating kind of pleasure, or that a narrow class has any right whatsoever to subordinate the public convenience to its own.

Mr. Shaw's new play, which is temperately discussed below by Mr. John Pollock, is outrageous. It leaves no impression save that the author must be one of those unpleasant individuals whose hands are always blue with cold even in the warmest weather. The mischief is that he has become a cult, so that there are many people, the sex feminine predominating, who go to the Court Theatre in order to persuade themselves of their intellectuality. Intellectual people go there to obtain the amusement they cannot find in the ordinary theatre. The devotees will weave rhapsodies from *The Doctor's Dilemma*: the better class will politely conceal their yawns. It is always the disciples who betray. Mr. Shaw has been betrayed into denying the limitations of the art which he practises. He presents us with what he calls a

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Tragedy, and skirts adroitly round every tragic element in his presentment, as he must, for he seems to be incapable of feeling its tragedy. His mind, like that of the professional actor, seems always to be concentrated on the "laugh." And whose is the tragedy? Not Dubedat's, for he is content to die. Not Jennifer's, for she is never conscious of the tragedy of her position. Not Sir Colenso Ridgeon's, though if he had been a character fully realised it might have been. And the rest are merely farce fools. The tragedy is really Mr. Shaw's. In his play he says that the greatest tragedy in life is a man of genius who is not also a man of honour. There is a greater—the artist who is also fundamentally a Philistine. It is difficult to imagine what the tedium of the three hours occupied by the "tragedy" would have been without the consummate acting brought to it by Miss Lillah McCarthy, Mr. Eric Lewis and Mr. James Hearn, to mention only the cleverest among a brilliant cast. Mr. Shaw, to adapt Leigh Hunt's dictum apropos of Farquhar, "makes us laugh from malice oftener than from pleasure;" and often the cheapness of his jests makes us ashamed to laugh. His epilogue is a horrible mistake.

THE CRISIS IN FRANCE

THE year 1900 marks the beginning of that stage of French politics of which we at present witness the crisis. The Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet seemed at first sight to have been formed exclusively for a judicial purpose. The Premier had been Captain Dreyfus' counsel, and General Gallifet was at the War Office solely to undo what the Court-Martial had done. But the deeper influences could not be concealed very long. Throughout the comparatively long duration of the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet the Chamber was employed in framing a law on Associations. This law—which we were almost the last European nation to desiderate—was liberal in its object, and the Premier wanted it to be liberal in its application. He lived long enough to see it turned into an instrument of oppression and spoliation, and his indignant protest in the Senate served only to show the insignificance of even the strongest individuals when great passions are at play : from beginning to end his successor, M. Combes, was, and often professed to be, nothing but the agent of anti-clerical hatred.

The suppression of a few religious orders was a political necessity. The treatment applied to the majority of them can only be described in terms which must sound more than severe yet are only accurate : the orders were decoyed by the law of 1901, and robbed by a vote of the Chamber in 1902.

M. Combes and M. Pelletan made no secret of their intention to carry on the same tactics and deal with the Church as they had dealt with the orders. One has only to refer to the newspapers of three years ago to find numberless instances of their frankness on this subject. No wonder

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then that Catholics should have begun to feel that the Masonic threat of "doing away with superstition altogether" should have appeared as an immediate reality, and that a deep-rooted distrust should have been the result.

This feeling of distrust is the characteristic of the Catholic attitude during the eventful past two years. It is in no man more visible than in Pope Pius X. When Cardinal Sasto, so far a provincial Italian prelate, engrossed above all by his pastoral ministry, became Pope, and had to watch the progress of Christendom at large, he first saw the orders turned out of France by a dishonest use of the law, and his *nuncio* dismissed, and this declaration of war was followed by a threat of soon attacking the Church of France herself. The Pope is a plain man. Could he expect peace and be confident and hopeful when everything he heard was calculated to give him misgivings?

The Separation law was brought about by the long efforts of M. Clémenceau, who is the most liberal of Radicals, and framed by M. Briand, one of the most intelligent men that have appeared in the French Chamber for more than thirty years. Let me add at once that it would never have been passed without M. Jaurès, who forced liberalism on his boisterous followers, and, at the present day, still advocates calmly a religious view of politics, in his paper the *Humanité*.

It is useless to inquire into the rights and wrongs of the quashing of the Concordat, and the suppression of an indemnity written for more than a hundred years on the book of national debts. The idea that "law is right" is fundamental in the French politician's mind. We must restrict ourselves to the examination of the law in itself.

It was called the Separation law, but it might be much more properly called the Law on Associations for Worship. In fact it was only a special chapter appended to the law of 1901 on Associations. The main position of M. Briand was the ignoring of the Church, as such, by the State, and the establishment of special regulations for private associations of Catholic citizens called *Associations cultuelles*. Every word in reference to ecclesiastical organisation was studiously avoided in the wording of the law, the sole allusion to the

hierarchy being concealed in Art. IV. under the phrase "general rules of the Catholic religion." It was in vain that M. Ribot pleaded for the distinct recognition of the Bishops' authority over the cultural associations. M. Briand admitted that he meant nothing else, but refused to go one step further. This almost childish abhorrence of any word betraying acquaintance with the ecclesiastical constitution is responsible more than anything else for the misunderstanding we deplore. Protestant nations with only a minority of Catholic subjects think it natural to have a representative near the Vatican, and have no scruples in exchanging views with the *Curia*. It is only a survival of the revolutionists' fads that could induce the French Government to undertake the "liquidation" of the establishment without alluding to the Bishops, natural heads of the Church, and in a spirit of hostility to the Pope, or, as M. Clémenceau often calls him in Parliament, to the "foreign monarch."

There were several points in the law against which the Pope was likely to take exception. The foreign press seems to have been startled by the evictions of Bishops, seminarists and priests from their palaces, seminaries and rectories. But even if the law had been accepted this eviction would have still taken place within two years of December 11th, 1906. There were also many restrictive clauses put in on purpose to wreck the Associations Law of 1901, and make it more stringent: the Church boards' property was limited to a certain sum, their accounts were to be looked into, etc., etc. Again, whatever Church property had been rescued after the Revolution of 1789 was nationalised; over two thousand churches recently built by private subscription were taken away from their owners and appropriated by the State. It does not seem that the Pope's resistance was determined by these points—no matter how open they might be to serious criticisms. At all events he passed them over in his Encyclical of August 15. The one side of the law which he resolutely condemned was its constant recognition of a body of laymen legally responsible for the ecclesiastical organisation, and its no less constant ignoring of the hierarchy, possible contests between two Associations being decided not by the Bishops, but by the

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Council of State. The Church discipline, the Pope said, was not reconcilable with such secular predominance, and Catholics should not avail themselves of the law, that is to say, of the advantages attached to the cultual associations, until it was legally certain that the rights of the Bishops to govern their dioceses were reserved. In case this legal certitude could not be obtained, the French Bishops were to reorganise their church on the legal ground afforded by the laws of the country.

This was the state of affairs when the Chamber met six weeks ago. What may have been the preponderating reason upon which the Pope determined to adopt this course? It is of the greatest importance to inquire with all due respect into this delicate point. All political considerations ought to be dismissed at once. Pius X is above them, and M. Briand, in his admirable speech of November 9th, owned it formally.

That the law was framed in ignorance, and possibly in some contempt of the Church is evident. That it could not, on any account, at least be given a chance, is not so clear. Did not Leo XIII ratify the statutes of the Theological Faculty of Strasburg, though the Kaiser had insisted that the dismissal of the professors, even for doctrinal errors, was left to the secular tribunals? Had not more than two-thirds of the French Bishops agreed that legal associations, only differing in name from cultual associations, ought to be adopted? Were not such associations actually working in Switzerland and Germany? The conclusion must be that the law, in spite of its snares, could be tried, and eventually given up, if it were found unsatisfactory.

Something then must have induced the Pope to choose the stricter and more dangerous course. What was it? In my opinion, the Pontiff must have acted under a feeling that he had been treated with more than indifference; but he must have acted, above all, under an unconquerable distrust. Shortly after the passing of the Separation Law M. Combes and M. Barthou had told a meeting of six thousand at the Trocadéro, that the law was only a beginning, that before very long, one might hope to make it

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more radical. These words must have rung like a burden in the Pope's ear, continuously reminding him of the use made by M. Combes of the law of Waldeck-Rousseau. Hence his insistence on accepting none except legal, *i. e.* parliamentary guarantees.

There can be no doubt that this distrust was turned to account by interested people in the Pope's surroundings. It has been many years a confirmed belief with the royalists and the monks attached to the same political views that France can only be galvanised into effective opposition by violence and persecution. This idea is a tremendous mistake, based on the assumption that this country is still Catholic at heart, whereas it is only superficially so. It is painful to see that such a man as M. de Mun entertains it. Anyhow it cannot be doubted that the royalists have done all they could in Rome to keep up the Pope's distrust and prevent every possible arrangement. The tone of papers like the *Gaulois*, the *Eclair*, the *Soleil*, etc., is enough to demonstrate it. Whenever the moderate press suggested some *via media* they became furious, and only recovered their jubilant accents when matters, instead of mending, seemed to grow worse. I have met royalists whose countenance fell the moment they heard that the churches might possibly be left to the Catholics after December 11th. What their imagination shows them is a *chouan* war, bringing about a Restoration.

M. Clémenceau and M. Briand could not but see these tactics. Throughout the recess they went on repeating that the churches would never be closed. In the speech of November 9th to which I was referring above—an address marked by the most wonderful talent—M. Briand gave the charter of the Church of France, as he conceived it, apart from the Separation Law. He had taken advantage of all the strong points which the situation gave him, and he appeared liberal enough to satisfy the most moderate, and yet firm enough to silence the old Combes' party, which is always on the look-out for a relaxation of ministerial anti-clericalism. M. Briand did not deny that the Pope had a right to refuse the law of 1905; he formally insisted that talking of a "Papal aggression on France"

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was ridiculous ; he only represented how much the Church lost by obeying her chief ; and at last he proposed a system. The Church should find a legal *status* in the law of 1881 on public meetings. The services should be regarded as such, and in order to make things easier, only a yearly declaration should be demanded.

This arrangement seemed at first sight liberal and of easy working. Yet it found opponents. As usual the members of the Right, who place their politics before the real interests of the Church, screamed that it was full of snares. Strange to say, they were joined by an ally whose attitude to the uninitiated was altogether unexpected—M. Jaurès. I have said above that the *Humanité* adopted from the first a dispassionate tone which no other paper of any shade could equal. M. Jaurès pointed out that no parliamentary vote had sanctioned M. Briand's arrangement ; that the Minister had, in the present instance, legislated through circulars—an unheard-of process in a democracy—and that the Pope would appear to know the French law better than the French lawgivers if he once more contended that he had no legal certainty for the future. This criticism had been already put forward in Rome, and several Bishops who happened to be there openly said that they had their doubts of even the honesty of M. Briand, and advised delaying.

Meanwhile, M. Briand, who is always liberal in the Chamber, was evidently being canvassed by the extreme Left in the lobby, and the result was another circular of a decidedly stringent character, enjoining immediate confiscation of the seminaries—under pretence that the teaching body in those establishments might be assimilated to a disguised worship association—and forbidding the Prefects to let the buildings to their former occupants. This amounted to stopping the recruiting of the clergy while professing to leave freedom to the Church.

Once more the Pope felt doubt and anxiety, and when Cardinal Richard telegraphed to Rome asking whether the declaration demanded by the Minister was permissible, a negative answer was telegraphed back. The Church services, the Pope said, were not ordinary public meetings which everybody can interrupt at pleasure.

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This decision was received with amazement. Some Bishops had already given orders to their priests to make the declaration. The country at large, clergy as well as faithful, not being conversant with legal niceties had been under the impression that M. Briand was doing his best to give the Church some legal *status*, and the monarchists were the only people who awaited the morrow with joyful impatience.

The morrow was the beginning of retaliation. M. Briand issued a circular ordering the immediate eviction of the Bishops and seminarists. Monsignor Montagnini, formerly secretary of the Nuncio, was expelled and his papers seized, and the tribune rang with threats against the "foreign functionaries," viz. the Bishops, who chose to obey an Italian rather than the laws of the country. The next day, a fresh circular was sent round to the Police officers, in which appeared a most extraordinary prohibition to interfere, should any disturbance happen in the churches. This evidently came from angry Clémenceau, not from wise Briand, and in fact was revoked the next day. Meanwhile the country presented a picture of dismay, made more melancholy by the exultation of the monarchists on one side and of the Combists on the other.

Three solutions were put forward during this agitated period. The monarchists advised leaving the churches under compulsion and organising private worship, barn and cottage services ; the Combists insisted on the passing of a law empowering the Prefects to banish refractory priests ; Jaurès and the *Humanité* maintained that the sole way out of the dangerous confusion was the suppression of the Law of 1881 on Public Meetings, seeing that the declaration has long been nothing else than a childish formality, and the organisation of the Church on the basis of the Law of 1901 on Associations.

This evidently was the only wise solution, and the extremists of both Right and Left dreaded its adoption. Their sole chance was in the Government persevering in its excitement, and in consequence ceasing to govern and beginning to persecute.

Fortunately, M. Clémenceau's anger is never of long

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duration. The Bill read to the Chamber at the last hour on Saturday, 15th, is not quite that which M. Jaurès demanded, but the silence on the monarchist and socialist benches while it was being read, proved that the cabinet have recovered their self-possession and intend to be a government and not a party. M. Briand offers to the Church the choice between the law of 1881 on meetings, that is to say, individual declaration of religious services for a given period, and the law of 1901 on Associations. In the latter case, which the Bishops will evidently prefer, the Associations are formed in perfect independence as to their statutes, object, financial resources, etc., and the lodging of the statutes at the Prefecture is in itself a sufficient declaration. This would be liberty if the Minister did not qualify it by the restrictive clauses in the law of 1905.

Yet the two most formidable obstacles in the way of an arrangement are now removed, and, strange to say, the Pope has, after all, brought the government to what he wanted : the Bishops' power is entire, and it is guaranteed, if not by a law, at least by the absence of a contrary law. How easily the same results might have been attained by half-an-hour's conversation !

One cloud remains on the horizon—granting that the complete loss of the Church property does not leave a cloud behind it. The churches are placed at the disposal of the Bishops and priests, but the State keeps its right—sometimes real, sometimes assumed—of ownership over them. Will not the Pope be frightened once more into refusing an arrangement on these lines and deciding that private worship will take the place of worship in the churches ? If this happens, to the great and indecent joy of the monarchists, it will mean self-slaughter for the Church, just at the moment when an admirable revival of zeal and learning and large-mindedness among the younger clergy seems to give every hope for the future as soon as the present ruins are repaired.

But this can hardly happen. The situation of the Church of France is precarious indeed, but it cannot be said any longer that it is not legally established.

ERNEST DIMNET

THE LORDS OR THE PEOPLE ?

IT may seem strange to find the House of Lords in the very act of their defiance figuring as defenders of the true democratic faith. Yet it is in this light that we are called upon to consider the defence of the rejection of the Education Bill and of the Plural Voting Bill which is now offered by Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne. The doctrine is no novel one, but its application to this legicidal work demands attention. Mr. Balfour, speaking on November 28th, thus formulates it : "I do not for one moment believe that the Lords, in the exercise of the high functions entrusted to them by the Constitution, will waver in their duty. Their duty is not to thwart the will of the nation, but to see that its will is really and truly carried out." Lord Lansdowne is more explicit. "I believe it is the duty of your lordships' House to arrest the progress of such measures when we believe they have not been sufficiently considered, and are not in accord with the judgment of the country." The lesson is perhaps enforced more sharply by the assent to the Trade Disputes Bill than by the destruction of the two other measures. For here the affirmative side of the doctrine is applied to an extreme instance. No language was found too strong for vilifying the Trade Disputes Bill. But the people had given a mandate for it to which the Lords must bow. There was no mandate for the Education Bill or the Plural Voting Bill, therefore it is not merely the privilege but the duty of the Lords to refuse assent.

Now it is easy work to expose the illogic and the *mala fides* of this reasoning. If there was no mandate for this Education Bill, the outlines of which were laid before the electorate a few months ago as the first constructive

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measure of the Government, how much mandate was there for the Act of 1902, emanating from a Government put into office two years before by a fevered people for the all-absorbing task of finishing the war? How comes it about that the conditions of every general election which places a Conservative Government in power are such as enable a separate and valid mandate to be given for all the measures introduced, while a Liberal Government elected under similar conditions must be continually arrested for transgression or perversion of its mandates? Then one might ask by what inner light the Peers, whose material circumstances, training, sympathies and interests do not fit them peculiarly for the dispassionate interpretation of the general will, and who are even explicitly debarred from taking any part in the proceedings from which mandates emanate, are enabled to exercise their discriminative functions.

The humorous effrontery, the monstrous inconsistency, with which this doctrine of the mandate is applied seems to most Liberals to deprive it of all claim to consideration. Bearing in mind the later years of the recent Conservative administration, in which, without the least pretence of popular sanction, laws were passed, the reversal of which now consumes so much time and energy needed for political advance, I wish here to plead for a just and reasonable application of the democratic doctrine of the mandate as the best method of removing the obstruction of the House of Lords.

The time has gone when it could be maintained that members of the House of Commons were elected merely upon general considerations of adhesion to a party or a policy, without giving pledges for their treatment of specific issues. The popular will does attempt to express itself through mandates, insisting that it is entitled to know whether the candidate is willing to help to give effect to its judgment in dealing with important public matters, and to be guided by this knowledge in choosing representatives. But our electoral system furnishes no formal or actual means of ascertaining whether any particular mandate which is thus conveyed really expresses the will of the majority, either in the national electorate or in the electorate of

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any constituency. Save on the rare occasions when a single concrete issue swallows all the rest, absorbing public attention, it is not possible to say how much public support stands behind any measure introduced into Parliament.

The House of Lords, pressing this pure logic of democracy, asserts that no measure ought to pass its censure which has not behind it clear proof of its popular support. Now the question of the *bona fides* of this position is irrelevant. For democrats the doctrine is a sound one, and what is more its careful application furnishes the most serviceable escape from the *impasse* with which we are confronted. It is not reasonable that any so-called self-governing people should be expected to give a seven-years' *carte blanche* for legislation to its agents, with no power to bring them to book for abuse of agency. This is no sane interpretation of agency in any sort of human business. If this is sound democratic doctrine, the destruction of the Lords' veto and the practical removal of all restrictions upon the legislative authority of the House of Commons do not present a right solution of our problem.

It is unlikely that the people will really consent to "ending the Lords" and establishing an unchecked unilateral legislature in this country. On the other hand, they will neither sanction the continuance of a veto in a Second Chamber constituted as the present House of Lords, nor will they consent, when they come to understand the proposal, to such change as shall hand over a real legislative veto to a reformed and strengthened Second Chamber, which, however constituted, will be found in this country to represent in a preponderant degree the "vested interests" with their intellectual and official mercenaries. What is the alternative? What should be the check upon misinterpretation of mandates or abuse of power on the part of the House of Commons? The defenders of the present House of Lords give the answer. They refer us to Cæsar, to Cæsar let us go. If the Commons are accused of misinterpreting the popular will, who should be their judge but those who gave them their instructions? Let the appeal be to the people.

This I understand to be the contention of the House of

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Lords, but with one very material difference. *The Times* thus succinctly reaffirms the doctrine clearly formulated by the Duke of Wellington in 1832, regarding the function of the House of Lords in matters upon which it differs from the House of Commons. "It claims the right of asking the country to judge between the two Houses." This means, of course, the right to force a dissolution. Now mark the absurdity. The conditions of a general election are, as we see, such as to preclude the confinement of the popular judgment to any single issue, thereby disabling the direct bestowal of a satisfactory mandate. Yet it is to such a court we are invited to appeal for a decision upon a disputed mandate. How could a dissolution test the issue? Suppose the Lords were enabled to force a dissolution by their rejection of the Education Bill. How could we ensure that the merits of this measure alone would enter into an election for a Parliament which must also deal with other burning questions? In particular, there would be the new question of dealing with this very House of Lords, which must compete with and easily might overshadow the particular issue which the Lords pretended to submit. If the question be the existence of a popular mandate for a measure, the only mode by which an answer can be got is to submit the Bill alone to the popular vote for its direct acceptance or rejection !

Let the Government introduce a Bill empowering the House of Commons, in case a measure passed by them is either rejected or grievously amended by the House of Lords, to exercise an option of submitting the measure as originally sent up to the Lords, or as subsequently reamended, to a popular referendum, with the provision that when a majority of those voting approve the measure, it should forthwith be submitted to the assent of the King. Or, if it seemed better, the onus of submitting the measure to the referendum might be laid upon the House of Lords, who, on receiving a second time from the Commons a Bill they had rejected or mutilated, should be obliged either to pass it intact or to exercise that constitutional power which is claimed for them, to obtain the popular judgment upon a measure for which they say no mandate

has been given. Whether the option were exercised by the Commons or by the Lords it would come to the same thing : the Lords must confine themselves to such amendments as they can induce the Commons to accept rather than subject the measure to the chance of refusal on the popular vote. If the option of referendum were bestowed upon the Lords on the second presentation of the Commons' Bill, the last amending would have lain with the Commons ; if the Commons exercised the option the Lords would have had the last word ; the measure submitted to the referendum must either be the original Bill, or the Bill as returned from the Lords and reamended by the Commons ; the Lords must not submit the Bill as amended by them, for that is not the measure which they say has received no mandate.

This referendum would not be lightly exercised, whether entrusted to the Commons or the Lords ; the former will be disposed to give reasonable consideration to amendments rather than bring delay and risk an adverse popular vote, while the latter, knowing their impotence to kill or mutilate the Bill, will tend to confine their criticism to such amendments as they think the Commons can be induced to accept. The Lords will thus retain a moderate power of influencing the form of legislation, but no effective veto : the Commons will be subjected to reasonable criticism and will lose their present dangerous power of passing laws opposed to the wishes of the people, at any rate under a Liberal administration. Those who fear either a House of Lords which would challenge every important Liberal measure, forcing it to a separate referendum, or a complacent House of Lords which would negate the value of the popular check during a Conservative administration by a continuous policy of acquiescence, may be reminded that one of the first and most important uses which a Liberal Government could make of the Referendum Act would be to reform the constitution of the Upper House, by forcing through a Reform Bill which the Lords would now be impotent to stay. It is not unreasonable to suppose that a reformed Upper House, no longer wielding a veto but only a power of appeal to the people, would husband the moral and intellectual authority it would still possess as a consultative and revising body, and

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might thus retain a genuine and beneficial influence upon the legislative acts of the people and their representatives.

If this line of policy were adopted, the first step would still cost ; it would be necessary to force the Referendum Act through the reluctant Lords. But an Act enabling or even compelling the Lords to submit the issue to the people in case of a controversy with the Commons, will seem to be, and will be, a much less revolutionary measure than one striking directly at the legislative power of the Second Chamber and substituting no new check for that which it destroys. The people would more readily and more enthusiastically support a constructive Act establishing their sovereignty, than a destructive Act increasing the power vested nominally in their elected representatives, but passing more and more, as they clearly recognise, into the hands of an inner Cabinet, whose responsibility to Parliament tends to become little more than a political fiction. Nor could the House of Lords itself with decency present so stout an opposition to this interpretation of that very doctrine of the special "mandate" which they have themselves invoked, as to a frontal attack on their existence as a legislative chamber.

The referendum is the line of least resistance for breaking the legicidal power of the Lords. But its constructive value as a contribution towards a fuller realisation of democracy is not less important. I have no desire to argue the issue between direct and representative government, nor is such an argument required here. The two principles and practices are not in fact opposed : they are complementary. A referendum which should throw upon the people the obligation of considering and determining the numerous complex issues which present themselves to such a Government as ours, would be a manifest absurdity. Any referendum law put to frequent use would prove cumbrous and impracticable. But a referendum reserved for grave crises, when the express judgment of the people is demanded for some legislative issue upon which strong division of opinion exists, and which has not been recently tested by the ordinary electoral canvass, would, if I am not mistaken, come to be recognised here, as in Switzerland, for a valuable instrument of popular government.

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To those brought up on the classical phraseology of "the fickle multitude" lashed to fury by a "demagogue," dupe to the "panacea" of any glib-tongued legislative charlatan, intoxicated with the sense of power, and eager to use it for levelling purposes, the referendum may appear a revolutionary weapon. But experience does not endorse this view. In Switzerland, where for more than thirty years the option of demanding a referendum for federal legislation has been entrusted directly to the people, the general judgment of statesmen and of officials is that upon the whole it works "conservatively." Indeed a certain school of advanced Radicals has opposed the referendum movement in Switzerland, as they oppose it elsewhere, upon the ground that it retards the rate of progress. They raise two related objections. First, that elected representatives, more intelligent than the body of electors, and devoted more closely to practical politics, would be able and willing to devise, draft and carry through, progressive legislation somewhat in advance of the conscious demands of the electorate. Secondly, that the mass-mind is conservative, in the sense that it will reject a measure, nine-tenths of which it approves, on account of the one-tenth it disapproves.

Now the history of Swiss legislation appears at first sight to give support to both these objections. One thing is certain, that the referendum has not favoured hasty legislation. The great progressive measures securing large new functions for the federal government, the factory legislation, nationalisation of the railroads and of the alcohol monopoly, the establishment of a national bank, etc., ripened in the legislative assembly earlier than in the country: several of these laws, or the constitutional amendments enabling them to be proposed, were rejected one or more times by the popular vote. In none of these cases can it be pretended that the people acted in a hurry: most measures obtained the assent of one or both legislative houses long before they were put into a form acceptable to the people. To this must be added the admission that several important measures of a radical or socialistic character, such as the Match Monopoly, the Right to Public Employment and the Compulsory Insurance Law, have failed to find popular

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acceptance, though in two of these instances the representative chambers endorsed the proposal. Generalising from such instances, critics have made out a *prima facie* case against the referendum as an instrument of popular progress. But one huge assumption underlies their case, viz. that the speediest passing of the largest number of formally progressive laws constitutes progress. There are indeed "social reformers" who appear to think it is their duty to get themselves elected into office by voters who do not know how "advanced" they are, in order that they may use their legislative power to put in the statute-book laws which express, not the actual will of the people, but what "ought" to be its will, if it were as wise as its representatives. Now of this mode of forcing the pace of legislation it may be said that it is not democracy and it is not progress. There is no such thing as a good law *per se*, and true progress is not secured but retarded by getting into the statute-book measures not acceptable to a majority of the people. The abiding tendency of the Swiss people has been to insist upon their legislature accommodating the laws to the state of public opinion. This often means a good deal of modification and of compromise, weakening the theoretic efficacy of a law, as in the cases of the Alcohol Monopoly and the Factory Act. The interests and prejudices of sections of the people must be taken carefully into account in framing a law which shall obtain acceptance by the referendum; offence must not be given to powerful industries, local machinery of administration must be preferred, expenses must be kept down.

It seems quite probable that a single representative house, endowed with plenary power of legislation, would produce a larger crop of more progressive laws in a given time. But such "forced" legislation suffers from two defects that outweigh its apparent advantages. In the first place, the excellence of every law depends largely upon the excellence of its administration, and a law passed in advance of, or in defiance of, the general sentiment, will of necessity be ill administered. This will always be particularly true of nations accustomed to liberty of thought and action, and resentful of public acts that offend their convenience or

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sense of justice. The difficulty of enforcing liquor legislation, compulsory school attendance, or factory regulations that are opposed to the wishes of large sections of citizens, is a notorious example of the waste of legislative power in passing laws without due consideration of the actual sentiments of the people.

In Switzerland, with the fear of the people before their eyes, legislators must mould their measures to fit the practical demands of the situation: they must go to their constituents and try to ascertain what the people want, so that they may hammer the theoretically good law into the sort of goodness that fits the people. Perhaps there must be several "tryings on" before they get a "fit" which the customer consents to take. But is not this a saner method than that which insists that their customer must take and wear a suit of clothes which must be well made because it fits the Apollo Belvedere?

Every true democrat rightly resents the "We-know-better-what-you-want-than-you-know-yourselves" attitude adopted by defenders of the plenary power of the elected legislature. A law, like a coat, must be made to fit the wearer, and the one to determine whether it does fit must be the wearer himself, not the tailor.

The second defect of representative legislation, for which the referendum supplies a remedy, is its insecurity. A large proportion of the time and energy of Parliament, as we know to our sorrow, is consumed in repealing or amending the Acts of its predecessors. This waste is inevitable under a constitution that affords no way of testing whether a law is or is not acceptable to the people who are to obey it. If we had in this country the Swiss or any other reasonable referendum applicable to measures of vital importance, we should not have had to devote the bulk of the first Session of Parliament to undoing those acts of the late Government done in defiance of the popular will.

It will, indeed, be generally agreed that it is essential to the sound operation of a law, and to the public confidence in the art of government, that a sense of permanency shall attach to laws. This is secured by the referendum, for when a plain separate sanction of the people is given to a

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law, the seal of finality is set upon it : its stoutest adversaries soon accept the inevitable, willing to make the best of it. Reversal of the people's will, thus formally and deliberately expressed, is not contemplated as a serious possibility.

Here then we have an answer to the objection that the referendum retards progress. It may, perhaps does, lengthen the time between the early inception and the act of legislation, and may moderate the rigour of the law : but laws thus sanctioned are better expressions of the popular will, are better received and administered, and have more security of tenure. This means more progress in the long run.

Finally, the substitution of the popular assent for the assent of the House of Lords upon determinate acts of policy would have an immense stimulative and educative value for democracy. Defenders of a purely representative system are compelled to admit that sound representation depends upon the political intelligence of the electorate, and their realisation of the nature of the legislative functions members are called upon to exercise, as well as upon their general confidence in the character of the candidate for whom they vote. Now this intelligence and this realisation are not adequately stimulated and sustained by a mere septennial participation in a choice of members. Still less is this so where party organisation has such control of the electoral machinery as to determine the candidate, select and misrepresent the issues, and fan the flame of party spirit among the electorate.

This method does not sufficiently fasten a sense of political responsibility upon the people. A referendum which expressed the sovereignty of the people in important concrete acts of legislation would bring home to the people the meaning of self-government more effectively than any other way. The democratic solution of the House of Lords question is to accept and apply their doctrine of the mandate by taking away their power of veto and giving it to the people.

J. A. HOBSON

TWELVE MONTHS OF PARLIAMENT

JUST a year ago the country was embarked upon a General Election which was to prove one of the most astonishing since representative government was established in England. Few people understood immediately before the contest how completely the party which had held government for so long had alienated the support of all those classes, outside its own special interests, whose allegiance had first given its long supremacy. There was, indeed, a general sense, even among its own supporters, that the country was slipping away from the Tory creed. Men expected a defeat but not a disaster ; a revolt not a revolution. The first day revealed in dramatic suddenness the promise of a tremendous overthrow. It was succeeded by even more sensational results. All the four countries united to repudiate by shattering majorities the Tory dominance. It was the death of the Reaction. A majority which England has rarely, if ever, paralleled, in its mere dimensions, the greatness of its hopes, and its fierce energy in the cause of reform, was swept into the House of Commons. The new government which had been formed in December, out of a fragmentary group, battered and baffled by years of hopeless struggle in Parliament against two hostile chambers, found itself in the proudest position which any government had attained during the past century. And the minister who for years had been the scorn of his opponents, and not too loyally supported by many of his friends, coming in his own person to symbolise all the change of the newer time and the revolt of England against something fantastic and alien, found himself with the greatest opportunity of reform and the most efficient

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instrument for its purpose which any modern statesman has enjoyed.

In the INDEPENDENT REVIEW, near the beginning of the life of this new parliament, I described some impressions of its first gatherings ; the energy and buoyancy and hope which were beating through all its deliberations ; the earnestness with which it had set itself to the work which it had come to accomplish ; its judgment of the old, outworn machine, creaking and groaning so heavily ; its good temper, its inexperience, its eagerness for action. Months of long and rather dreary effort have since gone by ; and after a year of stress and strife the first session of that parliament is drawing towards its end. As I write, the thunder of controversy concerning an Education Bill dying or dead or but hardly to be saved, is filling the air with confused noises. Whatever the result, the challenge has been raised ; and the reforming party is realising, as I think it did not realise until to-day, the gravity of its position.

The triumph in the popular assembly, even by so imperative an inrush of new elements, of a demand for new things, was a beginning and not an end. The Reaction, discredited in the country and impotent for anything but mischief in the House of Commons, has taken refuge in its old fortress ; and stands there entrenched and defiant, still striving to overthrow the spirit of a new age with the weight of all the dead centuries.

I wish in this article to convey some impression both of personalities and parties in the new parliament. The session has been a long and trying experience ; but still largely devoted to preparation work for the real interest of the reforming time. In consequence many who may be prominent in the immediate days to come have been for the present practically silent. A long theological debate, humorously designated as the passing of an Education Bill, has occupied the greater part of the summer. Trade Disputes Bills and Workmen's Compensation Bills have offered an interest for those who are familiar with industrial conditions. But Scotland has been practically undiscussed ; rural England has been hardly touched, and the rural members

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had but little chance of voicing their particular needs. The same is true of London with its special and haunting problems, and, as a consequence, some of the best known of the London Progressive leaders have scarcely opened their mouths this year in the House of Commons. Even among ministers it has been almost the lot of chance which has forced some who have been in charge of bills into prominence and kept others of necessity in silence.

What of the respective parties into which the House is now divided? The great progressive majority will enter upon its second year practically united. It contains men of all shades of opinion and of none. It has shown no slavish allegiance to any ideal of party loyalty, and I think the whips have often been alarmed at the menace of difficult times. Large sections of it on minor points have often voted against the Government, and once or twice brought them perilously near defeat. Yet it remains one; with no obvious rifts or fissures; a little disappointed perhaps, especially among its more advanced members, at the scantiness of legislation and the difficulty of stimulating vitality after the sleep of a decade; but still hopeful of establishing before this parliament's ending some large advance in social progress.

This unity is something of a surprise when the profound divergence of opinion is recognised between the extreme right and the extreme left of the party of reform. At the one end are representatives but little, if at all, distinguishable from the Conservative Free Trader, and in many respects more Tory than the Tories. At the other are advanced Radicals who accept all the old extreme positions in respect to armaments or democratic government which were the shibboleths of the fifties and the sixties in England; and convinced Collectivists who on socialistic legislation are prepared to push forward more rapidly than many of the Labour party. A skilful Opposition, skilfully led, with a General not too scrupulous,—a Fourth Party such as that of the eighties which plagued a similar Liberal dominance,—could I believe thrust great wedges between these various elements and materially accelerate the process of disintegration.

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The Cabinet is a coalition Cabinet. The majority is a Coalition majority. And the chief force which is keeping it together is less a loyal devotion to any particular programme or any special grouping of politicians, than a memory of the unhappy days from which politics has immediately emerged ; and a determination that at any cost the nation shall not be allowed to sink back into a similar period of slumber, disturbed by evil dreams.

For without a doubt at the present moment there is no alternative government ; and to this extent the constitutional balance has broken down. The Tory party stand in no better position to-day than they stood twelve months ago. In many respects the position is worse. Then there was a *débauché* in action, attributable (if you please) to divided counsels before the conflict and to the natural desire of the democracy for change. To-day there appears a more serious bankruptcy of thought and policy. There is no constructive idea common to that fragment of a party which has climbed back with difficulty into the House of Commons. Tory Democracy is dead and has not raised its voice in the present chamber. Tariff Reform, which with all its absurdities, and its smear of financial interest and advantage, did at one time offer some kindling ideal of Imperial unity, is repudiated by some of the best of the party in public and, I think, by the majority in private, as being a hopeless pursuit of an unattainable ideal. The whole philosophy of Conservatism and Imperialism,—at their best two large and generous visions,—seems to have crumbled into nothingness. And instead we have a party living from hand to mouth ; fighting, and not fighting skilfully, whatever government programme is placed before Parliament ; sometimes hoping for a rally of the forces of property ; and then again, fearful lest it should permanently alienate the working classes of the country, and making advances to the Labour party on its own side ; and again in a moment denouncing the Liberals for following blindly the lead of Labour.

Ideas and ideals in the last analysis govern the changes of the world ; and ideas and ideals must animate and stimulate any party which desires to retain the affections of any large company of a stolid, unimaginative people like the English.

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Toryism was formidable in the eighties, not because there seemed then any possibility of its immediate return to dominance, but because it possessed an active, intelligible, political and social creed in the midst of a Liberalism occupying the ashes of dead things.

The wheel has come full circle ; and a progressive party which has learnt, in part, indeed, in suffering, something of the needs of the developing twentieth century and the demands of "little England" for the consideration of its own people, is now replacing a party certified before the world as in a condition of intellectual bankruptcy.

The Irish party has been chiefly distinguished for its restraint. Direct consideration of any Irish problem on a large scale was of necessity compelled to be deferred from the first session of parliament, and this postponement has been loyally accepted. Its members have interfered but rarely in the debates, and then only in the main upon such questions as those of the Education Bill which directly affected the Irish populations. Otherwise they have confined themselves chiefly to the joyous work of bombarding the Chief Secretary with interminable strings of questions concerning incidents of Irish life in their remote and unknown island. Such questions were generally followed by long lists of supplementary interrogations of a political rather than an inquisitive tendency.

The little Labour party with its thirty members has, I think, won good opinions in this first session of parliament. It is interesting to contrast the ordinary idea of a Labour representative sedulously fostered by certain sections of the press, with the actual reality as seen within the walls of Parliament. The one presents the vision of a muscular, bloated, truculent, domineering navvy ; deficient in manners, ideas and refinement ; thrusting his ill-digested notions in a turbulent fashion through the delicate fabric of organised society. The reality is a collection of men who, with whatever deficiencies, are essentially idealists ; nourished on the great literature of the age immediately gone ; reasonable, good-tempered, refined, courteous ; popular with all sections of the House alike. They have exercised a notable effect in connection with questions in which they

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possess a special knowledge. They have shown themselves willing to ally with the Radical groups in large moral advocacy, in such campaigns as those against the Congo atrocities or the horrors of the Chinese compounds in South Africa, or the carrying out of equal justice to all subject races.

Outside the walls, and especially at bye-elections, the strife rages fiercely, as Liberal denounces Labour as Socialist, and Labour denounces Liberal as Capitalist. Undoubtedly in ultimate economic or philosophical principle there is an unbridgable chasm between the moderate Liberal section, turning towards *laissez faire*, on the one side, and on the other the Labour section which sees Collectivism as the ultimate goal. But the division is not between the 400 Liberal representatives on the one hand and the 30 Labour members on the other. It cuts clean across the great Liberal majority, dividing half its members and more than half of its new energies and inspirations in unity with Labour, in a determination to advance along the paths of social reform. And although ultimate philosophies and ideals must sooner or later mould the courses of action in accordance with their dominant power, yet it is improbable that either now or in any immediate future there will come a definite rupture in principle between the social reformers who call themselves Liberals on the one side, and the social reformers who call themselves Socialists on the other.

So much for parties. What of persons? The government as a single unit has hardly yet found its personality. It is growing, I think, in firmness and strength and consciousness of its own power. It is immeasurably stronger than it was a year ago. It is feeling the great trust which the nation has reposed in it and is more and more desirous of proving itself adequate to the National needs. Its danger lies in listening too curiously to the voices of caution and a refusal to recognise the new temper of the times. It is composed of men brought up under the oppressive dominance of the Reaction, and learning, in a select and pleasant but entirely unrepresentative society in London, the possibilities or impossibilities of political change. It thinks a furlong will suffice where the nation demands a

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mile. It is a little too content with providing little tinkering bills, such as the Land Tenure Bill and the Plural Voting Bill, which excite the maximum of opposition with the minimum of enthusiasm. It has made two mistakes in its history, and both of these through listening too carefully to the voices of those who urged it to proceed with extreme diffidence upon hazardous courses. The one was the rejection of the Labour solution in the Taff Vale *impasse*, despite warning that the alternative was impossible,—a solution which had to be accepted practically within twenty-four hours of the alternative being offered. This mistake has proved a haunting phantom during all the subsequent months, and given the Opposition in its extremity much cause for legitimate rejoicings. The other was the refusal to cancel the 16,000 licences issued in the last week of November thirteen months ago, which has caused the scandalous exhibition of shiploads of Chinese coolies being poured into the Transvaal all the long months after the nation, with unchallengeable mandate, had declared that the Chinese Indentured Labour system should cease as speedily as possible. Both these mistakes will be rectified. But the possibilities of their utility in the political campaign will not be entirely removed for many days to come. And the only consolation concerning them is that the honey of their harvest will go rather into the Labour hive than to that of the Tory or Protectionist parties.

At the head of this government the Prime Minister still exercises his unequalled influence in the present House of Commons. I think the days as they have passed have only made that influence more complete and astonishing. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to-day is dictator of the new House. He could appeal at the last extremity, against nearly the whole of his Cabinet to the House of Commons, and the House of Commons would endorse his appeal. He retains his position not only by the qualities of shrewdness, humour and unselfish devotion to the cause of progress which have excited for him among the new Radical members a kind of personal affection. He has behind him also the record of all the unswerving service through the darkest days of the Reaction when, among many faithless, he stood

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faithful to everything which Liberalism has fought for during the past century. It is with the high certificate of such well-tempered allegiance to the causes which are embodied in the present popular uprising that, within the House and outside of it, he has come to be accepted as the embodiment of the new spirit. We can realise to-day, as never before, the folly of those counsellors, some perhaps hostile, but most quite honestly thinking they were suggesting the wisest courses, who had advised that it was best for himself and for the party that he should pass as Prime Minister to a position in the House of Lords. I cannot quite imagine what the position of the progressive party would be to-day if any other of the statesmen now on the front bench had been attempting to lead it during the past twelve months. And I recognise that the real difficulties of the days to come will only be fully experienced when the present Prime Minister feels himself unable to maintain the tremendous strain which he now accepts with such high sacrifice and devotion.

Of the other ministers, Mr. Asquith, committed to a provisional budget, has his great financial opportunities still before him. He has shown his unchallenged supremacy as a debater, with one or two occasional impatiencies at the demands of the progressive section of his party, which have caused occasional outbursts of indignation. Mr. Haldane and his army speeches have been one of the surprising phenomena of the new parliament. His incredible fluency, his generous habit of thinking aloud, his good temper and tact and patience, and conspicuous capacity of intellect, have made him one of the conspicuous political successes of the new assembly. He has still before him the solution of one of the most difficult problems which have ever troubled the intelligence of mankind, and the course of his policy will be less smooth and secure in the future than it has been in the past. He has a task of reconciling the demands of those who seek efficiency with those who are set on economy, which will task all the resources of his acute and agile mind. And his success has been in part due not only to the power of impressing the House with the forces which he brings to bear upon the problem, but also to his

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power of persuading members to postpone awkward questions until the day when they can be postponed no longer.

Mr. John Burns, the most popular figure outside the Chamber, has covered himself with modest glory as a Cabinet Minister in a year when his department has not been severely tested. The real test of his capacity as a statesman will come when he has some large and controversial bill of poor law reform or municipal development to pilot through a House which contains an immense fund of special knowledge upon poor law and municipal matters. Mr. Lloyd George has revealed skill in converting recalcitrants and objectors in the adroit manœuvring of the more controversial clauses of his Merchant Shipping Bill through both Houses. The greatest advance in reputation of the year has been, I think, that of Mr. Birrell. He entered this parliament a stranger after five years' absence; chiefly renowned as engaged in the manufacture of the deplorable pabulum which political parties think it necessary to scatter before a deluded electorate, and as a rather violent speaker in provincial political meetings. He stands to-day with an unchallenged position which he has earned by indefatigable industry and patience, courtesy towards opponents, a humour which has rendered tolerable the long, intolerable debates upon educational manipulation, and a real power in the marshalling of debate and the management of men. I doubt if any other man in the House could have persuaded that assembly to accept an Education Bill which was profoundly disliked by extremists in all parties in the House, in so short a time and with so little temper. In many of his speeches, notably on the first and third reading of the bill, he rose to a height of real eloquence which Parliament was not slow to acknowledge. He has stamped upon this assembly an impression of honesty, industry and capacity, which would lead it to welcome his call to any higher office in the State. It has been the greatest personal success of the past twelve months, and a success entirely deserved.

The most exciting figure on the Government benches is, of course, Mr. Winston Churchill. His personality and future are continually discussed in and outside the

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House, and at the present time he has certainly succeeded in interesting the country and the members of Parliament in his career. No one who has been through this session will, I think, deny his extraordinary talents, his quickness, his power of eloquent phrasing, his energy and tenacity and courage. There are, indeed, obvious deficiencies. He has not convinced the House of Commons that he knows very much about England, and especially the new England which is coming to make its demands known ; and his speeches show a certain hardness in their glitter and cleverness which causes many to believe that he cares very little for politics but as a splendid game. I believe that in this alert and receptive mind, exceedingly curious about the new spirit of the time and especially the demand for social betterment, the first of these deficiencies will be very rapidly removed. I believe the second to be in part unjust. It would be foolish to deny his ambition ; it would, I think, be false to brand that ambition as fixed entirely on personal aims. With all its restlessness and eagerness, and impetuous desire to do things and to do things quickly, there is a great impulse also towards a national service and a high vision of an Imperial work at home and abroad. This impulse is likely to broaden and deepen in the years to come, when a more secure and established position will wear down the fretting of an impatience stimulated by the demands of any purely personal desire.

Behind the front bench, in those enormous masses of Liberal and Radical representatives which have been thrust into Parliament by the constituencies, not many have been able to reveal the personality or the power which they possess. Their speeches, for the most part, have been unwanted in the way of business, and they have been reckoned as those who best serve when they only stand and wait,—or rather march with docility through the division lobbies. The thought within them, in Carlyle's famous phrase, remains conjectural to this hour. A little group of earnest Radicals, chiefly concerned with problems abroad, especially in South Africa, have revealed a capacity for persistence and intelligent criticism ; notably Mr. Mackarness, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Byles. Mr. Lehmann achieved

one great Parliamentary success in his handling of the Bucknill Report. Mr. Herbert Paul has made some brilliant speeches and others not so brilliant. He is one of the best equipped in knowledge and ability of all the new members, and I think if he had given the ten years since his defeat in Edinburgh in 1895 to politics, instead of to literature, he would to-day be sitting on the front Ministerial bench.

Dr. Macnamara has won honour during the education debates for his indefatigable energy, his detailed knowledge of the subject, and his power of putting his case with great trenchancy and persuasion. Major Seely, popular in every quarter of the House, has always found acceptance, especially in the long struggle against Chinese Labour, and has exhibited a power of clear, unadorned statement which is in the best House of Commons manner. Mr. Belloc has not yet shown the full extent of his powers as an orator, and has had the misfortune to speak continually in opposition to the great bulk of his party on the details of the Education Bill. Sir Charles Dilke has astonished all new members with the enormous range of his detailed knowledge in almost every subject under discussion, and on one or two social and humanitarian subjects—Workmen's Compensation, the Congo atrocities, the Transvaal constitution—has contributed some of the most notable utterances of the year.

The Conservative Opposition have had one of the great chances of a lifetime, and for the most part have failed to rise to the occasion. The front bench, except for Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Chamberlain in the early stages of the year, has been a scene of desolation. It has been a perpetual surprise to the new House to estimate what kind of quality had raised the majority of its occupants to high position as ministers of the Crown. The two leaders both found themselves at the beginning struggling against a mob which would but barely tolerate their arguments and appeals. For the first few weeks the House, fresh from the constituencies, was a distinctly ill-mannered assembly; ill-mannered unconsciously, in that it had brought into the atmosphere of debate the eagerness and impatience of the public meeting. Mr. Chamberlain fought it and conquered it with a courage

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and determination which explained to many the secret of his great success ; day by day beating it down without in the least appealing for patience or toleration ; and at the end, before his unfortunate illness, he had fairly established his position as a speaker who must be heard with respectful attention by his opponents and cannot be interrupted with impunity.

Mr. Balfour adopted other methods. At the beginning he was attempting the old, skilful verbiage which had driven so many of his own party and of the Opposition into a kind of despair. I have never seen the House so fiercely contemptuous as after his speech upon the Free Trade motion, which they would scarcely listen to in silence. Later, however, came the long debates on the Education Bill, with Mr. Balfour day after day revealing more and more his astonishing powers as a debater ; never at a loss, never disturbed by an interruption ; always courteous to his opponents, always with something of the air of distinction which appeals to the members of a popular assembly. Even to-day I believe he is profoundly distrusted, and not only outside his own party. He has extraordinary talents ; a quick and subtle intelligence ; a wide equipment of knowledge and an alert and interested mind in various fields of human activity. He is a Conservative to the tips of his fingers ; despising the mob ; never in the least drawn towards democratic ideals ; an intellectual aristocrat of the eighteenth century pitched into the troubled world of the twentieth. I cannot believe that under his leadership Toryism can ever regain its hold upon the great working masses of the country. The gulf between them seems unbridgeable. But I can understand something of the power which he once exercised over an assembly of various motives, limited in intelligence, wealthy, prejudiced and satisfied ; in providing some kind of intellectual and moral distinction for a policy which in its essentials was a policy of satisfaction and sleep.

Behind him only one or two have emerged from the little dejected fragment of a once puissant party which succeeded in surviving the deluge. Mr. F. E. Smith opened with a great beginning, and I have rarely enjoyed anything more than his maiden speech to the new Parliament. His

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later efforts have not entirely maintained that promise. He has assurance, cleverness and ambition. But he has not convinced the House that he knows anything or cares anything for a cause or ideal outside the play of the party game. Lord Robert Cecil, of a different type, has attained the ear of the House by his obvious sincerity and earnestness, and the determination with which he has fought for his convictions, quite oblivious of whether they are popular with his own side or any side. He has spoken enormously but generally with an attentive hearing. The rest is for the most part a rather mournful vacuity ; with occasional new members attempting the work of obstruction or of opposition, without at present having revealed the determination adequate to the one or the intelligence demanded of the other.

The Irish party exhibits to members who never clearly recognised it before, the existence within the British Islands of a nation as divorced from the enterprises and ideals of the English people as if they were discovered in the interior of China. They sit in the same Parliament, they speak approximately the same language ; and yet in distinction which goes down as deep as any of the distinctions between the various families of mankind, they stand apart and separate. This party of poor men stands as a high example of patriotism amid the conflicting ambitions of an assembly which for Englishmen and Scotchmen is the road to fame and power. At the head stand one or two leaders with endowments adequate to any position in the State.

Mr. Redmond comes as one of the first three debaters in Parliament. Mr. Dillon has made this year speeches of a vivid and appealing eloquence. There are younger men, Mr. Devlin, Mr. Hazleton, Mr. Kettle, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, of great promise ; and certainly among that party are many who, if they had agreed to abandon their convictions and enter into the service of the other recognised political antagonists, could have been assured of ultimate position in the highest places. They have chosen rather the service of a nation which has never lacked whole-hearted service from its children. And although there have been wide divergencies in faith and in method between the new Liberal

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majority—largely of nonconformist, middle-class, urban England—and the Irish with their Catholic civilisation in a rural country where the middle-class is unknown, there has never been essentially more respect for the demands and desires of the Irish party than is found to-day among the ranks of the new majority in the House of Commons.

The Labour men are rich in personality. They are mostly those who have climbed with difficulty from work in mine and factory to their present position, and they have in consequence the qualities which go to attainment in so long a journey.

Mr. Keir Hardie is one of the most interesting figures in present politics. He is not popular in the House of Commons. He holds himself rather rigidly aloof from its festivities and its easy and pleasant friendliness. He makes no secret of his convictions that most of the members are pursuing their own ends under the guise of devotion to the common good ; and contemplates rather scornfully the assertions of rival statesmen of how their hearts bleed for the necessities of the poor. He sees, I think, as in a vision, behind all the glitter and splendour of the outer show, something of the bleak life of the underworld ; “the forlorn children,” as Mr. John Morley has called them, “and the trampled women of the wide squalid wildernesses in cities.” It is with the spirit of one indifferent entirely to the promises which political success can offer, that he pleads in rugged utterance for the welfare of the disinherited. It is not trade unions but the poorest of the people whose cause he has made his own. For ten years almost alone and amid every sign of discouragement, he has toiled for the creation of a Labour party which will make these classes its special care. He is seeing now something of the fruit of this labour. I think he will always be indifferent to his own position, so long as the work goes forward.

Of his party Mr. Shackleton has won golden opinions as a Trade Union leader. Mr. Macdonald has shown ability, adroitness and a natural adaptation to the atmosphere of Parliament. Mr. Snowden, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Walsh and others, have all shown an easy capacity for taking part in debate, and a recognition of the limits beyond

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which debate is impossible. No party has been more freely discussed. Of no set of men would it have been more easy to make impossible their effectual working by the flattery which have been poured upon them by their friends and their enemies ; the flattery of eulogy and the flattery of fear. They have kept their heads through it all ; and stand to-day a party with a secure position and high promise for the future.

Such is the new Parliament after twelve months of operation. Its life is still in its beginnings. There is in familiar phrase "a work to do in England" ; with reform so pitifully delayed year after year, while whole populations drifted below the standard of rational and intelligible life and no man seemed to care at all for the welfare of the common people. From the bizarre and frantic dreams of world domination, with the eyes turned always to the uttermost parts of the sea, the call has come for the concern of the rulers of England with the welfare of their own people. The countryside lies desolate, the race perishes in the great cities ; the neglect of the young and the neglect of the old challenge the boasts of a civilisation.

It is by a policy adequate to such tremendous evils that this Parliament will be judged. It is by the determination shown in the advancement of such a policy that it will be condemned or approved.

C. F. G. MASTERMAN

THE VICTORIAN DRAWING-ROOM ¹

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL'S memory, which her long life has in no degree impaired, extends over the reign of Queen Victoria. As is perhaps natural in such cases, the earliest part of her *Reminiscences* is the best, if only because the clearest and the most distinct. In vain does Lady Dorothy endeavour to prove that the second Duke of Wellington was a person of interest and importance. But at least he might be compared favourably with some of the persons described, or catalogued, in the later pages of this volume, while most other early acquaintances furnish excellent material for bookmaking. Lady Dorothy Nevill is quite free from a blind devotion to the past. Although she calls herself a Conservative, has mothered and daughtered the Primrose League, and regards Mr. Morley's politics as "horrible," she feels no prejudice against motor-cars, and has recognised the new aristocracy by visiting Lord Northcliffe at Sutton. There is nothing narrow about Lady Dorothy. When Cobden and Disraeli, between whom she impartially divided her affections, were no more, she took up Mr. Chamberlain without dropping Mr. Gladstone. Even in these last days, when there seem to be few, if any, great men left, she has gathered up the fragments which remain, that nothing might be lost. She has certainly, as Landor said of himself, warmed both hands before the fire of life, and her retrospect is a singularly genial one. Lady Dorothy has not a bad word for anybody. Some people are better than others, and in her estimation most people were better than Abraham Hayward. But

¹ *The Reminiscences of Lady Dorothy Nevill.* Edited by her son, Ralph Nevill. Edward Arnold.

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even of Hayward the worst thing said is that he made too much noise after dinner ; while as for Bernal Osborne, Lady Dorothy's kindness makes him more than half a saint. *C'est n'estimer que rien qu'estimer tout le monde.* But there is no harm in leaning to the most favourable view, and charity, besides being the greatest of all the virtues, is not the least becoming when it grows with years.

Even an unfriendly critic cannot deny that Lady Dorothy's book begins well.

"I was born in our family house, No. 11, Berkeley Square. I might call it a historic house, for in it had lived and died Horace Walpole, and here it was that many of the celebrated letters were written. In the doorway there used to be iron gates, put up at the time of the Lord George Gordon riots, but I do not think they are there now."

Horace was not the greatest of the Walpoles, though he was the most imbued with literature. His father does not lend himself to fine writing. It is difficult to grow enthusiastic over a man of whom Johnson quite truly said that the whole range of his mind was from obscenity to politics, and from politics back to obscenity. Yet Sir Robert Walpole, wanting as he might be in dignity and decorum, was one of the ablest administrators, and quite the ablest financier who sat in the House of Commons before the rise of the younger Pitt. Lady Dorothy Nevill is directly descended from him, as she explains with charming frankness, and with a not unnatural pride. Sir Robert was a perfect embodiment of Lord Rosebery's favourite word "efficiency." He was not scrupulous in his use of means. He always saw his ends clear before him, and he seldom failed to attain them. Lady Dorothy is of course not unscrupulous. But it appears from her own account of herself that she has done all her life pretty much what she wanted to do. Her brother, the late Lord Orford, cared nothing for Sir Robert, and called himself a Jacobite, whatever he may have meant by that. He sat in both Houses of Parliament, where he must have taken an oath of

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allegiance to a Hanoverian Monarch who reigned, little as she may have relished the idea, by statutory right. The following story, however, shows that he was not much impressed with the consistent seriousness of public life.

“I remember his telling me, as an illustration of the hollowness and insincerity of politics, that, walking home one night from the House of Commons with a great statesman, who had taken a very strong clerical line in a heated debate, followed by a division, about some question relating to religion, the latter remarked : ‘ Well, Walpole, after all, it is curious to think that we have both been voting for an extinct mythology.’ ”

The identity of the great statesman would not have been hard to guess, even if Lady Dorothy had not been so obliging as to tell us in her next sentence that Mr. Disraeli and her brother were “upon most intimate terms.” This is a side of Disraeli which his biographer cannot afford to conceal. Froude has hinted at it in his brilliant sketch of the Diocesan Conference at Oxford where Disraeli mockingly declared himself on the side of the angels. It was a strange paradox. The orthodox, largely clerical University of Oxford cast out Gladstone, who in the fervour of his churchmanship was unsurpassed by any bishop on the bench. Disraeli, to whom ecclesiastical and theological disputes were empty echoes of vanished war-cries, chatter of dead sea apes, became the hero of the English parsonage because he sneered at Darwin, and voted against the disestablishment of the Irish Church. His ignorance of science was quite unaffected. Perhaps the same may be said of his belief that religion was a secret of the Semitic race. He once said, nobly and finely, that all great men have the same religion. But he held with the first Lord Shaftesbury that what it was no sensible man ever told. On the subject of Disraeli, Lady Dorothy is just a trifle disappointing. One would hardly expect her to reveal the secrets of his faith. But she cannot even tell us whether he was really fond of primroses or not. All she knows is that the Queen was fond of sending them to him, and we can imagine the replies. On the

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other hand, she does suggest what was not, I think, generally known, that he contemplated a second marriage.

“Lady Chesterfield . . . had an experience which I believe never occurred to any other Englishwoman. As Miss Anne Forester, before her marriage to Lord Chesterfield in 1830, Mr. Stanley, afterwards fourteenth Earl of Derby, had proposed to her, and after her husband's death in 1866 it is said that Lord Beaconsfield, not once only, but several times, laid his heart at her feet; thus she had rejected two Prime Ministers of England. I rather believe that had it not been for her daughter Evelyn, Lady Carnarvon, the mistress of Bretby would have accepted Lord Beaconsfield. At any rate, I know that Lady Carnarvon entertained the strongest possible objections to the idea of any such match. She, poor thing! died in 1875.”

All this may be quite true, but the dates are a little difficult. For Lady Beaconsfield lived till 1873, and Mr. Disraeli did not become Lord Beaconsfield till 1876. There can, however, be no doubt that in the following sentences Lady Dorothy gives an exceedingly clever and original estimate of the least conventional figure in English politics :

“To his intimate friends ‘Dizzy’ was both charming and interesting, but in society, unless something chanced to arouse his interest, somewhat inclined to silence, taking but little part in the general conversation. I think at heart he had a profound contempt for frivolity. There were occasions, indeed, when he would hardly utter a word, and would assume an air which instinctively caused people not to attempt to rouse him from what appeared almost a lethargy. His mind, I fancy, was always running upon politics, which were the one end and object of his existence.”

Disraeli's absorption in politics, which never quite destroyed his love of literature, is of course familiar to the most superficial student of his singular career. His

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"profound contempt for frivolity" is Lady Dorothy's own idea, and it strikes me at least as absolutely true. Disraeli, it must be remembered, was a real humorist, and in nine cases out of every ten a real humorist despises flippancy. He was also like many humorists, a melancholy man, isolated from his fellows, leading an inner life, of which glimpses may be seen in his biography of Lord George Bentinck. That most interesting and characteristic of all his works, shows more of his genuine self than any of his novels. Bentinck is only a peg. Peel and Disraeli, or rather Disraeli and Peel, are the chief persons of the drama. No Peelite accepts the portrait of Peel as accurate. But, considering the fierce and frequent attacks of 1846, the judgment of 1851 is wonderfully impartial. Mr. Gladstone once said to me, no doubt justly, that when Disraeli called Peel the greatest Member of Parliament who had ever lived, he did not mean to imply a compliment. At least, if he did, there was a sting in the tail. Disraeli, however, saw Peel's great merits quite as clearly as he saw his small defects, even if he did not adjust the proportionate balance. He was never a Protectionist, and his persecution of Peel had nothing to do with any political principle. He knew that the great Minister was conscientious, and first in his own line. But to him politics were a game, the most fascinating of all games, and at the bottom of his mind there lay a deep disdain for both English parties, for the issues which united, as well as for those which divided them. Progress and reaction, he says in his *Life of Lord George*, mean nothing, and are nothing. They are phrases, not facts. All is race. What he really did believe in was the indestructible, unalterable difference between East and West, between Gentile and Jew. "Young England!" exclaimed Wordsworth with fine indignation,

"Young England! What is then become of old?"

Disraeli did not care. He did not even regard it as old. His opponents, his supporters, even his colleagues, were ephemeral phenomena, creatures of a day, to be used for his own purposes by a representative of immemorial antiquity.

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Flattery, he observed, was the way to get on in English politics. "And when," he added, "you come to the royal family, you must lay it on with a shovel."

Society, in the sense given to that elastic word by fashionable novelists, is the subject on which Lady Dorothy Nevill is best qualified to speak, and there is a quaint touch in her recollections of early days. Speaking of Lord and Lady Jersey, she says:

"He was always so kind to us, and they used to give the most delightful evening parties—not as they are now; it was before the rank and file were admitted!"

The rank and file, provided always that they adopted for the nonce Conservative principles, were freely admitted to the most magnificent of England's country houses.

"I remember," writes Lady Dorothy, "a great entertainment at Hatfield given to a number of Irish Conservatives; everything was, as usual, very well done, and the Irishmen were delighted, doing, I may remark, full justice to the champagne; so much was this the case that one of the islanders, approaching Lady Salisbury (of whose identity he was unaware), said, 'Pray, ma'am, will ye lead me to a seat, for if I don't sit down, I might disgrace me country!' She conducted the somewhat tottering son of Erin to a bench, and a calamity was averted."

Dr. Johnson described patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel. It may evidently also be the first consideration of a toper. This particular victim of political hospitality, though he might have found a more sympathetic, could have hit upon no more appreciative confidant than the late mistress of Hatfield, whose perception of the ludicrous was as keen as her husband's.

Who first admitted the rank and file? I am afraid that Lady Dorothy's Primrose League is not free from responsibility. When Gladstone remarked, to the scandal of many Tories, and some Whigs, that the working classes

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were "our own flesh and blood," his truism applied to the franchise. It was the Primrose League, a most successful institution, that conceived the idea of merging the political with the social, of making snobbishness the handmaid to Conservatism. An evening party arranged on political grounds is apt to become a mob. Still, there are mobs and mobs. At the time of the Hyde Park riots, forty years ago, an eminent Whig was asked whether he thought it right to allow a mob in the Park. "There's always a mob in the Park," was his lordship's reply. "I can't see that it matters how they are dressed." When Cobden went to Cambridge House, for the simple reason that he had been asked, it was "fine ladies," not working women, who "stared at him through their glasses." Lady Dorothy is by no means exclusive. Her typical "aristocrat" is the second Lord Ellenborough, a mischievous firebrand with the gift of the gab, whose father the Chief Justice made his own way in the world by an unscrupulous use of brilliant talents. She has most wisely adapted herself to the changing habits of the time. If she occasionally takes it out in sarcasm, she does it so well that her readers will be the last to reproach her. After a reference to Hudson the "railway king," and to his exclusion from "Society," which must have been after his fall, she mentions "the mob of plebeian wealth which surged into the drawing-rooms," and then proceeds :

"Since that time not a few of that mob have themselves obtained titles, and now quite honestly believe that they are the old aristocracy of England. No one deploras the inroads of democracy more than they, and their laments for the old days, when in reality their progenitors were engaged in prosaic but profitable occupations, are somewhat amusing to hear. Some, it is true, are quite tolerable imitations of the past ; but could the real thing be placed side by side with its copy, the difference would easily appear. However, it must be said that, all things considered, this plutocratic class has not been undeserving of praise. Public-spirited and often generous, they

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temper such aristocratic vices as they practise with the sterner and more solid qualities inherited from the excellent tradesmen to whose industry and enterprise they owe their present position. Many are munificent patrons of the arts, surrounding themselves with the beautiful eighteenth century portraits of the class they have conquered, which willingly cedes them in order to have the wherewithal not to sink utterly out of sight."

The satire of this passage is almost worthy of Swift, and we must all wish that Lady Dorothy had given us more of it. What are the aristocratic vices I do not pretend to know. Vice is sadly human. But the plain fact that the British aristocracy is not a caste disposes of most things said either against it or in its favour. Except for political purposes it does not exist. If the House of Lords were not an integral part of the Legislature there would be no British aristocracy at all.

Lady Dorothy maintains, on the authority of her brother, that "it was the first Lord Lytton who brought about the fashion of universal and unchanging black for gentlemen's evening dress." If so the first Lord Lytton was a public benefactor. Men are not fit to choose their own clothes, and it seems a pity that there is not a morning dress as well as an evening one. In the cleverest of all his novels, his first I think, Bulwer Lytton has many remarks about dress which, despite Carlyle's scornful contradiction in *Sartor Resartus*, are perfectly true, though no doubt less important than their author, then a very young man, believed. I wonder why more people do not read *Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman*. It is extremely diverting, almost every sentence is an epigram, and it was written before Bulwer Lytton took to preaching, a task for which he was comically unfit. Although it was far from Lady Dorothy's purpose to write a manual of instruction for the young, they will find fragments of useful knowledge, besides the origin of the dress coat, scattered about her pages. For instance, they may discover, for I shall not tell them, when and whence the turnip was introduced into

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England. They may trace the origin of the foolish story about the haunted house in Berkeley Square. They may also, and here I will assist them, see the origin of a very familiar, and without the explanation a very stupid saying. John Robinson, Surveyor-General of Woods and Forests under Pitt, was an ancestor of Mr. Nevill, Lady Dorothy's husband.

“As a politician John Robinson was a great favourite with George the Third. His political career was a long one, for he was Member for Harwich for twenty-six years; being on one occasion bitterly attacked by Sheridan, who, denouncing bribery and its instigators, replied to cries of ‘Name, name!’ by pointing to Robinson on the Treasury Bench, exclaiming at the same time, ‘Yes, I could name him as soon as I could say Jack Robinson!’ and thus originated the saying still current at the present day.”

I suppose that any ancestor is better than none at all.

Besides the faculty of keen and penetrating observation, Lady Dorothy Nevill has the minor, yet valuable art of telling a good story in the best possible way, and in the fewest possible words. Take, for example, this :

“Mr. Harrison Weir, besides being an excellent artist, possessed a very considerable knowledge of natural history. The keeping of pigeons was one of his special hobbies. He once gave me some, but carelessly enough, after confiding them to the charge of the head gardener, I paid little further attention to them. A week or so later Mr. Harrison Weir came to pay us a visit, and on his arrival inquired, ‘Well, how are the pigeons I sent you?’ ‘Quite well,’ said I, ‘and as happy as the day is long.’ To which he rejoined, ‘I know they are, for three days ago they all came back to their old home in my garden, and have remained there ever since.’”

A day spent by a pigeon with a gardener might prove even shorter than a day spent by a man with Lady Dorothy.

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But, with all respect for the memory of Harrison Weir, I cannot help thinking that the legitimate purpose of questions outside a court of law is to obtain information, and not to set traps. Although I am not quite sure that the story I am about to quote is altogether new, I am confident that the readers of the *Independent* will forgive me for repeating it :

“There was George Payne, who dropped his worldly means broadcast into the treacherous quicksand which is euphemistically known under the name of the Turf. In some respects, perhaps, not altogether a very shining light, he was always unruffled and pleasant in conversation, with great aptitude of speech for extrication from any awkward situation. ‘Are you not coming to church, Mr. Payne?’ was on one occasion the stern interrogation of his hostess, a very great lady, who descended upon him in all the severity of her Sabbath panoply. ‘No, Duchess, I am not,’ he replied, making swiftly for the door, but pausing, as by a polite afterthought, previous to his exit, he exclaimed with magnificent emphasis, ‘Not that I see any *harm* in it.’”

Perhaps Mr. Payne was courteously unwilling to enter a place where Duchesses are no greater than other people. It is at least satisfactory to know that he did not share the opinion of Thomas Carlyle. “Carlyle,” said the late Lord Houghton, “always goes to church at Fryston ; and it’s really very good of him, because, you know, he thinks it a sin.”

There is in this book a fine collection of miscellaneous things said by the way, what lawyers call *obiter dicta*. Archbishop Whately, who did not love High Churchmen, and whom High Churchmen did not love, exclaimed in the House of Lords, “A man may hold any opinions with honour, but I don’t like to see a man holding the opinions of one Church with the revenues of another.” His Grace might have added the old maxim that you may hold anything if you hold your tongue. Lord Winchilsea said,

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wittily but unjustly, of the *Greville Memoirs*, "It is as if Judas Iscariot wrote the private lives of the Apostles." Lady Dorothy's own judgment upon the policy which led to the South African War is interesting because it represents in popular language the sentiment expressed by the General Election of 1900 :

"I was not myself over-enthusiastic about the war in question, but, nevertheless, I suppose that, sooner or later, some sort of a conflict was bound to have come."

When Lord Derby, the Foreign Secretary, was told that, sooner or later, war with Russia was inevitable, he replied promptly that he would have it later. That was in 1876, and we have not had it yet. Was Lady Dorothy quite serious when she wrote, "The present Poet Laureate, however, in addition to verse, has written some delightful prose"? Or was she thinking of Whistler's comment on a catalogue of Leighton's numerous accomplishments? "Paints too, I believe," quoth the caustic American. If Lady Dorothy has a fault as a compiler, it is a fondness for quoting bad poetry. It is therefore with inexpressible solace and relief that one comes upon the lines written for her dead dogs and horses by a Chancellor of the Exchequer :

"Soft lie the turf on these, who find their rest
Upon our common Mother's ample breast.
Unstained by meanness, avarice, and pride,
They never cheated and they never lied.
No gluttonous excess their slumbers broke,
No burning alcohol nor stifling smoke ;
They ne'er intrigued a rival to displace ;
They ran, but never betted on, a race.
Content with harmless sports and temperate food,
Boundless in love and faith and gratitude.
Happy the man, if there be any such,
Of whom his epitaph can say as much."

To find anything better of their kind than these twelve verses of Robert Lowe's one must go to Dryden or to Pope.

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Drawing a moral from this lively and kindly book would be breaking a butterfly upon a wheel. Lady Dorothy Nevill makes no attempt to teach, or to improve, mankind. Perhaps she knows them too well. At any rate her knowledge has not made her morose or severe. She always gives the sinner the benefit of the doubt, and cheerfully admits that the vulgarest people are sometimes the most philanthropic. She writes like one incapable of hatred, without an enemy in the world. If she takes nothing, not even Toryism, very seriously, her judgments are charitable, and her survey is serene. Sydney Smith, the shrewdest of men, observed in his old age that people were stupider and more good-natured than he thought when he was young. Lady Dorothy has not had much to do with stupid people. While no society comes amiss to her, for it is all human, she has associated with the wittiest and the wisest men and women of three generations. The London Society of her youth, which was exclusive in the sense that it excluded mere wealth, has disappeared, perhaps for good, perhaps for evil, certainly for ever. In place of it there are an infinite series of sets, and a not inconsiderable number of people who do their work, and eat their dinners, without caring whether there are any sets at all. To be smart, or fast, or even vulgar, requires an income which very few of Queen Victoria's subjects drew when she came to the throne. If there is nothing quite so boring as the worship of the golden calf, the calf cannot compel even the poorest to bow down before it. In describing Claude's picture of the original image, and its Semitic adorers, Ruskin pointed out that two persons, apparently uninterested in idolatry, were rowing in a pleasure-boat on the river. Whether there was a river in the desert of Sinai we need not pause to inquire. These things are an allegory. That pleasure-boat still exists for the lovers of good books, and real talk, who take no stock of multi-millionaires, and worship no human being, at least of their own sex. I was once told in a solemn whisper that the richest man in the world was approaching. He looked almost as insignificant as he was, and I have forgotten even his name. Very likely he was generous, and charitable, and just, and kind. But interesting, no. When Lady Dorothy

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Nevill brings out a new edition of her book, she might append to it the first and last stanzas of a poem written by an accomplished scholar, who was also a thorough man of the world.

“How happy is he born and taught
Who feareth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

That man is free from servile bonds,
From hope to rise, or fear to fall.
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing yet hath all.”

When will Eton again have such a Provost as Sir Henry Wotton ?

HERBERT PAUL

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FEW of those who rejoice in the defeat of a Labour candidate in a triangular parliamentary election stop to consider the unequal conditions under which the contest has been waged. Take Huddersfield as illustrating my meaning. I will confine myself, for the sake of clearness, to the Liberal side of the campaign, although my remarks in the main apply equally to the Conservative side also. In addition to a daily Liberal paper issued in Huddersfield, the Liberal candidate had the support of other two Liberal County dailies issued in neighbouring towns, and also the three London morning organs of Liberalism. Everything which could tell in his favour or against his Labour opponent was served up daily, and with such embellishments as only a trained and fertile journalistic imagination could supply. His meetings were reported and commented upon, and his virtues extolled. Every Nonconformist Minister in the town was on his side. Skilled and experienced election agents were drafted in from all parts of the country, and on the day of the poll there were motor cars and fashionable carriages galore to bring up laggard voters. Although he had ignored the question of Women's Suffrage in his address, fine ladies canvassed and worked for him with might and main ; whilst employers and their foremen lent him the weighty aid of their active assistance. On his side was the Press, the Chapel, and a large section of the wealth and social influence of the town. He was not the bearer of any new or strange message, but he had the prestige of representing a party which had held almost unbroken sway in the place for three generations. The Labour candidate had none of these things. No daily newspaper to report his

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meetings and to sound his praises : no wealthy backers of social standing in the town : no army of election agents : no long array of motor cars and fashionable carriages. Church and Chapel passed him by as though he had been a moral leper. The press either ignored his meetings or belittled their size and importance, and two of the local sheets, one emanating from Huddersfield and the other from Leeds, lent themselves to a campaign of scurrility, vituperation, and misrepresentation against him and his views and opinions which would have done no discredit to the lowest type of the boodle press of the United States of America. Further, he was the apostle of a new gospel which the people did not quite understand and, consequently, were afraid of. His election expenses had to be gathered by collections at meetings and contributions from his work-mates. These two sets of facts have but to be put side by side to see how heavily the Labour candidate was handicapped ; and, in the main, they apply to the candidature of every nominee of the Labour Party.

In the face of all this Mr. Russell Williams came within 171 votes of wresting the seat from the successful party. That is to say, the transfer of 171 votes from Mr. Sherwell to Mr. Williams would have turned defeat into victory. I am not trying to explain away the defeat. I know that the real explanation is to be found in the fact that 171 working-class electors preferred Liberalism to Labourism, and that only education can change that fact ; but meanwhile it is well to bring home to the mind of the man in the street the tremendous odds against which a Labour candidate has at present to contend in these three-cornered contests, and what a genuine political revolution a Labour victory means.

One of the, to me, most satisfactory features of the contest was the fact that not one representative of trade unionism came out on the side of either the Liberal or the Unionist candidate. I know that considerable pressure was brought to bear upon several of the Trade Unionist Members of the House of Commons either to go down to speak for Mr. Sherwell or at least to write some word of recommendation, and that, for the first time, they one and all refused.

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Perhaps the outsider may not quite understand the significance of this, but he will learn it ere he is much older. It is true that two Members of the House of Commons who were hailed in the Liberal press as "great Labour leaders" went to Huddersfield and distinguished themselves by the virulence of their abuse of the Labour Party and their enthusiastic championship of the claims of Liberalism. I refer to Mr. F. Maddison and Mr. H. Vivian, M.Ps. Neither of these men, however, is in any sense representative of trade unionism: they hold no official position: they were not selected as candidates by any Trade Union: their expenses and maintenance in Parliament are not paid by any Trade Union nor by any other Labour organisation. Who their paymaster is is no concern of mine, nor am I in the least interested in knowing. That they are not paid by a Trade Union nor by any other section of the organised Labour movement is enough to show that they have no standing of any kind in the Labour world. They are the last representatives of an order of things which has passed away. Liberal-Labourism is practically extinct. Even those Trade Unions, such as the Miners' Federation, which have not yet allied themselves to the Labour Party are on the point of coming over, as was clearly shown by the remarkable vote of the members taken a few months ago. In Yorkshire, where Liberal-Labourism was supposed to be strongest, and where two Union officials were returned to Parliament under Liberal auspices at the General Election, a ten thousand majority on the side of the Labour Party was given by the members of the County Miners' Union when the ballot vote on the question was taken in August last.

At Huddersfield the campaign was continued which has for its object the creation of a division between those Socialist and Trade Union Organisations which compose the Labour Party. It will come to naught. It will be remembered that the campaign seemed to reach its height just on the eve of the municipal elections and it was expected that one outcome of it would be a serious diminution in the support given to Labour candidates. Outside of parts of London no such result is visible anywhere. Despite the fact that the Roman Catholic and the Anglican

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Church vote was in most cases cast against the Labour candidates, they held their own in every big centre of industry. Perhaps this fact can best be brought out by showing the total number of votes cast for each of the three parties, Labour, Liberal, and Conservative, in those wards where Labour candidates went to the poll. I am indebted to the *Labour Leader* for November 23rd, 1906, for the figures. The aggregate vote was as follows :

Liberal vote - - -	190,000
Conservative vote - -	245,000
Labour vote - - -	296,000

Those who can find consolation from these figures are quite at liberty to extract it. Not only is this the highest aggregate vote ever given for Labour candidates, but the proportion of Socialist candidates was the heaviest on record. So far as can be ascertained the number of Trade Unionists who ran under Liberal auspices did not exceed ten or twelve, as against 722 candidates who fought on a straight Labour or Socialist ticket. This fact is easily accounted for. A very large and rapidly growing majority of the active members of the Trade Unions are Socialists. It may be said, and with some degree of truth, that behind these is a large, if inactive, force of members who cannot be classed as Socialists. I am not called upon to dispute this or deny it, but inasmuch as Socialism is now claiming more and more of the younger members of the Trade Unions, the influence of this reserve grows correspondingly less each year. Further, there is no gainsaying the tremendous growth in the Socialist organisations. Take for example the Independent Labour Party, which is the militant Socialist section of the Labour movement. Never in all the thirteen years of its existence has anything like the same activity and development been experienced as is now taking place. The *Labour Leader* newspaper, which is the official weekly organ of the party, has now a circulation which exceeds that of some of the great London dailies. The output of literature from the publication department of the party is phenomenal, and the demand keeps steadily increasing. During this year (1906) 200 new

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branches have been established and the income nearly quadrupled. Behind all this lies the great fact which there is no gainsaying that the Socialist ideal is permeating society at large, and is becoming an ever increasing influence with law-making and administering institutions.

Let us suppose for a moment that success were to attend the efforts of those who are seeking to disrupt the Labour Party, and who say that there is nothing in common between Trade Unionism and Socialism, and that therefore the funds of the Unions should not be used to support Socialist Members of Parliament. What would result? At most a very few Unions would secede from the Labour Party, which would then necessarily become definitely and avowedly a Socialist party. It would still retain the great bulk of the Unions now affiliated with it. On that point there need be no mistake or misunderstanding. But the matter would not end with the secession of a few Unions. The candidates of those Unions could not expect to retain the support of a party with which they refused to associate. Socialists might even retaliate by openly opposing the return of the candidates of the seceding Unions, and were this to be the case, their prospects of success at the polls would not be great. For the time being there would be friction and strife on a large scale in the Labour movement, and the common enemy would triumph: but only for a time, and the end would never be in doubt. Socialism would, after a period of sharp and bitter struggle, emerge victorious from the conflict. Its inspiration, the enthusiasm of its adherents, their training and experience in political work, and the spirit of self-sacrificing devotion to the cause which is so remarkable a feature of the Socialist workers, would carry them through the conflict and bring them out on top. But what about the Unions which had seceded? There would be war within their borders also. The Socialists, comprising, I repeat, a majority in most Unions of those members who take an active interest in their Union's affairs, would not sit down tamely under the new order of things. At every branch meeting, and on every Council and Executive of the seceding Unions there would be a constant struggle for supremacy between

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the two factions into which the Union would then be divided, and whilst this confusion reigned supreme the usefulness of the Union would suffer eclipse. Responsible leaders of Trade Unions know these things, and, knowing them, are content to let sleeping dogs lie. It is only irresponsible individuals who are outside the movement who indulge in fantastic dreams of a coming split between Socialism and Trade Unionism, and spend their puny strength in a vain effort to bring one to pass.

I have never known a contest in which Socialism was so distinct an issue as at Huddersfield. From the outset the Liberal candidate and his supporters with true political instinct, forced the issue as between ultimate Socialism and immediate Social Reform. They misrepresented the Labour candidate as desiring to postpone all Social Reform, such as Old Age Pensions, and the like, until the advent of a Socialist Government. It would be an insult to the intelligence of the Liberal candidate and his friends to assume that they themselves believed this statement. They had the record of the Labour Party in the House of Commons to guide them. They knew that the party there had been prosaically looking after the Trades Disputes Bill, Old Age Pensions, Workmen's Compensation, the Unemployed, and Provision of Meals for Hungry School Children. This, however, did not deter them from insisting that the return of the Labour candidate would prevent these things becoming accomplished facts. The statement was dinned into the ears of the people of Huddersfield that Socialism was the enemy of Social Reform. The thrifty workman was told that Socialism meant sharing up his savings with his thriftless neighbour, whilst one or two speakers went so far as to hint that it also meant community of wives. It was, I think, most unfortunate, from the point of view at least of winning the seat, that the Labour candidate allowed his opponents to select the issue upon which the contest was to be fought. The challenge thrown out by the Liberal candidate and his supporters was eagerly taken up. Socialism versus Anti-Socialism became the rallying cry of the two main parties to the contest. As a Socialist myself I do not regret that this was so, even although I recognise,

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as I do, that it led to the defeat of the Labour candidate. I do not regret it, since it clearly brought out the fact that Socialism did not drive away votes, though it may have kept a few from supporting the Labour candidate who might otherwise have done so. One of the outstanding features of the contest was the way in which Mr. Williams maintained the ground which he had gained at the General Election in January last. The voting for the three candidates then and now was as follows :

January, 1906.

Sir J. T. Woodhouse	L.	6,302
T. R. Williams	- Lab.	5,813
J. F. Fraser	- - Con.	4,391

November, 1906.

A. J. Sherwell	- L.	5,762
T. R. Williams	- Lab.	5,422
J. F. Fraser	- - Con.	4,844

It will thus be seen that whilst the poll of the Labour candidate went down 391 votes as compared with January, that of the Liberal went down 540 ; and that the majority by which the Liberal was returned fell from 489 to 340. There is no occasion for despair in these figures, even with Socialism as the issue.

The moral of Huddersfield is that Liberalism, with all the advantages enumerated above, was not able to hold its own against a Labour candidate who fought practically on a Socialist ticket. And what is true of Huddersfield is true more or less of most other centres of industry. With every year that passes, those of us who are in the inside of things know that Socialism is gaining strength. The work of the hour is to create a Labour Party which shall unite the working class and enlist to their aid the educated well-to-do Socialist. With the party in existence it can be turned to just such uses as the opinion of the democracy may demand : if that opinion be Socialist, then the party will be Socialist. To begin at this stage to wrangle over what the principles

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of the party should be ten or twenty years hence would be to drop the substance for the shadow. No matter how avowedly Socialist the party might be, at present it could not do other than the Labour Party is doing. "First things first" is a good rule of guidance, and the cry for food of the starving child, the demand for work of the workless man, and the heavy moan of the aged pensionless poor would, under any circumstances, claim precedence in the councils of a party which claimed to speak for the common people.

J. KEIR HARDIE

THE MOTOR TYRANNY : A REPLY

THE article by Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson in the October number of this Review is an amazing screed. No one of course can attack Mr. Dickinson himself, although every line of the article shows how a cloistered and cultivated seclusion will unfit even the most broad-minded of men to take a rational view about matters concerned with the turmoil of life. Let me not therefore be thought to be personal in dealing with his arguments and with the class for which he speaks. I will begin by taking the large general objection to motor cars as a means of rapid locomotion and quote a few of Mr. Dickinson's phrases to show the attitude of mind. "Their senses have been offended" — "The amenity of the country has been indefinitely impaired: the discomfort of the town indefinitely increased" — "Conditions which render enjoyment impossible" — "A constantly increasing annoyance" — "The interest and the comfort of the mass of the people." Finally he sums up the situation by saying: "The first duty of the public authorities is to protect the amenities of life." This is a perfectly definite and intelligible point of view, and although I do think, as Mr. Dickinson expects me to, that the contentions of his article are "outrageous, monstrous and absurd," I am, I believe, able to understand the point of view and to appreciate it. But to my mind to analyse it or to state it crudely is to refute it. It is essentially the point of view of a recluse and one who leads a simple quiet life, whether it be as a University don, a Catholic monk or merely a member of a pastoral community. It is the desire for a gentle, simple, beautiful world where nothing offends the senses, where everything is pleasurable and all emotions

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are peaceful and artistic. Unfortunately these worlds are not attainable for most of us and do not always exist below the surface even in Arcadia.

Every day that I move about, be it in London or in the country, I see a thousand sights that offend my eyes, my ears and my sensibilities, and of these other people's smelling motor cars and other people's noisy motor omnibuses are only a fraction. Tramcars offend me, milkmen's carts offend me, butchers' carts terrify me, railway vans carrying shaking loads of loose iron annoy both ear and eye. London mud is disgusting, London rain is filthy. In the country things are better but by no means ideal : to pass a field farmed by some modern and progressive farmer who uses artificial manure is to receive a stench in the nostrils more offensive than all the emanations from all the petrol cars I ever met. The sound of a motor horn at a little distance is not particularly disagreeable but the squealing of a pig bleeding slowly to death with its throat cut produces a feeling of nausea in every sensitive person within sound. A letter in the *Daily News* of December 1st says : " In an out-of-the-world village where I have lately been lodging the early morning has been rendered hideous by the screams of pigs during their slaughter." Mr. Dickinson calls the hooting of the motor horn the most odious of sounds, but I would ask unprejudiced persons whether it is really worse than the hooting of a factory or the screeching of a railway whistle.

I challenge, however, his main proposition, viz. that the first duty of the public authorities is to protect the amenities of life. This is not so and cannot be so, because no two people agree as to what the amenities of life are. To some the laughter of fools is not only the crackling of thorns under a pot but a very actual pain and offence : to others life without the evil-smelling over-heated public-house bar would be unendurable. To me the worst of all sounds in a town is the screeching of the trolley on the trolley wire of an electric tram accompanied sometimes by the grinding squeal of the car wheels as the car goes round a corner : to others it must be comparatively inoffensive or it would not be tolerated in the principal thoroughfares of most towns.

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I take my leave now of these objections, which I think it will be recognised are artistic and individual, and not of that practical character with which the State can concern itself.

Mr. Dickinson feels that to appeal to the general public he must reinforce the artistic objection with general statements about the danger of motor traffic, and so we find that "the security of the public has been invaded": that "the safety of life and limb is precarious" and that "there is a grave peril." But these statements are not amplified or dealt with with any precision nor do we find either examples or statistics in support of them. I am forced, therefore, to the conclusion that, when Mr. Dickinson wished to develop this head of his subject, he found as others before him have found that the facts did not lend themselves to the position he desired to establish. For although the legalisation of motors is but ten years old in this country and their practical use to any considerable extent not more than five, although our highways are inferior, haphazard and badly engineered, and although the population that use them have not yet got out of the bad habits of sleepy centuries, it is already true to say that next to English railway trains the motor car is the safest mode of locomotion. It kills fewer people per million miles run than any other form of traffic, and as an engine of destruction cannot be mentioned in the same breath with the butcher's cart or the hooded van. Palatable or no, these facts must be swallowed and a period must be put to this idle talk of special dangers to life and limb from the motor car. Not less instructive is it to take 1000 accidents at random and inquire minutely into the cause of them. In the vast majority of cases it will be found that the accidents are directly due to the contributory negligence of the victims.

It will be well to quote here from an official letter issued by the Secretary of the Motor Union under date November 28th, 1906: "The number of people killed in London by carts, vans and horse-omnibuses, which may be taken to represent the slow-going traffic, during the year was 110. The number of people killed by motor cars, including motor omnibuses, was 22. These figures show,

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as exact statistics have always made clear, that fast vehicles like cycles and motor cars cause the fewest fatal accidents, and that slow-moving vehicles like vans cause the most. Exact comparison between various classes of vehicles should be on the basis of the aggregate number of miles travelled. Figures collected for the Royal Commission on Motor Cars showed that 2515 motor-car owners who had travelled in the aggregate 44,532,312 miles, had caused accidentally the death of 16 persons, an average of .003 persons per ten thousand miles travelled. So far as has been found possible to obtain comparative figures they show that the above percentage of accidents is very much less than by any other class of road vehicle. The Motor Union carefully records all fatal motor accidents, with the object of ascertaining whether it is possible for the Union to take any further steps to render the motor car—already proved to be the safest vehicle using the public roads—still more safe. A comparison of this list with the list circulated by the Highways Protection League showed some discrepancies. The Motor Union have, on previous occasions, found, on investigation, that circumstantial accounts of fatal accidents alleged to have been caused by motor cars, were absolute fabrications. In the present cases, inquiries were at once set on foot, and it may interest your readers to know the results.

“In the ‘Scare’ list fatal accidents are stated to have occurred at Tavistock, Esher and Cradley, during the three months. The Superintendent of Police at Tavistock writes denying that any person has been killed at Tavistock. The Superintendent of Police at Esher writes that no person has been killed at Esher in a motor accident during the present year. The Police Sergeant at Cradley writes that no fatal accident has occurred at Cradley, Cradley Heath. Inquiries are now being made as to whether such an accident has happened at any other place called Cradley.

“Another fact that might very properly have been brought out in the ‘Scare’ letter is that in five cases the person killed was an occupant of the car. The implied suggestion is that all the ‘victims’ were members of the non-motoring public.

“The real question, however, is the responsibility of the

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motorist for the deaths reported. From the analysis of the verdicts of the Coroners' Juries in the cases of which I have been able to obtain particulars, it appears that, with two exceptions, the verdict was one of 'accidental death,' and the drivers of the cars were exonerated from blame. In the first exception, an occupant of a car was killed through the overturning of the car, and the Jury in this case found that it was being driven at an excessive speed. In the second case, the Jury returned an open verdict, and the matter is now being taken further by the Police Authorities."

It is time that we recognised where the real blame lies and who it is that causes the danger. Children use the roads as playgrounds regardless of all traffic: they have even developed a new and specially dangerous game known as "Last across" in which small children run across the road in front of an advancing motor, trusting to the driver not to kill them. Footpaths by the sides of the road are not used, pedestrians preferring to wander up and down the road to be a nuisance and a danger to themselves and others. Groups of people in villages gather in the exact centre of the street to talk, quite regardless of the anti-social nature of their conduct. Carters think they are entitled to wander along the highway fast asleep, and even when awake are generally on their wrong side, while I have never once seen a heavy cart take a corner on its right side when the right side involved the outside edge of the road. Hansoms in London turn sharply into streets hugging the wrong corner and quite unable to see any traffic in the street which they are entering. I have seen at the busy time of the day a boy crossing the roadway in front of St. Martin's Church reading a newspaper. In Drury Lane a man strolled across the street with his head down, and when I brought my car to a stand actually walked into my wheel before troubling to raise his head. Small boys ride behind large furniture vans, where they are trespassers, and suddenly throw themselves off in front of traffic advancing in the other direction. All these people are criminals and anarchists: they have not recognised the obligation of a duty to their neighbours which is the condition of a civilised community. They must be dealt with as criminals: they must be, and on every moral ground they

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ought to be, dealt with for endangering the life of a motorist and their own with the same ruthless ferocity as the motorist encounters on the bare statement of a policeman that he endangered somebody whom he missed by half the width of the road. These people must be taught, and all users of roads and the public in general must learn, that millions of the ratepayers' money are spent upon the roads every year in order to provide means of communication from one place to another and not to provide places for gossip, playgrounds for children or private yards to be monopolised by sleepy carters.

I recollect when it was a question between tramways and telephones an answer of Mr. Swinburne to a Parliamentary Committee which is in point. Being asked whether it was fair that telephonic communication should be interfered with by electrical tramways, he replied : "I do not think the roads were made for talking through."

If the duty of users of the road other than motorists is recognised and enforced we shall find that the number of accidents, small though it now is, will be reduced to not more than a quarter of the present number.

It may be thought that I have been hard upon the road user and have neglected the reckless motorist. I am ready, however, to deal quite frankly with this subject, and in the first place let me admit at once that every motorist upon the road from His Majesty the King downwards habitually exceeds the speed limit of twenty miles an hour. Mr. Dickinson wishes us to begin by enforcing the existing law, and further than that, to reduce the speed limit to ten miles an hour. These things are easily said by one who speaks in entire ignorance of the facts, but for a modern powerful car upon a broad straight road twenty miles an hour bears about the same proportion to the reasonable safe speed as a walking horse does to a fast trotting one. It is neither more nor less than a crawl. It is for this reason that the law is broken by every motorist, and a law which is universally broken and which is recognised by all those acquainted with the subject as absurd is a bad law and brings law-making and justice into contempt. I think, therefore, Mr. Dickinson makes a very serious mistake when he says that

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to abolish the speed limit is to weaken the law instead of to strengthen it. Let us think of similar instances where a law has fallen into disrepute owing to its inherent folly. There is a statute of Charles against trading on Sunday which is hardly ever enforced, but would it not be wiser to repeal the statute than to increase the penalties to three months' hard labour to compel obedience to it? Not long ago death was the penalty for petty larceny, now visited with a few weeks' imprisonment at the most, but it cannot be said that petty larceny has increased because the penalty has been diminished. Surely the general rule of good legislation is that a law must commend itself to the community and must be certain in its action. This particular law of the speed limit is only enforced in certain places and at certain times, and does not commend itself to the community, because it falls with equal hardship upon the careful and the reckless driver, and because it fails in fulfilling the only object that can excuse its existence, viz. the promotion of the safety of the public. On the other hand there is no one, whether motorist or other user of the road, who is not willing to see reckless and dangerous driving punished with severity. To those who have thought over this question in the interests of motoring as a whole the real remedy is not the infliction of pecuniary penalties, but the tightening up of the licensing system and the freer use by magistrates of the powers which they already possess of suspending the licences of hooligans until they have shown themselves able to behave with courtesy to other users of the road. There is no foundation for speaking of the existing Section 1 as unsatisfactory and inadequate. I may claim to know something of the working of the Act, and under Section 1 as it stands the defendant is absolutely at the mercy of the magistrate, who has a legal right to convict in any circumstances where he considers on the facts before him that the driving has been to the danger of the public. This is of course as it should be; but until magistrates know more than they have done in the past on the subject they are dealing with there will often be great injustice to the individual motorist. I have known a man convicted for driving at a speed dangerous to the public because he was

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going twenty-six miles an hour along a broad straight road where he had a clear passage. Another was convicted of driving in a manner dangerous to the public because a nervous bicyclist fell off his machine on seeing him approach, and there have been scores of convictions in the village of Buckden for endangering the public where the evidence has shown that not a single member of the public was in fact endangered. All these convictions, though they were wrong in fact, were good in law, and it cannot therefore be said that the protection afforded by this Section is inadequate or that stronger powers are needed. I would not have it thought that I advocate any form of examination for those who apply for licences to drive motor cars, because there are two reasons against this course, either of them to my mind conclusive. First that such an examination always does in fact degenerate into a farce ; and secondly that it is not your novice who is your dangerous driver. But I do advocate most strongly the strengthening of the rules of the road for all classes of road users, and the infliction of severe penalties upon those who drive any kind of vehicle without recognising the conditions of safety.

It would not be fair for me to shirk dealing with the dust question, and I will begin at once by admitting fully and frankly that dust is an almost intolerable nuisance to other users of the road and a very considerable nuisance to motorists themselves. But the motorist's answer is to be found in one sentence : you must adapt the roads to the traffic and not the traffic to the roads. Greater changes than are now required to remove the dust nuisance have already taken place in the construction of our roads since the days of Macadam. Our present dog-carts with their light springs and our rubber-tyred broughams could never have used the old foundurous roads of the days before the Parish Surveyor. Mr. Dickinson does not hesitate to use the threadbare argument of depreciation of property and injury both to agricultural and to residential interests, but had he wished to do so he could have quoted evidence on the other side from the Report of the Royal Commission ; and I do not think it was quite fair to give data of damage

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done by traction engines when speaking of pleasure vehicles. Mr. Dickinson cannot know the history of the special case he quotes, which is instructive. The £7000 damage was due to the unduly narrow tyres which the restrictive regulations of that date compelled the manufacturers to use. So that the real blame lies with legislation founded on ignorance.

To quote some evidence on the other side : A Borough Surveyor suggests that a car owned by some one who pays heavy rates and taxes is entitled to as much wear of the roads as an iron-tyred gig. One northern farmer writes that the dust off the limestone roads is beneficial to the fields, and goes on : "The motor cars by sending this dust further over the fields confer an untold benefit in this district, which is a very large one. The dust did not damage the hay crop in the least." A firm of Estate Agents in the Midlands of long experience say : "In no case that has come under our notice has motor-car traffic caused a depreciation of property, and in a vast number of instances we think that a distinct appreciation will be the result." Another valuer from the Midlands says : "I am prepared to testify that the introduction of motor cars has considerably increased the value of large residential houses in the outlying districts." An advertisement gives as a recommendation for an estate that "it is on the route of a motor omnibus." Another Estate Agent in the West of England says : "The introduction of the motor car has had a distinctly beneficial effect, and further, has enhanced the attraction and consequently the value of certain properties in the surrounding district." Of course it is scarcely necessary to point out how enormously motor cars have benefited certain classes of property such as hotels and stabling.

I now turn to another assumption which runs through the article, in which I think Mr. Dickinson has scarcely been fair. He says that the large majority motor for amusement, and speaks contemptuously of "a handful of rich men indulging themselves freely in a peculiarly fatuous and ignoble form of sport." Surely Mr. Dickinson ought to be the first to recognise that this is not a fair argument. In the first place, although there was much foolish talk in

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the early days I never hear a motorist in these days speaking of taking a country drive as sport, and I see a good many hundreds in the year and attend their meetings very frequently. In the second place, what is there wrong about motoring for amusement? Is not the object of life to get the best out of it; and if some people are in a position to get more out of it by going at their leisure up and down our beautiful country roads what is there blameworthy in this? When Mr. Dickinson travels does he not generally travel for amusement? Is it more meritorious to drive a tradesman's cart than to refresh a weary mind by taking an airing in a landau? The utilitarian argument will cut the ground under the feet of Mr. Dickinson for nearly all the contentions in his article. Let us hear no more about amenities and comfort and enjoyment: let us have the damage to the country-side in pounds, shillings and pence, and the figured totals of the killed and wounded as the only arguments. All that Mr. Dickinson can mean is that he does not like this particular form of amusement; but he will, I think, see that it is a bad argument, and would entitle me to retort upon him that he only wants to walk about country lanes for amusement and that therefore his claim need not be considered. It is, however, not only a bad argument but it is no longer a fact. I myself motor between 15,000 and 20,000 miles a year. Not 5 per cent. of that distance is for amusement in the sense of simply being an aimless running about the roads. Practically the whole of it is with a view of getting from one place to the other by motor instead of by train or by cab. Probably more than half the owners of motor cars in the country use them in much this way, and of the remainder, the use either represents an alternative to a carriage and horses or a convenient means of touring, neither of them objects of an unworthy character.

To sum up shortly, then, my position, I assert that there is no motor tyranny in spite of the perfervid imaginings of those who wish to use the roads for other than their legitimate purpose. The real tyranny and the real source of danger is the misuse of the roads by lawless people who do not recognise their social obligations. The reckless

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motorist must be trained or eliminated, and the other thoughtless users of the road must be educated. The damage done to the road and to property is a chimera. The dust nuisance is a serious but a temporary evil, and has to be remedied by adapting public roads to public requirements. Legislation is needed to impose, not artificial safeguards, but the responsibility in the right quarters and for real offences. Finally the increase of consideration on the part of motor-car drivers, and of knowledge on the part of the rest of the public, will serve to bring about a rapprochement between the two classes and render an embittered criticism like Mr. Dickinson's even more strangely out of touch with reality than it seems now.

RUSSELL

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AS a result, probably, of the popularisation of such works as Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe*, there appears latterly to have been a curious revival of crude forms of religious and philosophical scepticism. The lucid and careful agnosticism of such keen intellects as Huxley, Spencer, Darwin, and Tyndall has given place to a much lower order of unbelief; and the wide circulation of Professor Haeckel's works, which is due to the indefatigable efforts of the Rationalist Press Association, is rapidly producing scepticism of a particularly crass and unphilosophical kind among young men of inquiring disposition. This work of disseminating rationalist literature is most heartily to be commended, so long as a high standard is maintained; and it is pleasant to note among the reprints such books as *Literature and Dogma*, *God and the Bible*, *Education*, and Huxley's *Essays*. The inquiring youth is better employed in reading Matthew Arnold, Spencer and Huxley, than in enervating his mind over the latest sensational novel or the popular illustrated monthly magazine. If he should be found to suffer a little from *tête montée* in consequence of his stock of new knowledge, it may at least be confessed that he has no monopoly of that affliction, and that blatant and bigoted dogmatism is not unknown in the opposite camp. The R.P.A. publications, besides stimulating thought and thus helping on the wheels of intellectual progress, will probably do great good by galvanising the opposition forces into activity; and indeed it appears that already a good start has been made towards the issue of a series of cheap editions of apologetic and other similarly helpful books, which will enable the reader to "hear the other side" and to make an unbiassed judgment on his own account.

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So far, however, there has been no great amount of matter written with the special aim of pointing out the philosophical crudities of the doctrines which are leavening the thought of the day. The only replies which are of much note are the works of the Rev. Frank Ballard and the able counterblast of Sir Oliver Lodge.¹ Mr. McCabe's lucid and clever rejoinder to the latter may be mentioned as a worthy defence of his master on the dialectical-scientific side, but as a philosophical reply it seems to me to leave Haeckel's chief critic unanswered. It stops short at a penultimate analysis ; it does not go to the root of things. In the present paper I propose to examine the question from the philosophical rather than the scientific point of view,—to probe the assumptions of physical and biological science, and to learn, if possible, whether or not ultimate validity can justly be claimed for the negative doctrines which are being advanced.

First, let us consider the crude form of materialism which expresses itself in such formulas as “the brain is the organ of mind”—“no Thought without Phosphorus” (*ohne Phosphor, kein Gedanke*)—“Thought is a function of the brain”—and so on. For the purposes of the present argument, let us take the last of these formulas : Thought, or Consciousness, is a function of the brain, and, consequently, ceases to exist when the body dies.

This sentence, which embodies the crude form of materialism held by Moleschott and Vogt, and which—being easily comprehensible—is the creed of many a young man to-day, is about as full of patent or implied error as it is possible for a sentence to be. It can form the creed of a lazy person who will not think, or of a twentieth century young-man-in-a-hurry who likes an explanation of the universe compressed into tabloid form because he has no time for rumination ; but it cannot be the serious doctrine of any one who really thinks at all deeply. This fact would dispense us from the necessity of combating such a doctrine, were it not that it is important to have answers ready for crude as well as tempered and acute arguments ; and it may therefore not be waste of time to consider what is the

¹ *Life and Matter.*

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most effective way of disposing of this particular form of error.

Firstly, then, let us ask what meaning is assigned by the materialist to the term "function." I think it cannot be denied that he begs the whole question by assuming that the brain *produces* thought, somewhat as the liver produces bile.¹ The real meaning of "function" is simply "performance"; but the materialist assumes that the performance of the brain is a *productive* performance, and this assumption is absolutely unprovable, not to say improbable.

For, as Professor James has well pointed out in his Ingersoll Lecture on Human Immortality, there are several kinds of function besides *productive* function. The function of the keys of an organ is to permit air to pass through this or that pipe, and may therefore be termed a *permissive* function; they produce the note, by permitting air to pass, but they do not create the air. Again, consider the use of a prism through which a ray of white light passes. The function of the prism is *transmissive*: the light passes through it, and the spectrum appears; but the prism does not create the light. Applying these analogies to the relation of cerebral mechanism to thought, it is at least permissible to suggest that the function of the brain is to permit the flow of something through it—something which becomes consciousness—rather than to produce consciousness of itself. The organ-pipe does not create the air, nor the prism the light; and the brain may not create the ultimate something which, flowing through it, becomes consciousness. Carrying forward the same idea, let us imagine the whole material universe to be the medium through which the ultimate reality becomes manifest. Its perviousness varies; our brains are thin places through which more reality penetrates, but they dim and distort that reality. The brains of animals are more opaque, and vegetable matter still more so; but perhaps nothing is *quite* opaque—*i. e.* quite without consciousness. Reality streams through all, in greater or less degree.

¹ Vogt: *Bilder aus dem Thierleben*. Cabanis: *Rapports*, ii. *Memoire*, VII.

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“Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.”

This view of the question is as consistent with the facts of biology as the view of function as productive. If the organ-pipe or the prism is damaged, the sound or spectrum is rendered imperfect; if broken utterly, sound and spectrum are impossible. But air and light are not annihilated because organ-pipe and prism are broken, and it does not seem necessary to assume that the something, which was manifested through a brain, is destroyed when that brain becomes what we call dead. That particular brain has become broken—has become unable to transmit the *X* which became Consciousness; but the *X* is not thereby annihilated.

In answer to this argument, Mr. McCabe would doubtless point out that though air and light do not cease to exist when the organ-pipe and the prism are broken, the produced sound and spectrum *do* so cease; and that, on the analogy, *consciousness* must be supposed to suffer annihilation when the brain dies. This objection may be met in two different ways. Firstly, it may be pointed out that the pipe and the prism are merely illustrations by analogy, and that naturally the parallelism does not hold indefinitely. When the materialist says, for example, that the brain produces consciousness as the intestinal canal produces digestion, I may demur because the products of the digestive function can be analysed chemically, and the products of cerebral function—*i. e.* consciousness—can *not*. The analogy breaks down, as all analogies must; otherwise there would not be analogy, but identity. It must also be borne in mind that the pipe and prism analogies are not advanced as *proofs* of immaterial existence, but only as concrete illustrations which may enable us to conceive a certain explanatory hypothesis concerning the nature of consciousness. And these illustrations, though justifiably used for a definite purpose, must of course break down when forced far enough, just as the digestion-illustration breaks down at the point specified. But there is another and perhaps better reply: though the foregoing suggestion seems adequate,

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even without further support. The breakage of pipe and prism, we are told, involves the annihilation of sound and spectrum, though air and light, which produced them, continue to exist; consequently, by analogy, consciousness ceases on breakage of the brain, though the something, which produced that consciousness, may continue in being. Thus conscious immortality—continuance of personality after death—seems to be inadmissible on this analogy of the pipe and prism. But, we reply, all that it is really necessary to admit is that what ceases to exist is *consciousness as we know it*. The something which flows through the cerebral mechanism, becoming consciousness on this side the veil, continues to exist when the brain is dead: it is not consciousness as we know it, any more than white light is a spectrum-band of colour; but it is *something which includes and is greater than that consciousness*. The prism intercepts many rays which therefore do not form part of the spectrum, and it transmits others which nevertheless remain invisible; the brain similarly prevents the spirit from fully manifesting itself, and the consciousness that *is* manifested contains a subliminal region—comparable to the ultra-red and ultra-violet rays—which is only lifted into phenomenality by special methods.

To return now to the main track of the argument: It may be said that though permissive or transmissive function may be admitted as a possible alternative to productive function, it yet remains to be proved that the latter is not preferable, being simpler and more natural. "Why suppose"—it may be asked—"such things as permissive or transmissive function—by which a mysterious something flows from somewhere—when the conception of *productive* function—by which the brain produces consciousness as the intestinal canal produces digestion—is so much more obvious and so much more simple? *Entia non sunt multiplicanda.*" But in reply to this we may say that function of *any* kind is no more than a hypothesis, and that all a strictly positive science can assert is concomitance and sequence of facts. And of the two hypotheses of productive function and permissive or transmissive function, the former is considerably the less satisfactory because it fails to explain certain

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phenomena of the "new psychology" which the latter will satisfactorily cover.

It seems clear, at this point, that the doctrine of "Thought a function of the brain" is absolutely of no service to the materialist who is trying to disprove a spiritual world and man's survival of death. For the function may be of transmissive and not productive nature, and consciousness may flow through the brain—conditioned by it in many ways—from a real world behind the veil of the phenomenal. This world of reality may be a spiritual world—nay, may be God Himself. Evidently, the materialist has made a rather considerable mistake in his rash assumption that function must be productive.

Let us turn now to another wing of the sceptical forces. The renowned anti-Christian gladiator, Haeckel, with a large following of disciples in England and Germany, has perceived the undesirableness of the term "materialism," and adopts instead the term "Monism." He assumes that there is One Reality, which he calls Substance; matter and energy "are but two inseparable attributes of the one underlying substance" (*Riddle of the Universe*, p. 77). He speaks of Spinoza's doctrine of universal substance as "the loftiest, profoundest, and truest thought of all ages." (Haeckel is rather fond of these gushing superlatives, which Professor Lombroso would describe as marks of hysteria and degeneracy.) And he even quotes Spinoza approvingly as saying that the two attributes of substance are Matter and Spirit. But for his own purpose he afterwards substitutes "energy" for "spirit," thus altering the whole substructure. It is, however, very clear to the reader who goes carefully through the *Riddle*, that Haeckel, though declaring himself a monist, is really a materialist. Such expressions as the following are plentifully bestrewn through his pages, and seem conclusive as to his real position; though in consequence of his incompetence as a philosopher—great though he is as a scientist—it is probable that he is not deliberately seeking to deceive, but is merely unable to keep his metaphysical principles in view when dealing with the phenomenal. We find him saying, for instance, that the organ of consciousness is a "part of the cerebrum, an area

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of the late-developed grey bed, or cortex " (p. 65) ; that " the human soul is not an independent, immaterial substance, but like the soul of all the higher animals, merely a collective title for the sum total of man's cerebral functions " (p. 72) ; that " the human brain (and, consequently, its function—the soul) has been evolved," etc. (p. 73) ; that the idea of a soul is " a trivial conception," and its immortality a " scientific impossibility." This is the language, not of Spinozistic metaphysic, but of the crassest and most out-and-out materialism ; and against it our former argument—summarised from Professor James in the foregoing pages—is absolutely valid and adequate. But let us make a concession, waiving these definitely materialistic expressions : let us take the position at its best, with its one Substance manifested in two attributes of Matter and Energy. What can we say to this ?

It seems to me that though at first sight Haeckel appears to have turned the edge of the reply by his use of Monism for Materialism, he has really—as is apparent when we consider it more deeply—given away his whole position. True materialism, sticking to obvious facts and refusing to go beyond them, has a certain amount of plausibility ; but Haeckel's Monism, by assuming a Substance which is unknown save in its attributes, at once sacrifices the positivist position, and plunges straightway into metaphysics.¹ This false step releases us from the necessity of arguing for the existence of something behind sense-perceptions—behind the veil of phenomena—and presents us with the admission that there *is* something. The question then is reduced to the inquiry, " What is that something ? "

Haeckel, following Spinoza, calls it Substance ; probably because this word helps his anti-Christian proclivities by its suggestion of material things. In ordinary usage, a substance is the seen, the tasted, the touched ; by employing Substance as the name of the One ultimate Reality, Haeckel introduces—illegitimately, by aid of its connotations—the suggestion that matter, or the seen, the tasted, and the touched, is that Reality ; and thus the *bête noir* of spirit is got rid of. But

¹ Bain's *Mind and Body: the Theories of their Relation* may be cited as the nearest English illustration of the same procedure.

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he does not really mean this, for he already has a name for the seen, the touched, etc.,—viz. Matter. Substance is the metaphysical something of which Matter and Energy are attributes ; it is not Matter itself, nor Energy itself. Metaphysically, Substance—*substans*—is that which “stands under” ; that which is behind the veil of appearances ; that *X* in which all sensible qualities inhere. It is the equivalent of the Greek *noumenon* ; and in Spinoza’s language it is interchangeable with God. It is curious that Haeckel—the vehement anti-Christian—should quote with approval the “God-intoxicated philosopher” for whom Herder and Schleiermacher had such profound admiration, and whose Pantheism, in their opinion, was fully consistent with philosophic Christianity. That unfortunate “Substance” of Spinoza has much to answer for, as to the misunderstandings it has caused. If he had used the Greek equivalent, which is free from associations gathered from common usage, much ignorant misconception would have been avoided. Or if he had simply said “God,” as in fact he sometimes did, his meaning would have been plainer still. Hear him reply to Isaac Orobio’s charge of irreligion :—

“Is it to cast off Religion to acknowledge God as the supreme good, and to love Him with singleness of soul, which love must constitute our highest felicity, our most perfect freedom ?”

As is well said by G. H. Lewes—himself no Spinozist—“no one was more rigorous than he in the subjection of all passions and all egoisms to the love of God and obedience to the Divine Will.” These remarks seem to breathe an atmosphere very different from that which pervades the *Riddle of the Universe*. They show that Haeckel’s monism, so far as he is consistent in its advocacy, is absolutely cotenable with a high form of Christianity. And so far as he is inconsistent, by sliding into materialism, the objections urged in the first part of this paper seem sufficient to show the rashness of his assumptions and the consequent instability of his conclusions. But though this Spinozistic Monism seems consistent with Christianity as held by many eminent theologians, it is not thereby proved that it is philosophically either false or true. Let us briefly

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consider the metaphysical principles which underlie all scientific inquiry.

Monism invents a phantom "Substance" which is not a direct object of experience. In all scientific inquiry we must begin with experience. What, then, shall we say is the most obvious and most continuous feature of our experience? I think the answer is "the perception of Matter." We are continually being made aware of what we call Matter by at least five avenues of sense. Like the poor, it is always with us. But what *is* this Matter? Before inventing a mysterious Substance to account for it and for us, let us ask ourselves what, exactly, Matter is. There is scope here for much thought; and it would be well if materialists and monists would settle this question before allowing their "lively imagination" and "defect of critical faculty"—which Haeckel attributes so freely to Du Prel, Zöllner, and Sir Wm. Crookes—to invent metaphysical "Substances" for which there may turn out to be no necessity.

We will take the old and familiar illustration of an apple. How does this particular portion of Matter affect me? First, I have visual sensations of colour and light and shade. I am aware of redness, greenness, lights, shades, half tones. Then I can touch it, and *tactile* sensations appear; it is hard or soft. I smell it, and eat it, and I have sensations of smell and taste. These sensations are all mental; they are states of consciousness. There is no redness in the rose, no hardness in the diamond; to the colour-blind the former is green, and to a being suitably constituted the latter would be soft. The ultimate reality is a state of consciousness. Let us take away one by one the sensations caused by the apple: I become blind, its colour and light and shade become for me non-existent; I lose my sense of smell, and it becomes probably indistinguishable from an onion—I am no longer sure *what* it is. Suppose now that sensations of hearing, touch, and taste are made impossible to me, and what remains of the apple? For me, *nothing*. Not only the apple, but also the whole material universe, has become, for me, utterly non-existent. This shows that what we call matter consists of subjective impressions,—affections of the

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mind—states of consciousness. The brain of another man, if I happen to be dissecting it, may yield me certain sensations; it is a complex of phenomena, but—like the apple—has no existence except as sensations in my mind. My own brain yields me no such sensations; I have never seen it, and am not directly aware of it. By certain complicated though more or less unconscious reasonings, I infer that such sensations might be possible; but, even so, my brain would only be, for me, the sensations that I should experience. It would exist, to me, as states of my consciousness. How absurd, then, the materialist's *dictum* that my brain—which is but a name for certain possible states of consciousness—is the cause of all my *actual* states of consciousness. It is like saying that a house of mine which I have never seen is the cause of the town; whereas it is but one of the many houses that compose it. It is like saying that a part is the cause of the whole which contains it. And Haeckelian Monism is not much better. Why is it necessary to suppose a Substance underlying Matter and Energy, when it is obvious on examination that Matter is not provably anything more than our own experience, Energy being an invention to bind together parts of that experience in thought? Reality is the perceiving or experiencing Mind, and there is no need for the invocation of any other metaphysical existence. What *causes* that experience is a further question which need not be more than glanced at here. Berkeley says it is God; Professor Karl Pearson suggests that it is perhaps inherent in ourselves,—an ingenious speculation, though a doubtfully supportable one. As to the difficulty of solipsism, it is avoidable by remembering that the phenomenal reality of the external world—which is all that it is *to us*—is not necessarily *ultimate* reality. It exists in my consciousness, but it does not follow that it exists *only* in my consciousness. “For, granting the self-existence of the world independently of my consciousness, it would yet exist *for me* only as reflected in my consciousness. In other words, the fact of its existence in my consciousness would be the same, whether or not the world were self-existent.”¹

¹ Mr. Schiller's *Riddles of the Sphinx, by a Troglodyte*, p. 267. See

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Much could be said, if space allowed, of Haeckel's self-contradictions—implied if not specific—even in his own sphere. We can only point out that Ether is said to be non-atomic (*Riddle*, p. 81), in which case it could not vibrate ; though, of course, it cannot be admitted to be atomic, for if it were, what would occupy the space between the atoms ? Further, that though Ether is imponderable, it “probably has weight ;” which means that it gravitates, which necessitates belief in its greater density near dense bodies ; in which case it would not propagate light in straight lines. Again : if its nature is non-atomic, how can its density vary at all ? We conceive of condensation and rarefaction as being due to the jamming together or thrusting apart of the molecules or atoms—in other words, to the enlargement or diminution of the space between those particles. Ether, being non-atomic, has no such spaces ; how then can its density vary ? The fact is that the scientist's conceptions of Ether contain the most hopeless contradictions ; and unfortunately it cannot be helped. In order to explain the phenomena of Light it is *necessary* to attribute to the Ether qualities which are mutually exclusive and unthinkable. Let the scientist introduce some approximation to consistency into his own special doctrines, before presuming to dogmatise on the nature of Ultimate Reality.

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also J. S. Mill's *Examination of Sir Wm. Hamilton's Philosophy*, Chap. XII., for a proof of the fallacy of Reid's dictum that if Idealism be true, “I am alone in the universe,” and of the perfect consistency of Idealism with belief in the existence of other minds.

MR. SHAW'S LATEST

AMATEURS of serious drama are well aware who is the foremost living English playwright. We may, indeed, go further, and, omitting the national qualification, boldly claim for Mr. A. W. Verrall that he is the finest, the only great dramatic author the world has produced since the death of Wagner. While, however, their attention is riveted to the three mighty tragedies and the dainty satirical burlesque that he has given us within the last twelvemonth—inventing, we remark in passing, a new art to do so—they have still the corner of a quick eye for the productions of our more popular dramatist, Mr. Bernard Shaw. And in one important point Mr. Shaw is entitled to be considered on terms of equality with the author of *A Greek Borgia*: he flies at great game. In *Major Barbara* he challenged our deepest feelings by the hallowed name of religion. In *The Doctor's Dilemma* he bids us hold our breath in the sacred presence of death.

The story of Mr. Shaw's "tragedy in four acts and an epilogue" is already well known. On the basis of a plot, the lines of which are not, we think, wholly original, Mr. Shaw puts to us a question that is the subject of general interest and often of hot debate. A doctor, Sir Colenso Ridgeon, falls in love with Jennifer, the wife of Louis Dubedat, a consumptive patient, whom he alone can cure. He lets the patient die, only to find that he has omitted from his calculation one important factor, viz. the feelings of the lady, who promptly marries some one else. This is the personal interest of the play, which is, however, quickly absorbed in that of the wider question propounded under cover of it. For Dubedat is an artist of heaven-sent genius

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and beyond this, according to the judgment of the world, a very pretty compound of qualities derived from the place that is not heaven. Now his life can only be saved by his reception into the home where Ridgeon's new treatment for tuberculosis is properly administered. Strained to the utmost limit of its resources the home can take but one more patient : shall it be the brilliant Dubedat, or shall it be Dr. Blenkinsop, a poor, stupid, hard-worked physician, of common fibre but honest to the backbone, whose life is in the balance too ? Is it better for the world to preserve pedestrian virtue or the prospect of marvellous works of art ?

Here then is the doctor's, and our, dilemma. It need hardly be said that it is put to us with all Mr. Shaw's accustomed agility and address. So much at least we expect and always find in Mr. Shaw, who spurs us into his subject with the medley of old and new satirical quips that give to his work its peculiar *brio*. But in certain respects this play differs from the fashion of the two that preceded it. Both *John Bull's Other Island* and *Major Barbara* were conspicuous for the absence of logical action and of reality, as opposed to scenic naturalness, in their main characters. In *The Doctor's Dilemma* the action proceeds, smooth and regulated, from the beginning to the end. It starts slowly, to be sure, but a special *milieu* has to be constructed, one difficult and delicate to manage ; Harley Street, the consulting-room, the inner life of the profession, toxin and antitoxin, disease and its remedies, are set before us with unexampled ease, with wit, with—we particularly notice—fairness, and before the end of Act II we have in our hands the motives from which the *dénouement* will result. In these two acts, moreover, Mr. Shaw makes an evident return to reality ; approaches it perhaps more closely than he has ever done save in *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. The six doctors who enter on the scene are not only six different types, but six different people. It would be a nice question whether the Jew, the blunt practitioner of a past generation, or the fashionable Court physician gives us more the effect that we might meet him any day at dinner : even the surgeon, who is farcically satirised, has, as it were, a daylight personality.

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A good start, it will be said, the plausibility of which is spoiled only by one outbreak of Mr. Shaw's fantasy. Instead of the familiar medical butler, Sir Colenso Ridgeon's attendant is a wearisome old nurse, whose presence, though perhaps barely possible, needs in a play substantial reasons that are not forthcoming. And this want of plausibility is apparent at later points too. Ridgeon is in love with Jennifer, so we find it stated. It is possible, we do not doubt ; but doctors do not invariably fall in love with their patients' wives—we want the fact made probable, as it is, for instance, in *Le Duel* of Lavedan. To the profession, the profession comes before all: in the natural course no doctor would hesitate to save Blenkinsop, the doctor, before Dubedat, the layman, whatever their characters—we ask again why this is ignored. Ridgeon's motives for giving over Dubedat to the courtly Bonnington, in whose hands he dies, are mixed : he thinks Dubedat a scoundrel not worth saving ; he wants to get rid of him so as to marry Jennifer ; and, loving Jennifer, he desires to save her the overwhelming pain of the discovery that Dubedat, her nonpareil hero, is a precious scamp. Well and good ; but man is in the habit of attributing past action to the most innocent or most convenient of his motives, whereas Ridgeon in the epilogue says, without truth and without remorse, "I murdered him." This is a frame of mind in which Mr. Shaw might indeed make us believe ; only he does not.

In themselves, the doctors' two acts, as we may call them, constitute a remarkable achievement (a special tribute of praise is due to the exquisite and forcible acting of Mr. Eric Lewis as Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonnington) and in many respects are masterly. But passing from their brilliant effects to the *ménage* of the artist, we experience a bitter disappointment. The dilemma, in the first place, has somewhat changed its character. It is no longer Art versus Morality, but the New Morality versus the "Old. At the end of Act II we know that Dubedat has, by false pretences, obtained money from every one he could, rooked dull Dr. Blenkinsop of his last half-crown, stolen a gold cigarette case, told hypocritical lies, and married two wives : there may be more, we only know of two. As Act III opens

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he tries to persuade Ridgeon to defraud his own wife and to blackmail his patients. A fair issue is thus stated between art, naked of all morals, and virtue shorn of all embellishment. But with the development of Act III we perceive that the chief question in which Mr. Shaw wishes to interest us is after all, not this, but: Is Dubedat really a scoundrel? Nay, is he not a hero, and, so far from being utterly non-moral, is he not in truth a type of a higher morality than that according to which the world, and the doctors, condemn him? His is the inner vision, his the faith that makes life noble, he is in communion with the things that alone have value: in comparison the standard of the bustling world is base beyond description. On such grounds he is justified by his wife, a very Shavian young woman, to the end. A fine subject truly (*The Devil's Disciple* on a higher plane, *con variazioni*), but a different one. The shifting of interest is not startling, but it is fundamental: it breaks the back of the subject, renders the first two acts sterile, and by concentrating attention solely on Dubedat's character, seriously damages the possibilities of the play. We feel the grip of Mr. Shaw's hand to have slackened.

To attain success in spite of this one thing was essential. The artist should have been heroic. The bombast of the conception might then have been impressive and have kept the last part of the play going without our noticing overmuch the insult paid it by the author in disintegrating it half way through. For the conception of the purely sweet, utterly non-moral artist is as bombastic and sentimental as that of Conolly, the superb electrician, in *The Irrational Knot*. We all know the school-girl's admiration—the noble, strong, self-sufficient man, striding along the path of his high destiny, recking not of the world and scoring off every one as he goes. Such was Conolly, such Cashel Byron: such, in his way, is Dubedat. Unfortunately the difference in Dubedat's case ruins him. Cashel and Conolly were good fun: they had for us, in the pride of their absurd strength, the same fascination that Mr. Max Pemberton's heroes have. They warmed the school-girl in our hearts. But Dubedat is anæmic. Without the charm of Ireland and saintly delusion, he is Peter Keegan over again, transported from

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John Bull's Other Island to mouth an artistic instead of a religious ideal. True, he scores off the doctors, who for men of the world have singularly little argument about them; but since he talks like a raw Paris art student lecturing his home circle at Brixton, the effect is only the more shocking for its untruth and displeasing for its silliness. Poseur though he is, he must be an undeniable artist, or the situation falls flat: we ask for a Monet or a Whistler, and are given a clap-trap weakling who might do Art notes for a ladies' magazine. On certain lapses from good taste that occur during the last two acts it is needless to dwell; yet the reflection cannot be avoided that one word alone is fit to characterise the cheapness of Dubedat's would-be tragical death scene. When Mr. Shaw grows vulgar, we shudder and are silent. There is more dignity and a richer mystery in the "Death—what is death?" of Stevenson and Henley's Macaire than in the twenty minutes' emasculated rant to which we are treated by Mr. Shaw's Dubedat.

Something of this flabbiness should perhaps be attributed to defects in the representation, for admirable as is much of the acting, certain of the characters are not quite driven home. Mr. Granville Barker as Dubedat gives us little of the ardour of a passionate artist, nothing of the illness of a man dying from the first of consumption. In Act II he coughs once, but not again; and on the point of death addresses his wife in clear and bell-like tones that too obviously denote a powerful pair of lungs. The struggle between Ridgeon and Dubedat is indicated rather than realised: Jennifer leaves us frigid. In this, truly, she resembles Mr. Shaw's other heroines, and the author cannot escape responsibility; with a performance even more perfect his last two acts and epilogue would scarcely rise above the level of melodrama. Melodrama hot is fare for a stout man; cold, it is sickly and, alas, tedious.

And here the name of Mr. Verrall crops up again in our thoughts. We can imagine ourselves, a grieved and perceptive audience, addressing Mr. Shaw in some such fashion as this: "O Bernard Shaw, you are the keenest writer of our day. You have, above any other, vivid

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imagination, sprightly insight, biting wit, power of various characterisation, facility in the dramatic craft. But to the creation of great work two qualities are indispensable, strong good sense and laborious application ; and these you do not show us. Now here is another, a man no less witty than yourself, but more sane, who by the concentrated force of his intellect, by the soundness of his sense, by the rigorous ordering of his high imagination, has from the materials left by an antique writer constructed not one alone, but several works of lofty art, in which the fabric is so noble, the workmanship so rigidly tested, the architecture so grandly harmonious that we may well predict for them and for their author lasting fame. It is this architectonic power that we beseech you to master and apply to your thoughts. We prize you highly, we are loath to see your rare gifts scattered fruitlessly. We would have you achieve something worthy of them. In your latest work you have builded high ; but the design was askew, its results were too little studied. And great is the fall thereof."

JOHN POLLOCK

HILLS AND THE SEA¹

OF one quality which this book possesses, the reader will soon become aware. It is the more noticeable since it is uncommon. We are always coming across books of impressions, confessions, and sensations; but though some of them contain pages of admirable and elegant description, we seldom catch the glow of the author's own happiness in the experiences or impressions he describes. Sometimes we are convinced that the writer has felt the beauty of these, sometimes we know that he has only "seen, not felt, how beautiful they are"; but we are seldom convinced that they have filled him with joy.

Now in this book, a collection of newspaper articles, some of them mere scraps, mere beginnings, random shots at a theme, others scenes, finished, framed and hung, you will find everywhere this uncommon quality: that when the author has seen or felt something he has judged to be beautiful or significant, his spirits bound upwards, and he writes like a man capable of rapture.

A long quotation will serve our turn best, because the reader may notice in it many other qualities, upon some of which there is no time to dwell. The author has been walking all day among the French Pyrenees; at a time of year, either early spring or late autumn, when it is cold in the high valleys. In the evening he descends upon a village and stops in the darkness on the threshold of an inn.

"As I waited there, hesitating, my fatigue came upon me, and I knocked at their great door. They

¹ *Hills and the Sea.* By H. Belloc. Methuen and Co. 6s.

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opened, and light poured upon the road, and the noise of peasants talking loudly, and the roaring welcome of a fire.

* * * * *

I that had lost count of hours and of heights in the glamour of the midnight, and of the huge abandoned places of my climb, stepped now into a hall where the centuries also mingled and lost their order. The dancing fire filled one of those great pent-house chimneys that witness to the communal life of the Middle Ages. Around and above it, ironwork of a hundred years branched from the ingle nooks to support the drying meats of the winter provision. A wide board, rude, overmassive, and shining with long usage, reflected the stoneware and the wine. Chairs, carved grotesquely, and as old almost as the walls about me, stood round the comfort of the fire. I saw that the windows were deeper than a man's arms could reach, and wedge-shaped—made for fighting. I saw that the beams of the high roof, which the fire-light hardly caught, were black oak, and squared enormously, like the ribs of a master-galley, and in the leaves and garden things that hung from them, in the mighty stones of the wall, and the beaten earth of the floor, the strong simplicity of our past, and the promise of our endurance, came upon me . . . So we talked together, drinking wine and telling each other of many things. They rose to go to their homes, which were their own without a lord. We exchanged the last salutations. The wooden soles of their shoes clattered upon the stone threshold of the door.

The master also rose and left me. I sat there for perhaps an hour, alone, with the falling fire before me, and a vision in my heart.

Though I was here on the very roof and centre of the western land, I heard the surge of the inner and the roll of the outer sea ; the foam broke against the Hebrides, and made a white margin to the cliffs of Holy Ireland. The tide poured up beyond our islands

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to the darkness in the north. I saw the German towns and Lombardy, and the light on Rome.

* * * * *
So that old room, by its very age, reminded me, not of decay, but of unchangeable things.

All this came to me out of the fire ; and upon such a scene passed the pageantry of our astounding history. The armies marching perpetually, the guns and ring of bronze. I heard the chaunt of our prayers.

* * * * *
That night I slept ten hours. Next day, as I swung out into the air, I knew that whatever Power comforts men had thrown wide open the gates of morning ; and a gale sang strong and clear across that pale blue sky which mountains have for a neighbour."

Who will deny to the writer of this passage the power of communicating his joy or the faculty of a swift imagination ? The sentences stand, too, on each other like well-squared stones, without need of cement or mortar. Behind them can be felt the peculiar emotion which inspires good history. Of the other faculties necessary to the historian there are, in this book, no traces ; but the power of panoramic imagination, and above all, of seeing, as emotion heightens, individual men and objects falling into their places in a great procession of events, instead of seeing them more and more isolated as the interest they excite increases, that power is there in a degree sufficient to make the reader long for its exercise in some book of large undertakings.

There is a curious vividness in many strokes of observation scattered through these pages, the quality of which we are at a loss to define. But they will remind the reader of vividness, both dream-like and real, of extraneous impressions, received when his mind has been intensely preoccupied with some central emotion. Objects seem to strike the author's imagination with the brief and sudden impact of things seen on a journey, undertaken at the instance of some grave urgency. He often seems to catch

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at the surface of life, with the eagerness of a man arrived at his destination, seeking among the hurrying crowd for the face which will tell him what he has come to learn.

There are, too, subtle criticisms caught in their flight across the imagination. For instance in this description of the belfry tower at Delft :—

“ Now the belfry of Delft, though all the upper part is of stone, yet stands on a great pedestal (as it were) of brick—a pedestal higher than the houses. And in this base are pierced two towering, broad and single ogives, empty and wonderful and full of that untragic sadness which you may find also in the drooping and wide eyes of extreme old age.”

Hills and the Sea, then, is a collection of short sketches, written in many moods, but inspired by one spirit. There is the mood of satire, of romantic jollity, of adventure, and the mood of grateful rest ; some are written at times when the present draws, for the author, all its significance from a realisation of the past, others when the actual moment seems to be all important. The spirit which runs through all these moods is, on the emotional side, an attitude of the will, a kind of determination of the imagination to strike out godlike sparks of feeling from experience, to preserve at all sacrifices, and among all circumstances, the fervency and glow of life ; and on the side of the intellect it is a conviction that the world is a mystery, which the reason cannot explain or induce to order, of which the meaning is sometimes revealed in sudden pauses of thought or may come blowing down the winds of laughter. The best passages are of a high order of imaginative merit ; and, as might be inferred, the worst are due to *forcing the mood*, which results in an occasional artificial sturdiness of style and a tendency to obscurantic mystification. Possessed by convictions he finds ignored on this side and that, there is often contempt in his laughter and arrogance in his joy, qualities which will repel some and kindle others. He has a Borrowian faculty of interesting the reader in himself ; and the idea that the reader catches, if he is attentive to

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the spirit of the writer, as well as to the subjects written upon, is that of a man preoccupied with many things, hurrying across life, to whom the emotion and experience of the moment is the thing of value, its result in literature a secondary matter, the significance of which depends upon being deftly and masterfully handled, rather than upon exactness and fidelity to fact.

A CRYSTAL AGE ¹

UTOPIAS and romances of the future are, at any rate, pleasant exercises of hope. We need not take their prophetic character very seriously in order to enjoy them; and since their interest springs from a sense of dissatisfaction with the present, tinged with hope of better things to come, they appeal to a sentiment common enough, and broad enough to support many ingenious structures of fancy.

Three pictures, well worth contemplating, of more or less ideal conditions have been given to this age, which is certainly in trouble about its soul, though it does not seem very determinedly set on amendment: William Morris' *News from Nowhere*, Mr. Wells' *A Modern Utopia* and now this book—*A Crystal Age*. The eighteenth century projected its dreams of a golden time into the past; we, elated by the recent spectacle of prodigious changes and pricked by a sharper discontent, prefer to throw our dreams forward into the future.

Each of these three writers, Morris, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Hudson, has drawn a picture of a world fitted to hold the good things he has found most excellent in his own experience. To William Morris pleasure and fellowship in production, generosity and abundance of life, a strong, grave race of men and women, the common board, the delight of creation, the village community, "the little house on the hill," teeming gardens, and garden-like tillage, stood for the emotions which were most satisfying and secure. These things are the substance of his dream.

It is not so easy to suggest by catalogue the features of

¹ *A Crystal Age*. By W. H. Hudson. T. Fisher Unwin. London. 6s.

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life dwelt on most enthusiastically in *A Modern Utopia*; Mr. Wells being more anxious than any other dreamer of dreams to show how his dream might really come true. This, indeed, is the great and unusual merit of his book; that it is a direct criticism upon the present than all other Utopias; that it encourages the imagination to work upon schemes and methods of social construction, till the impossible seems the just possible, and the possible not altogether improbable. But Mr. Wells' preoccupation with the machinery which supports his ideal world, cramps him as an artist and forces him to emphasise those desirable things, for which he can account, at the expense of the best his imagination could have otherwise provided. Still his vision of perfect conditions, dimmed as it is by ingenious detail, by the transplantation of the commonplace and by the precedence his intention forces him to give to the probable over the perfect, is by no means a bleak, complicated piece of political machinery. We catch glimpses of vast cities, towering buildings, honeycombed with windows and rising in solemn domes and flame-like spires; of broad avenues, thronged with cheerful, busy people, dressed gaily, carrying themselves proudly; of public places, august and quiet; of flying ships, hovering and darting in the sky; of the whole earth so webbed by swift railways, that almost every spot in Europe is a convenient suburban site, with the exception perhaps of districts in which wildness (like the grisly bears in Yellowstone Park) is preserved for purposes of contemplation and spiritual refreshment. In spite of this you feel a waft of homesickness and depression, when at the close of the book you are dropped again amid the roar and splash of Piccadilly. This Utopia is kept together by a body of men, who find their sober happiness in devoting their energies and intellects to ruling the world. A huge population, the domination of nature by science, complex activity, and a type of character that finds his keenest satisfaction in understanding and altering the conditions of life, are, then, the chief features of this ideal.

Mr. Hudson's imaginary world differs widely from both of these. To contemplate man with satisfaction, he must

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picture him among primitive surroundings ; he must imagine him, though with nothing of our "probably arboreal" ancestor about him, as living again in the forest period. But this time in peace, in plenty, and passionless ; living by immemorial tradition, his recurrent functions and duties coloured by dignified ritual which draws its significance from trust in the Spirit of Earth ; gifted, too, with the faculty of a more wonderful and supple music, reflecting the harmonies of sky and forest and all shades of peace and sorrow.

The introduction of a derelict member of our race into this "crystal age" is managed without fuss or elaboration, and we are interested at once in the story. He finds himself in a society of men and women, singularly calm and gentle and sensitive, living together in a great house, which seems as ancient as the rock on which it stands. Upon all is the stamp of durability and peace. The house itself is at once the temple of their faith and their home. The men and women are singularly alike. In fact the only member of the community who shows the characteristics of a robust masculinity, is one old man, vigorous and dignified, who is addressed with great reverence as "Father" by all the others. He is the centre of authority. The story is a love story ; the narrator falls in love with one of the daughters of the house. He is most kindly received ; but, as is the fate of all travellers in golden ages, he finds himself constantly humiliated by a sense of his inferiority and puzzled by the want of comprehension in his companions. From their frequent cross-purpose conversations we gradually learn the nature of the society in which he finds himself. He hears some passages read from a book one night, and quotations from these will inform the reader of some of the peculiarities of this new world. As for men of the old world, the earth has covered long ago all their ruined works with her dark mould and green forests. Men in the past, says the book, sought after knowledge of various kinds, "asking not whether it was for good or for evil ; while their knowledge grew apace, that better knowledge and discrimination which the Father gives to every living soul, both in man and in beast, was taken from them." . . . But the men of this new

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age seek only to inform themselves of the will of the Spirit of Earth, and to reflect in their own lives the variety and permanence of nature. "Therefore dowe, like him yet unable to reach so great a height, borrow nothing from one another, but in each house learn separately from him alone who has infinite riches ; so that every habitation, changeless and eternal in itself, shall yet differ from all others, having its own special beauty and splendour." The men of the crystal age live, then, widely scattered over the earth in communities, each of which has developed arts and customs of its own. The glory of this particular house is its music.

Now though our contemporary is awed and charmed by his surroundings and by these beautiful people he finds himself at first by no means at home among them. He confesses that he misses "the fragrant cup of coffee, the streaky rasher from the dear familiar pig, and after breakfast the well-flavoured cigar ; but these lesser drawbacks were soon forgotten." A more serious uneasiness and discontent come over him. He cannot make his feelings towards Voletta understood.

Before this episode he has repaired what he discovers to have been a grave discourtesy. He has found out that there is also a "Mother of the house," a kind of queen among them, living apart, and has asked to be presented to her. She is the only person who, he feels, understands what he is going through. She is different to the others in expression and appearance : "One reason was that she was extremely pale, and bore on her countenance the impress of long-continued suffering ; but that was not all . . . dearer than all these things to my mind were the marks of passion it exhibited, the petulant, almost scornful mouth and the half-eager, half-weary expression of the eyes, for these seemed rather to belong to that imperfect world from which I had been severed and which was still dear to my unregenerate heart." She becomes his friend ; but he shocks her by his description of a world in which all women are on an equality, all possessing the same capacity for suffering ; and where all are or would be mothers. She is disgusted. "The human race would multiply, until the fruits of the soil would be insufficient for its support ; and the earth would be filled

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with degenerate beings, starved in body and debased in mind—all clinging to an existence utterly without joy." He begins to guess the secret of the passionless calm of these beings, who had outlived and left as immeasurably far behind as the instincts of the wolf and the ape the strongest emotion of which his heart was capable.

The end is tragic; but its sadness may be mitigated for the sympathetic reader by the reflexion that since the story is written in the first person it cannot close with the narrator's death. He finds a bottle on which are engraved various directions and promises, among them this: "When your soul is darkened so that it is hard to know evil from good and the thoughts that are in you tend to madness, drink of me and be cured." At first he holds himself back. He wishes in his passion for power to shatter the sacred houses of this later race, "and re-people the peaceful world with struggling, starving millions, as in the past, so that the beautiful flower of love which had withered in men's hearts might blossom again. . . . Better a thousand times the thoughts that lead to madness than this colourless existence without love." But in the end he drinks. He begins to feel an icy coldness creeping through him, and while awaiting the change, he picks up an old book, in which he reads that one of the daughters of the house may be chosen to fill the Mother's place. He realises that the customs and natures of these strange people may yet allow him to gain his heart's desire; but his hands begin to stiffen on the book and his eyes to follow the writing with more and more difficulty; *Death* was the cure the mysterious vessel promised to those who drank. He hears Voletta calling for him; she has been with the dying Mother. He hears her and cannot answer. The book ends with the sound of her frightened cry when she finds him.

This book is then rather a romance than a Utopia; but it may be classed and compared with the other two books mentioned in so far as it is an attempt to imagine the lives of a happier humanity. The secret of their happiness lies not in a domination of nature, but in a mystic sympathy with nature; in the earth being depopulated; in variety and wildness; not in mankind being drawn into a close and

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complex federation. It differs from the ideal of Morris in that art and fellowship are less important than communion with nature; and from the ideal of *A Modern Utopia* in that intellect is unimportant and the passions are extinguished, not regulated; while the conditions in which men live are patriarchal and primitive. In Mr. Hudson's writings two emotions are described with the passion of a poet: a love of nature and a love between the sexes, which is an adoration of beauty, simple and unmixed with friendship. He has imagined a race who are better fitted for the first than we are; but he has deprived them of all experience of the second, as though he felt that perfect enjoyment in contemplation required a peace of heart which the other emotion destroyed. This beautiful and moving book is some measure of what the loss of that emotion would mean.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

THE MIGRATION OF MURTAGH GILLIGAN

I

IN the chilly grey of the summer dawn Murtagh Gilligan was wakened by something skirling and croaking down his chimney. It was an early-rising jackdaw, which, having with fateful consequences thoroughly roused the reluctant sleeper, flew away out of his story. Murtagh got up at once, and made his way cautiously out of doors, not because he felt any wish to explore his new, hateful surroundings, but merely because it seemed intolerable to lie still and think how far he was from Barnadrum. All the day before he had spent, to his sorrow, in journeying eastward across the width of Ireland. An outside-car at each end, with an interminable train in the space between, had carried him through scenes which he had not the heart to notice, and dusk had blurred everything by the time he neared his destination.

Now as he stood at the little green wooden gate, he looked about him with small curiosity, so firmly was he convinced that in his lost Barnadrum alone could life be worth living. The fact that he had known no other place in his five and twenty years did but strengthen this conviction. He could not be said to have chosen a propitious moment for his first survey of prejudged Portcormac. It was that trying hour before sunrise when in the lack-lustre twilight everything wears a drearily unreal aspect, meaningless somehow, and yet menacing. Murtagh saw a flat stretch of tilled land, with a sprinkling of cottages and trees. Close at hand the fields were large and square, divided by low, straight hedges, and mostly filled with cabbages and turnips. "Faix, but it's the

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quare, ugly, unnathural lookin' little dog-hole," he said to himself. "I wisht the divil was sailin' away wid the half of it before ever I set eyes on it."

The country he had quitted is partly spread in wide moorlands, and crumpled partly into peaks and glens, so that its wild spaciousness abounds with small sheltering nooks, one of which had been his own and his forefathers' for the dear knows how long between them all. Certainly the accumulated regrets of many generations seemed to weigh upon Murtagh's spirit as his thoughts turned towards the little house under the hill. With more clearness than meets the bodily eye he beheld the fleck of white and brown against the grassy steep, dappled with furze and boulders; it was as if the sweeping slope had receded into a hollow just for the accommodation of the Gilligans' abode. Murtagh, at any rate, felt that he had left the single spot on earth into which he fitted, and to which he belonged by rights. Beyond it the whole world was as unsuitable for a dwelling-place as the lonesome ocean that, not many roods from his door, rounded off everything to the westward with a hazy rim.

And here, by the same token, he descried a few fields off the familiar watery curve, dimly colourless in the pale gloaming, but not to be mistaken, nor yet to be recognised without a gleam of pleasure. Though Murtagh had no great love for the sea as such, he could not in this alien region fail to find something consolatory in the sight of any accustomed object; and he made for it straightway, down a lane bordered by furrows set thick with their thriving crops. To his mind they had a vile, outlandish appearance. He felt several degrees less dejected when he presently found himself on the strand, where the crude, harsh smell of the turnips yielded place to those ocean-odours by old acquaintance endeared. It was a rough beach, sloping in ill-defined terraces of shingle, strewn with large stones, on one of which he seated himself, and stared out, across the still, floor-like water. Oftentimes had he sat just so among the wrack-wreathed boulders on summer evenings at home; with the difference, it is true, that then he was at home, so thoroughly as to have his house in view very close by if

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he turned his head. In fact it had been a favourite diversion of his boyhood to watch until the broad disc of the setting sun touched the water's rim, and then scamper up the foot-slope to reach his door before the scarlet fireball had quite gone under. Generally he had easily won that race, run with his elongated shadow sliding on before him, to shoot up against the white wall, and in the dark room he would always find his mother busy about supper at the hearth, red as if with brands plucked from the fading west. He thought of it now, and added the reflection that here was no sun-setting, but a miserable and undesired dawn. The sun, no doubt, would by and by be swinging up over the dismal fields behind him, and weary hours must pass before he could hope for even the poor comfort of seeing yonder horizon flush with the end of an exile's day.

Thinking thus, he chanced to raise his eyes, and there was a small arc of fiery gold low down in the leaden grey haze far out on the utmost verge. As he stared at this half incredulously, it rose and grew, lifting itself up higher, and rounding itself into a full orb, burning raylessly. Beyond question the sun was coming up out of the sea. An unutterable horror rushed over Murtagh at this sight. If it had trundled itself towards him across the water's face, the portent would have seemed scarcely more startling and astounding. Perhaps, indeed, he had actually learned enough from his school-books to know that such a thing could be explained scientifically; but this did not alter its bewildering novelty in his own personal experience, or diminish his dismay. "The sun to be risin' itself up wrongways out of the say in place of goin' down. Saw you ever the like of that?" he protested to his lonely self. "Och, but it's the unnathural place altogether. Stoppin' in it is what I won't be for man or mortal. Sure if Herself knew the quareness of it, she wouldn't ax me, sorra bit of her would. And the rest of them may say what they plase. The fine fool I was to be mindin' them, troth was I."

He turned his back abruptly on the misplaced sun, which began to pursue him with quivering ruddy shafts, and before he had traversed the short lane he had firmly made up his mind that he would start for Barnadrum without delay.

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The promptness of his resolve much favoured the chances of his acting on it, as the lapse of a few days would probably have wrought a melancholy acquiescence in his lot, whence he might have lacked energy to emerge. His first steps would now cost him but little trouble, the end of them was what bothered him, and that it well might do so could be easily understood by any one acquainted with the circumstances in which he had left home.

Ere that came to pass there had been an incredible amount of argument about it and about in the little dwelling huddled below Knocknagee. A large share of the talk had been done by Lizzie, the rather newly-married wife of Murtagh's elder brother, Christy. She was one of the Aherns, who had the name of possessing tongues like the clapper of a mill. All through the spring and early summer her theme had constantly been what a pity it was to see a fine young man like Murt wasting his time in such a poor, backward place as Barnadrum, where the most he could do was scarce worth his victuals; and thence she had gradually proceeded to how far better would be his chances if he were working on her cousins' farm in the county Louth, where they wanted another hand, since the last brother went to the States, and where they would a deal liefer employ somebody belonging to respectable people, than a stranger, who might turn out a rogue on them for aught they could tell. In this view Lizzie was supported, half-heartedly, by her husband, whom she appraised as "a big, soft gob of good nature," and volubly by all her own kin, who were numerous among the neighbours. But the little old woman who sat in the chimney-corner never added a word to the chorus of exhortation, and Lizzie was not slow to perceive that as long as his mother kept silence, Murtagh would be urged in vain. Lizzie, indeed, seldom was slow about perceiving things into which it behoved her to pry, and she had sufficient reasons, mere fact being by no means indispensable, when she soon adopted a habit of expatiating much to her mother-in-law on the wonderful fancy that Murt had taken for Andy Loughlin's youngest daughter, Biddy. Old Mrs. Gilligan had occasionally expressed a wish that Murt might find a good wife before she herself

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got her death with the rheumatism and asthma, which made her health precarious. But a vague and invisible good wife was one thing, and that red-headed girl of ould Andy Loughlin's quite another. Who were the Loughlins, bedad? cock them up—and she never had any liking for that Biddy at all. So Murtagh presently learned, with grief, that his mother had come round to everybody else's opinion about the advisability of his departure.

And the worst of it was that he knew how right they were, in a way. There really was not employment for two men on the shred of a holding, now mostly mountainy land, fit only for sheep, since Lawson the grazier had somehow come by their two best fields on their father's death. Christy could easily get on without him, and he would be far more use away earning and saving up money to buy a bit of stock, than stopping in it, and eating the worth of every hand's turn he did. Besides that he might be able to send home many an odd trifle that Herself was at a loss for in the winter. He had said something of this to Lizzie, when he was beginning to face the dreadful enterprise, whereupon she had drawn such a picture of the comfort in which his mother would abide during his absence, and the years which he would thus add to her life, that it had gone far towards evicting him. Moreover, Lizzie in a jocular, good-humoured way threw out hints about the charms of Biddy Loughlin, which no doubt made it hard for him to think of leaving; and these again gave him, as the jester intended, a strong shove in the same direction. So he had at length set forth desperately from an excited village, for his long hesitation had been watched with interest by the neighbours. Some of them predicted his speedy return, notwithstanding that the price of three sheep at Ballynaughton fair had been laid out upon his travelling expenses. The consideration of that pecuniary sacrifice weighed less heavily with him than the sense that he was fulfilling those prophecies; the foreknowledge of how folk would "rise the laugh on him," while Lizzie would account with intolerable facetiousness for his untimely reappearance. Undoubtedly much wrath and ridicule awaited him at Barnadrum.

Though all this did not now avail to dissolve the purpose

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which had crystallised so swiftly as he stood by the reddening sea, it did modify his proceedings, for it disposed him to travel slowly. Speed was, it is true, put out of his power by the fact that his sense of honour impelled him to make his hosts, the MacFarlanes, the utmost amends he could, lest they should have been caused any expense or inconvenience by his change of plans. Murtagh's desire ever was to be what his Gaelic-speaking neighbours called *flahool* (flaitmeal) in all his dealings, and he handed over his one-pound note to old Peter MacFarlane with an air which conveyed the impression that such things grew like leaves on the trees at Barnadrum, and that he only regretted not having happened to bring more of them along with him. But as in truth it represented considerably more than half his cash in hand, the transaction strictly limited his choice of the means by which he would recross Ireland, and quite excluded railways. Still there were, of course, possibilities of loitering on foot. Then, as at the first sizeable town into which he tramped he provided himself with a pound of the dearest tea for his mother, the number of his shillings was reduced very seriously, considering the ways and days that lay before him. This seemed to prescribe haste, and he did make the first stages of his journey in immensely long forced marches, though less from dread of failing supplies than from a wish to get as quickly as might be out of that doleful region, with its strange-spoken people, and deplorable lack of bog-lands, or anything you could give the name of a hill.

II

By the time that Murtagh came once more among reassuring turf-stacks his brown, Spanish-looking visage had grown pinched and peaked, from, in a measure, much exercise and scanty fare, but chiefly from the workings of an anxious mind. Often it kept him waking distressfully as he passed the night in the shelter of some dyke or rick, where he would have been well enough content, had not concern about the future driven away his dreams. For while the smell of the turf-smoke on the air, and the gradually more home-like aspect of the country-side,

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seemed to whet the edge of his longing for Barnadrum, they also made him forecast more vividly the details of his reception there. He saw himself walking up the steep boreen, which runs between high furzy banks into a little settlement of cabins called the Town. He heard somebody shout: "Here's Murt Gilligan comin' along," and knew that every half-door in view would forthwith frame an amazed beholder of his approach, and that he would have to answer as best he might the awkward questions, and meet with what spirit he could muster the more or less friendly sallies of the neighbours.

That would be disagreeable enough, but graver far were the troubles he foreboded at home, where amazement and amusement would anon give place to wrath, not unreasonable, considering "the sum of money he was after as good as throwing behind the fire on them"—thus Lizzie would word it, and Christy would back her up with inarticulate sounds of contempt. About his mother's reception of him he was less clear. Glad to see him he very well knew that she would be; yet he had reason to apprehend an underlying regret in her gladness. Keen was his recollection of how on his last day at home, when she had wrung his heart by wistful, belated hints that he might yet change his mind, he had tried to cheer themselves up with extravagant views of the splendid things which would be coming for her by parcel post to Clonbeg office while he was away, and the others which he would return bearing one of these days. It was impossible for him to say how much she might be counting upon those promises, the fulfilment of which had now dwindled into a packet of tea. And even this was doomed to disaster by his foolish precipitancy in burdening himself with it at such an early stage of his journey.

One morning as he was coming near a small village, where he intended to get his breakfast, he passed an old country woman in a large black cloak with a wide-frilled white cap under the hood, and two or three brilliant little fringed shawls above it. A moment afterwards she laid a hand on his arm. "You're sowin' your tay, good lad," she said, and, sure enough, all along the path he had come by lay a thin, black line of his precious parched leaves. A rent in

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the blue paper bag had been made by a sharp stone on which he had unwarily laid down his bundle over night, in the shed a mile away ; and an unlucky hole in the red cotton covering had let the tea trickle through so steadily that only a few good-for-nothing grains were left. His home-coming was bereft of its one poor triumph.

All these vexations disposed Murtagh to dawdle on his road as long as he could supply his wants, which were few and compressible. He was following the hay-harvest westward to districts whither it came later and later. Every now and then he stopped to do a day's mowing or rick-building, whereby he earned what paid his way on a further tramp. By the time he was almost on the borders of his own country, however, where he began to recognise objects familiar not only in kind but as individuals, meadows had grown rare, and the demand for labourers proportionately small. Nevertheless as he plodded, lag-foot, up and down hill, with a sound of jibes and reproaches yet unuttered tingling in his ears, he formed a plan the carrying out of which hinged upon the possibility of his finding field-work. He would take up his quarters, he thought, in one of the old ruined shanties away at the back of Knocknagee, with a good long step between him and home, still not so far off but that he might with a little contriving get a glimpse occasionally, unbeknownst, to satisfy him "what way Herself was"; for that particular anxiety now predominated over all the rest. The shillings remaining to him would procure him potatoes for some weeks, he calculated, while, as the season advanced, he might make short excursions out into the country, and pick up jobs at the reaping and binding. In this manner he would be able to maintain himself apart, yet not completely severed from his family, until the weather waxed "entirely too seavare," when he might openly return, with possibly a bit of money in his pocket, and certainly, after an absence which could be described as "going on for six months," in a position to put a much better face on his conduct than if he had just come ignominiously bundling back before they had well got rid of him.

Up among the grassy breadths and creases of the long hill-range there was solitude as profound as it can have been

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ere the days of Partholanus. It was not disturbed even by sheep, since the grazier, whose for the time being were the green herbs on a thousand acres, had removed his flocks, pending a dispute with his landlord, and the pastures lay derelict. Signs, however, clearly showed that a different state of things had existed there not so very long ago. The ruined cabin wherein Murtagh established himself was one of several that still possessed skeleton rafters, though their thatch had all been snatched away by the winds; and the sites of others were marked out by walls more or less weathered down, sunken deep in weeds. Years had not yet washed off or lichened over the black traces of household fires. But all around, the furrows where potatoes and oats had grown in streaks of rich peaty soil were covered with green sward. Their wave-like swell suggested a tide that had rolled in to submerge the inmates of this deserted hamlet; a kindlier fate, perhaps, than what had really befallen them, as they had in fact been "put out of it" to make room for sheep.

"Thrust forth shelterless as wild birds' tribe unnumbered,
That no men heed,
Since their master willed the fields their hearthstones
cumbered
His flock should feed."

But Murtagh, sitting in a corner, with no other company than a precarious furze-fed flame, did not feel "very lonesome whatever," because he knew himself to be within about an hour's quick trot of Lorcan's Lep, a point on the road across the moor between Barnadrum and Loughmeena, whither folk went to Mass. Lorcan's Lep is a sharp spur of crag jutting out from a high steep bank, and overhanging the road. A tangle of thorns, briars and bracken cover it with a shaggy thicket in which a man might lurk unseen to look down on the passers-by. Amongst these every Sunday morning came the Helys' car, which for many a year had been wont to pick up old Mrs. Gilligan at Finny's Cross, whenever she could walk so far. And next day would be Sunday. Consequently Murtagh was looking forward to

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setting eyes on his mother before another sun went down—rightly into the sea. That sight would be vastly consoling and encouraging, and would set his heart at rest for a week to come.

Good care he took to be on the spot betimes, and the car did not fail to come by, but it did fail to bring what he desired. For in his mother's seat sat merely his sister-in-law, Lizzie Ahern—cock her up—"looking as if she thought there wasn't her match in three parishes, and she with as ugly an appearance on her as you'd aisy find anywheres, if she did but know it." Though he had warned himself beforehand that there was only a chance of his mother, and though, had he not hoped for something better, he would have rejoiced at a sight of Lizzie's familiar face, his bitter disappointment at first blinded him to all mitigating circumstances. When, after a while, he began to make the best of it, he admitted that Herself was nowadays very likely to come out on such a dull, soft sort of day, and that if nobody from home had been on the car he might have thought bad of it, but he well knew Lizzie wouldn't leave his mother if anything much ailed her—most likely she just had a touch of her old enemy the bone-sickness. Moreover as Corpus Christi Day very luckily fell in the middle of that week, he would not have long to wait for another opportunity of seeing the car go by, it might be with the passenger he wanted.

On the holiday morning, therefore, he came punctually to Lorcan's Lep. It was grand weather, as fine as could be, save for a few brief dashes of rain from the quick-sailing white clouds; and Murtagh's hopes had risen high. But they were toppled over by a disappointment much more serious than Sunday's had been. It was aggravated, too, very cruelly by a mocking delusion. As the car trotted into view, Murtagh caught sight of the longed-for black cloak, and said to himself with a sigh of joyful relief: "'Tis Herself, glory be to God"; only to see next moment that the hood, instead of covering the frilled white cap on his mother's head, was drawn over the tall peak of Lizzie's fashionable bonnet, "with a hijjis big clump of pink roses stuck on the top of it."

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Now this capacious heavy cloth cloak was old Mrs. Gilligan's most cherished possession. She had inherited it from her mother, after several generations' wear, and it would descend in due course to her own married daughter. Meanwhile she would as soon have thought of lending anybody the hair off her head ; to do so would seem a sort of breach of trust. As Murtagh was quite aware of her feelings about the heirloom, the sight of Lizzie enveloped in its folds filled him with a dismay which coldly extinguished kindling wrath. Never, he reasoned, while she had health and strength to hinder it, would his mother have allowed Lizzie—one of the Aherns—to go trapesing off to Mass in the O'Carrolls' good hooded cloak, that he knew as well as he knew his own name. And yet if her mother-in-law had been taken very bad, Lizzie wouldn't start off and leave the crathur, he would say that for her. Hence he drew the conclusion that something still worse than any sickness must have happened, setting Lizzie free to go whither she pleased, arrayed in any garment she could lay her hands on. At that inference a billow of despair reared itself up ready to devastate his world, and he could oppose its onset only by the alternative conjecture that Lizzie and Christy, having suddenly become most base, had taken advantage of his absence to put upon his mother. In this case it might well have happened that both cloak and seat on the car had been grabbed against her will, and that she was now fretting and grieving at home, without a soul to take her part. The picture thus conjured up enjoined some prompt action, but his first panic-stricken pause had let the car go beyond the possibility of overtaking it, so that his best course was to make as swiftly as he could for Barnadrum. Thither, then, he started immediately, in a flurry of anger and alarm. He deemed it contrary enough that his run across country, furzy, boggy, heathery, should be checked as he descended to the ford of a little mountain-stream by the call to stop and help old Judy Flynn, who had dropped her stick, and upset her basket at the stepping-stones. The delay, however, had compensations, for Judy's odds and ends comprised a newspaper packet of oatmeal, which, she told him, had just been given to her by "Herself up at your own place"; and

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as in answer to inquiries she reported that her benefactress "looked not too bad entirely, barring the rheumatics," Murtagh resumed his trot in a more tranquil mood.

III

Old Mrs. Gilligan declared that she would never be the better of the turn she got when she saw him come pelting round the house-corner, and she sitting at the door ; but so to declare was, of course, merely a well-recognised convention, and in no way disguised her radiant joy. Not until its first dazzling flare had faded did any grievances emerge into view. Then it struck Murtagh that his mother had become more bent and shrunken during the weeks of his absence, and that she was wearing a very ragged old apron. Looking round the kitchen, too, he noticed sundry small alterations, which he was sure had not been made with her good will ; she would never, for instance, let them hang their boots from the rafters, and now a couple of pairs dangled overhead. His guess that the cloak had been a forced loan came near the truth, for a sudden shower just at starting had caused Lizzie in an access of concern about her flowery bonnet to snatch up the handiest wrap, ignoring a clamour of shrill remonstrance from its owner, and to hurry off in it, little recking what peril she would thus bring upon a darling scheme.

But Mrs. Gilligan did not dwell long on this outrage. Her mind was evidently preoccupied by graver troubles connected with "That One," as she now called her daughter-in-law. These were apprehensions so serious that she could allude to them only in furtive whispers, amid uneasy glances, and she did not get beyond mysterious generalities such as "There's some folks do be sayin' more than their prayers," until she had drawn him into the little inner room, where her queer box of a bed was niched across a slanting corner. She then spoke more freely. "Ah Murt, avic, it's annoyed they have me this while back. What they do be conthrivin' in their minds I dunno rightly, but up to some bad job they are, as sure as the smoke's risin' on the hearth."

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"Who are?" said Murtagh.

"Ah, sure 'tis That One puts the notions into poor Christy's head; the poor lad 'ud never be thinkin' of the like himself. But the talk they have about quittin' out of it, and gettin' over to the States, and all manner, 'ud make your heart sick. And givin' abuse to the good little bit of land, and your poor father's dacint house, rael outrageous. And never done they are colloquin' wid Joe McSharry."

"What at all have they to say to *him*?" Murtagh said, unpleasantly surprised at the name, which he knew as belonging to one among several go-betweens, who took part in preliminary negotiations about the acquirement of land by their expansive grazier neighbour. Already the Gilligans' holding had been encroached upon by the enlargement of his borders.

"Troth that's more than I can be tellin' you," Mrs. Gulligan replied dejectedly, "but it's the great discoorsin' entirely they do be havin'. 'Twas only last Sunday evenin' he was here the best part of an hour, and the three of them sittin' lookin' at me as if I had seven heads, till I quit out of the room, and left them to their own *secrees*. Cautious enough they were over it, whatever it was. Just the sound of McSharry's big coarse voice I could hear, and sorra a word plain out of one of them, except that he would be lookin' in again the first day he was able—and the back of me hand to him. But heart scalded I am frettin', Murt alanna, and wonderin' in me mind what might be happenin', wid you away out of it, and ne'er a sowl I could spake raison to. And That One able to persuade poor Christy to any villiny she might take a notion to be after; that I well know. Be the same token, the two of them should be home again now directly. The Wogans' twelve o'clock cock was after crowin' a while ago down below."

"I hear somethin' this minyit," said Murtagh.

But the steps were not Christy's and Lizzie's. It was Joe McSharry himself who presently walked into the house, "without with your leave or by your leave, as if the whole place belonged to him," commented Mrs. Gilligan's wrathful whisper. Yet when Murtagh seemed to be starting up she added: "Ah, stop where you are!" The

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recollection of his ridiculously premature return checked him into compliance.

Joe McSharry stumped aimlessly about the room for a minute or two, and then went suddenly to the door. "They're comin'," Mrs Gilligan whispered again, and in fact the voices of Christy and Lizzie and their visitor rose greeting one another at a diminishing distance.

"Well, Mrs. Gilligan, ma'am, you see I'm here before yous, and after makin' free to step inside."

"Och to be sure, Mr. McSharry, and why wouldn't you? Glad I'll be meself to step in from under the blazin' sun. Grand weather we're gettin'; thank God, but you might as well be walkin' wid a sod off the hearth on top of your head. And th'ould cloak's a surprisin' weight."

"Bedad now, McSharry, you were the wise man, that was contint, widout disthroyin' yourself this day thrampin' over the counthry to save your sowl."

"Wasn't I savin' it in shoe leather, so to spake? And yourself very like to be doin' the same, if you hadn't the wife to take you along, aye faix, and halve the road."

"Halve it the other way round, musha moyah!"

"Fut further I'll not set till I rest me bones a bit," said Lizzie, plumping down on the seat in the little porch; "sit you down, Mr. McSharry, there does be a cooler breath in it here than widin the house."

Murtagh, meanwhile, had stolen swiftly out of the inner room, and with gestures meant to reassure his mother, had slipped behind the high-backed settle, which occupied its summer position at right angles to the front door. The opportunity of overhearing this conversation seemed to demand seizing.

"I just only looked in for a minyit and a half passin' by," said Joe McSharry; "I'm due over at Randalstown agin two o'clock. But I want to know if you're satisfied to be disposin' of your interest in this place on Lawson's terms. I'm apt to see him over yonder. He's about goin' back to England next week."

"We are so," said Lizzie promptly, "on the understandin' that there's no delayin' in the matter. It's the

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price paid down, and ourselves able to be quittin' very directly, that 'ud suit us."

"And Lawson, too, belike," said McSharry, "so we're all suited."

Then both he and Lizzie looked towards Christy; but Christy held down his head, and kept silence. "What does be botherin' me," he said at last, without raising his eyes, "is Herself within there?"

"Why, has she anythin' to say to it?" said McSharry. "I understood not."

"Sorra a bit has she," said Lizzie.

"'Tis what's to become of her," said Christy. "Out of Barnadrum she won't stir, that's sartin."

"Wasn't I tellin' you," said Lizzie, "times and agin that the little house back of Nicholas Byrne's is lyin' empty since ould Peggy Hanlon died in it? His riverence says they let her have it for nothin' be raison of the roof bein' scarce worth darnin'; and what was good enough for one ould woman might do for another. She could take her own bed wid her, and maybe a few sticks of the furniture. He says she'd have a right to be gettin' relief, more betoken——"

"Is it me mother to be goin' on the rates?" Christy interrupted, starting up furiously. "I'd sooner see the pack of yous swimmin' like flies in the lake of desthruccion, let me tell you."

"What talk was there of any such thing, man alive?" said Lizzie, wheeling away from her own indiscretion. "Sure we can give her plinty to get along wid out of the thrifle we'll have in hand, and lashins more once we're settled in New York. I only passed the remark supposin' be any odd chance she might want a thrifle between our goin' and Murt comin' home to her. . . . Is it risin' objections you'd be, you omadhawn, and delayin' till the young chap lands in on the top of us and ruins everything?" she added in a crushing aside to Christy.

Joe McSharry pricked up his ears. "Is your brother Murt apt to be makin' any bones about it?" he inquired. "I thought that was all right."

"It's as right as raison," Lizzie averred. "Sure what

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at all could poor Murt do to annoy anybody, if he come back, and found us quit, and the roof whipped off, the way Lawson would, if he'd be said by me, as soon as we're out of it. There isn't a quieter boy in the Kingdom of Con-naught than poor Murt, or a bigger fool, unless maybe Himself here. Besides, truth to say, it's my belief there's little or no likelihood of him to be showin' his face in this place agin. He'd scarce find his way if he thried; he hasn't that much wit. Stoppin' where he is he'll be, you may depind."

"Sure then we'll manage it aisy," said Joe McSharry, "so long as he isn't givin' any throuble——"

"Divil a bit will I," said Murt, suddenly thrusting his head through the kitchen doorway, "except throublin' you to be off out o' this, and lave interferin' wid other people's property." He put his hands on the back of the settle, and vaulted over it, alighting with a prance in front of the astonished three.

"May the saints have me sowl, but it's Himself," said Christy; "glory be to God, Murt, it's glad I am to set eyes on you this day." Christy spoke quite sincerely, for his spirit was indeed sorely vexed by the plot into which he had been drawn, lacking the backbone to resist it unsupported.

In the manner of Murtagh's abrupt entrance Joe McSharry had a sufficient pretext for laughing loud and long, and he did so heartily enough, caring in fact very little one way or the other about a matter from which in no case could any large gains accrue.

The only member of the party seriously disconcerted by Murtagh's reappearance was his sister-in-law, about whose ears a fabric long and craftily elaborated had been shattered into ruin. She, nevertheless, exclaimed, with really admirable presence of mind, that "Poor Mrs. Gilligan would be frightened out of her sivin sinses, the crathur, if Murt come in on her suddint"; and she hurried off the disastrous scene, ostensibly for the purpose of breaking the news gently to her mother-in-law. Already her active brain was busy with the possibilities of some other plan for emigrating from Barnadrum, with less spoil, no doubt, yet not altogether empty-handed.

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That evening Murtagh meditatively watched the sun descend into the sea. He had a presentiment that his mother and himself would soon be left to keep house alone, a prospect which he viewed with a light and a heavy heart. His frustration, only just in time, of that domestic conspiracy, while it increased his self-reliance, had sadly shaken his trust in almost everybody else. Three weeks' sojourn in strange lands had, in spite of himself, relaxed his rigid orthodoxy on a point or two. The rushy corner of their field might, he thought, be drained after a fashion which he had observed on a farm "away down beyant," and which, even to his prejudiced eyes, had seemingly "some sinse and raison in it." As for his neighbours' opinion, that had lost several degrees of importance. "They may be talkin'," he reflected, "and talkin' after that agin. But sure what I do be thinkin' in me own mind about me own business is more consequence to meself than all the talk they have among the whole of thim." A view of the situation which contained so many fruitful germs that it may have been well worth Murtagh's while to travel for it.

JANE BARLOW

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THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

CURRENT EVENTS

ONE thing at least is certain about the Education difficulty. Social reformers are not going to allow the energies of another session to be spent upon a question which, to them, is of secondary importance. **The Coming Session** The Government has done the best that it can do under present conditions to fulfil its pledge about religious teaching. It must necessarily turn its attention now to the fundamental problems of poverty and privilege. Fairer taxation and land reform—the indispensable basis of any social reconstruction—stand first in importance. For an instalment of the former we may look forward to the Budget with a confidence tempered only by what seem at present the somewhat extravagant demands of Mr. Haldane. The claims of the latter will need determined advocacy if it is not to be relegated to an unduly subordinate position. It is difficult to see on what ground the liquor question deserves that precedence which it is expected in some quarters to receive.

The only way to deal at present with the Education difficulty is to take in hand such improvements as can be carried out with a small expenditure of **Education and the Lords** Parliamentary time. Provision can be made for play centres and compulsory medical inspection, inserted in Mr. Birrell's bill and not contested. Unsectarian training colleges can be created. The existing law as to school efficiency can be enforced to the full. New schools can be built by the aid of Exchequer grants.

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Any primarily financial reform can be embodied in a Money Bill, which the Lords will be unable to alter. It was probably this point which the Prime Minister had partly in mind in his emphatic declaration that "the resources of the constitution are not exhausted." It would be possible, for example, to prohibit all payment from public funds for religious teaching in schools not publicly controlled; or to withdraw all rate aid from denominational schools in single-school areas. The House of Commons is entitled, not only to make grants for carrying on the government of the country, but to attach to them any qualifications it chooses. But no final treatment of the elementary school problem will be, or ought to be, attempted before the inevitable struggle between Commons and Lords has been brought to a head. The appeal to the people must indeed be postponed until the Government has brought forward, in finance and in land reform, an instalment of its policy of social reconstruction, large enough and definite enough to point quite clearly the line of advance, to strike the imagination, and to unite the forces of progress. Longer than that it ought not to be delayed. A tame acceptance of failure after failure has been proved by the experience of 1895 to be a ruinous policy. Parties are judged by their achievement, not their motives. Either a dissolution, or preferably a plébiscite of some kind without a dissolution, must come before two years are over.

The Small Holdings Committee's Report is discussed below from different points of view by Mr. E. O. Fordham and Mr. R. Munro Ferguson, M.P., both intimately acquainted with the subject. The one large advance which it makes is the proposal that a special branch of the Board of Agriculture should be created, to make definite experiments in the creation of Small Holdings; and that Compulsory powers should be conferred on the Board for the purchase of land, which may be either let or sold in Small Holdings. There is a vast mass of evidence available, by the way, including the thick volume presented by the Committee itself, to show

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that the "experimental" stage has long been passed. Mr. Jesse Collings is right in criticising his colleagues' recommendation that the Treasury should lend money at specially low rates to private landowners. Any temporary increase of Small Holdings would be more than counterbalanced by the evil which this retrograde proposal would bring in its train. For it would help to strengthen and stereotype that series of laws and customs, based on large estates and feudal ideas of government, which we call our land system—a system which has itself proved the chief obstacle in the way of the small cultivator. If we are to spend public money on the creation of Small Holdings (a thing well worth doing), let us create them by democratic machinery. There must be no thought of taking this Committee, appointed by a Conservative Government, as a complete guide for Liberal legislation. The expected measure of land reform may safely be framed on bolder lines. The Central Authority should be a separate Commission, charged with the carrying out of the Small Holdings, Allotments and Housing Laws. It should be empowered to act freely and widely. And the hands of the local authorities must be strengthened, especially those of the Parish Councils, who already possess limited compulsory powers for the acquisition of land and have used them with conspicuous success.

The law passed by the Senate on December 31 is probably M. Briand's last effort to give to the Church of France something like a legal *status*, as henceforward the churches will be looked upon as municipal property, and all negotiations concerning the use of them will take place exclusively between the Mayors and Parish Priests, without any interference from Government. This law gives to the Priests a legal claim on the churches, provided they make a declaration according to the law on public meetings or form associations according to the law of 1901; while, even if they make no declaration, it is now provided that they shall retain the use of the churches, though without possessing a legal status. The

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Encyclical published on January 12 contains a wholesale reprobation of the new law "as making the Separation Law more stringent than it already was." The *Journal des Débats* and other moderate papers contend that the censure thus passed may leave loopholes of escape. But from the Encyclical itself—written, this time, in clear and even elegant French, and not in the quaint Latin of the *Curia*—it appears more probable that the Bishops will interpret the pontifical text as a prohibition to take any steps whatever. Consequently they will order their Priests to go on as they have done so far, and retain the churches as long as they are not legally deprived of them. Pius X. devotes the first part of his new Encyclical to a criticism of the methods employed by the French Government in disestablishing the Church. "The mistake," he says, "was to legislate on Church matters without taking into consideration the principles of ecclesiastical organisation." In the second half of the Papal document, we find a brief examination of the last law and of its shortcomings. There the tone becomes distinctly polemical, and it appears that what the Pope has been wont to call "common law" meant not the law binding all French citizens generally but the unrestricted right of association which obtains in England, Germany and the United States. Unfortunately the Latin nations are still far from that freedom, and if it were given to the French Church it would be in the nature of a distinct privilege.

There has been a pause in the march of events in Russia since the Duma was dissolved in July last. To the superficial observer it might even seem as if the revolution had been suppressed by the stern coercion of the Prime Minister, M. Stolypin. But this is far from being the case. One wave of the revolution has broken and is receding ; but the tide itself is still flowing. The people are becoming more and more alienated from their government. The ablest leaders of the Constitutional and Revolutionary parties were never more confident of ultimate success. The great work of education and propaganda advances rapidly. The general election for the new

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Duma takes place this month. The more extreme revolutionists tended to boycott the elections on the first occasion. They have now learned how valuable a lever even so imperfectly representative a body as the Duma can be both for the ventilation of grievances and for propagandist purposes. They will leave no stone unturned to influence the result of the coming election. Their opportunity is narrower than it was a year ago. The franchise has been tampered with. Their party organisations have been declared illegal. Many of the ablest members of the late Duma have been disqualified from being candidates. But, even though the Government may be able to pack every seat in the Duma with its creatures, the popular leaders have grasped the educative value of an election.

In the counties of England there are 10,300 Unionists on the Bench, and only 2700 Liberals. In other words, the Lords Lieutenant and Lord Halsbury have **The Magistracy** for years maintained the Spoils system on a vast scale. So monstrous a disproportion admits of no honest explanation but this. The appointment of young and incompetent men has been made easy, provided they belonged to the requisite stratum of society. It is the worst evil of the Spoils system that, once begun by one party, it forces upon the other some measure of retaliation. There is no alternative except the abandonment of all claim to equal treatment. But the blame rests none the less on the party which made the first move. A Liberal Lord Chancellor is bound to redress the balance, while making no appointments which are not perfectly justified on grounds of character and ability. Lord Loreburn has been blamed for the slightness of the change he has effected. He has gravely underestimated the discredit which has been cast on the administration of justice in the country districts, and the intense resentment which the non-representative character of the Bench naturally arouses among those who voice the democratic aspiration of the villages. He has accepted advice of the most doubtful value. At the same time his refusal to imitate a bad practice

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is admirable. And he is to be congratulated on the skilful way in which he piloted through the House of Lords the Act abolishing the property qualification for justices. That Act will make his task much easier, and it is by his future action, not by that of his first year, that he will be judged.

The massacres of the Bulgarian population of Macedonia—one of which is dealt with below by Mrs. de Bunsen, who saw the wounded non-combatants immediately after it—continue unchecked, and according to *The Times* correspondent “since the autumn of 1903 the state of Macedonia has never been so bad as during the last few months.” The Concert of Europe seems utterly unable to make anything substantial out of the Finance Commission, still a mere shadow of international control. And the minds of those, who watch this grim wasting away of three European peoples capable of high civilisation, are turning more and more to the question—What are we gaining by tying Bulgaria’s hands, as we are doing to-day by diplomatic threats, and deliberately using our strength to prevent the operation of those local forces which might, if unchecked, solve the Macedonian problem? Why should England not declare that, unless a real control is to be set up, she will no longer consent to join the other Powers in putting pressure upon Bulgaria to abstain from war? These questions have been emphatically asked in a recent speech by Professor Westlake, the President of the Balkan Committee. If nothing more were accomplished, the mere threat of such a step on England’s part would be a powerful means of inducing the more timid Powers to move forward along the lines of international control.

The triennial election of the London County Council takes place on Saturday, March 2. The Moderates are in high spirits in consequence of their electoral success in November. There is no corresponding depression in the Progressive party; but it has need of all its resources to cope with the campaign

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of mendacity which is being carried on in the name of "Municipal Reform," with large funds and no scruples. Three years ago the Moderates raised the cry of "The Church Schools in Danger." That cry failed, and to-day even the Bishop of London has had to admit that these schools have received fair treatment from the Council. At this election they are trying to mount into power on a promise of reducing the rates. The promise is of course as illusory as it is alluring. Since the last election the Council's rate (*plus* that of the late School Board) has risen $3\frac{1}{4}d.$, and the whole of the increase except the farthing represents the additional expenditure forced upon it by the London Education Act of 1903. Yet in the Moderate manifesto, signed by the Duke of Norfolk, much stress is laid upon the equal treatment of non-provided and provided schools—a policy which, whether right or wrong, must have the effect of increasing the rate. On any question of relief of the rates, the Progressives of course hold all the winning cards if they take care to play them. It is easy to show that the London ratepayer cannot hope for any substantial reduction in his burdens except from unification of London government and the taxation of site values, two subjects on which the Moderates are of course significantly silent. In truth, both Church schools and distressed ratepayers are mere pawns in the hands of the ground-landlords, capitalists and financiers who stand to gain by a Moderate victory. The chief purpose to be served by such a victory would be the withdrawal of the Council's Electrical Supply Bill in the interests of a big company-promoting scheme ; but this has been cleverly concealed behind an emotional solicitude for the ratepayers. In the face of its past record, it is hard to believe that the Moderate party will succeed in thus duping the people of London.

Death has been very busy of late among the gifted sons and daughters of Cambridge. Sidgwick, Stephen, Jebb and Mary Bateson—these names will remind us
F. W. Maitland of how much we have lost. But to many a no less poignant pang must have come with the news which darkened their Christmas hours, of the

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death of Frederic William Maitland in a foreign land. In due time our readers will expect from us some account of those achievements in scholarship which won for Maitland a world-wide renown. At present the loss of the scholar is overwhelmed by the loss of the friend and teacher. Rarely have such personal charm and such learning been united. To not a few of us that figure in his rooms in St. Mary's Passage or Trinity, in his first Cambridge home at Brookside, or in that study at Downing where "not through eastern windows only" came the light that radiates from a great soul, will abide as one of the choicest gifts of memory. The face, with its piercing eyes and abundant hair scarcely touched with grey, its ascetic features (in later years too clearly showing the marks of pain) softened by the smile of profound humour so rarely absent, the slight figure, seeming all too frail for the load of learning it bore so lightly, the generous enthusiasm for all great causes, the resolute refusal to touch on his own great achievements save in some deprecating allusion to shortcomings which none but himself could see, the willingness to be interested in the affairs of others and, if really pressed, to give advice of the kindest and wisest—all these things will crowd into the memory of those who were privileged to know him. Though of late years his broken health had been an abiding source of sorrow to his friends, and he had spoken of his resignation, with a playful allusion of which lawyers will appreciate the humour, as "a contingency which was not too remote," it is almost impossible to believe that we shall hear his voice no more. His spirit seemed indomitable; but it has wearied at last of its pain-worn prison, and joined the serene society of the great departed. Ours is the loss. And yet we would fain believe that, even in those years of pain, Maitland was not altogether unhappy. For he was consumed with a burning enthusiasm for a great subject; and that fire kindles to ecstasy while it consumes. And, much as he accomplished, he could never have felt the blank which comes to a worker with the conviction that his work is done. He fought his way up the hill of achievement—leading others after him—and he died sword in hand.

THE SMALL HOLDINGS COMMITTEE'S REPORT

(1) BY ERNEST O. FORDHAM, J.P., C.C.

THERE are at least two definite recommendations of the Small Holdings Committee which will be welcomed by all who seek ways and means for a national development of Small Holdings.

(1) The direct provision of Small Holdings by a Central Government Department.

(2) That any new charges involved in the provisions suggested as to the action of the Central Authority should be borne by the tax-payer rather than the rate-payer.

The second may appear of lesser importance, but the decision that the creation of Small Holdings shall become a national charge removes one of the serious difficulties which have hitherto faced local authorities.

The Report makes careful examination into the failure of County Councils to take action under the Small Holdings Act 1892, and leaves it an open question whether the Act itself or the Councils are the more to blame. As a member of a County Council which applied the Act, and one personally interested in promoting Small Holdings in a county where there is a demand for land, it appears to me that the cause behind the reluctance of County Councils to take proceedings is the almost unsurmountable difficulty of

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obtaining suitable land. The ineffective character of the compulsory powers to purchase, and the absence of power to hire land, lie at the root of the failure of the Act of 1892.

The Report makes no definite indication as to the relation of the Central Department to local authorities, and little or no reference is made to Parish Councils in relation to Small Holdings. No new powers are suggested to enable local authorities to obtain land, and the Committee do not approve of compulsory powers to hire land.

These serious omissions are all recognised and dealt with in Sir Francis Channing's supplemental report; but I desire to deal with them from the point of view of village life, and as a member of each of the different local authorities in my own county. On two of them, the County Council and Parish Council, I have had some experience of compulsory powers, in addition to establishing both Allotments and Small Holdings. The District Council is generally admitted to be an unsuitable authority for this purpose. The reasons are not far to seek. It has neither the close personal knowledge of the Parish to stimulate it, nor the greater freedom from local prejudice of the County Council. In rural districts tenant farmers form so large a proportion of its members that any proposals for dealing with land are looked upon with suspicion, and there is little sympathy with the labourers and small men in their desire for land.

It seems desirable to eliminate District Councils and rely on Parish Councils and County Councils to create and administer Small Holdings.

Much will depend on the energy with which the Central Department encourages these two local authorities and deals with the applications made to it.

The Central Department, whether it be a department of the Board of Agriculture or an independent Small Holdings Commission, should include a number of practical men experienced in country life and the working of local bodies. It might with advantage include a Commissioner for each county, a resident if possible, whose influence in

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the county would help to make the policy of the Central Government Department popular.

The Report rather suggests that the Central Department will act upon applications from local authorities and others, and will itself be the organising and administrative body assisted by voluntary local committees. If the Small Holdings question is to be boldly dealt with it means something more than a series of experiments under the supervision of a Central Authority, it means a policy directed towards reconstituting and reviving village life by giving the population direct access to the land.

This must partly be organised from within the village, and cannot take place without the aid of the local village authority, the Parish Council. Parish Councils are not generally looked upon as capable of administrative work, but that may be because few powers of importance have been entrusted to them, and the few formal duties permitted to engage their attention do not attract busy and capable persons. They are, however, generally composed of men who are native land experts, and many of them have successfully provided allotments by voluntary arrangements without cost to the rate-payers. The success of the Allotment Acts is principally due to Parish Councils.

In the first two and a half years after their formation, between December 1894 and June 1897, no less than 1009 Parish Councils obtained land for allotments, hiring 12,967 acres to let to 24,389 tenants. Twelve Parish Councils established 100 or more tenants each, and five hired more than 100 acres of land. These figures prove that the newly-formed Parish Councils, with no previous experience of public duties, were capable of rapidly dealing with their new allotment powers. Much more has been done since (the latest return gives 18,655 acres let to 45,393 persons), and the experience gained by these village local authorities qualifies them for larger powers with regard to Small Holdings. The people who live in the villages know intimately the land hunger, and the need for more and better cottages, which exist far more generally than appears to be realised in the present Report.

The men who work daily on the land know where

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Small Holdings will succeed best, know the quality and agricultural value of every field as no other men can ever know it, and are likely to prove shrewd, careful and economical in dealing with it.

I act as Trustee of a successful Small Holdings farm not mentioned in the Report. Twelve years ago the Committee of a Labourers' Sick Benefit Society utilised part of their funds to purchase a small farm of 58 acres, and divided it among the members of the Society. The arrangements for subdivision and subsequent management reflects credit on the Committee, composed mostly of labourers. No loss has been made on the rental. Such additional buildings as have been required have been provided by the tenants. There is no mortgage or charge on the land. It is in every way a good example of Small Holdings provided to meet local demand without outside help.

The opportunity to get land arose out of the compulsory sale of a large entailed estate under a special Act of Parliament. The effect on the village has been good ; there has been a marked reduction in poor relief. More land and more cottages are now required in this village, and larger holdings with cottages and buildings would be readily taken up.

Wherever land can be made available thousands of Parish Councils should be capable of making a like provision for the demand in their own villages. To County Councils should be left the promotion of larger schemes involving capital expenditure on houses and buildings. The practical and moral support of a Central Department, and public inquiries by disinterested officials, are needed to secure the acquisition of land. Where representations are made, by persons wanting land, that either local authority has neglected to act, the Central Department should exercise their powers.

It may, however, be taken for granted that no larger scheme for creating Small Holdings throughout Rural England can be carried out without new compulsory powers.

On this point the Report is weak and disappointing. The excessive valuations, costs and delay under existing

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compulsory powers require to be remedied. The experience of the only Parish Council that has yet obtained a playground by compulsory purchase is suggestive. There are no compulsory powers to *hire* a playground, so that the position is the same as that in which the recommendation of the Report leaves Small Holdings.

In 1894 the Parish Council of which I was chairman decided to provide a playground, much wanted in the village. A fund belonging to the parish, the proceeds of the sale of the old parish workhouse, in the hands of the Guardians, was by consent of the Local Government Board available for the purpose, and amounted to £121.

After exhausting every effort to hire or purchase land voluntarily, compulsory powers were obtained after two public inquiries by the County Council. The Local Government Board made an order on the evidence without holding an inquiry. These efforts and formalities took six years. The price fixed under arbitration by a local land agent, together with the costs, amounted to £332 10s. 10d. for four acres of arable land. This land was part of a field assessed in the rate-book as being of the net annual value of 19s. per acre, and the sum paid by the Parish Council works out at 87 years' purchase of the value on which owner and occupier had paid their rates and taxes. The costs of the County Council are not included. The owner was an absentee, and the occupier was in favour of the playground. This example reveals the greatest difficulty confronting Small Holdings. Land acquired on any such terms as these is useless for the purpose.

It should be recognised that the present terms of compulsory purchase are prohibitive, and no doubt were intended to be so. To be effective, compulsory powers must be strong, simple, and free from vexatious delays. Landowners and land agents must realise that they have nothing to gain by resisting the reasonable requirements of public bodies. Nothing will stimulate satisfactory voluntary arrangements so much as making compulsory powers a practical reality, and the knowledge that the valuation will be calculated on a recognised basis by an independent Government valuer. Without such powers

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land for Small Holdings will never be obtained in many villages where it is most needed.

The basis of valuation requires definition, and the assessment value of land should be recognised. It may well be a principle in every new Land Act that wherever a public authority acquires land compulsorily for a public purpose the valuation shall be based on the annual value in the rate-book. This principle is definitely recommended by the Select Committee on Housing, whose report shows a bolder grasp of the land question than that under consideration. Here we have a basis of contract between the individual and the State, the basis on which rates and taxes have been paid for generations.

No Small Holdings legislation will give satisfaction in the villages unless compulsory powers for hiring as well as purchasing land are provided. In view of the successful experience of hiring land under the Allotment Acts, and the few rare cases where compulsory hiring powers were applied, the unfavourable report of the Committee on this point is a surprise.

Several of the arguments in favour of hiring appear to be strong. For hiring, local authorities do not require to borrow large sums of money, and if the term of years be long enough, tenants will find their own buildings where existing homesteads are insufficient. It is probable that, in the early stages of a national movement for the subdivision of land near the villages, the demand for tenancies will predominate. Under tenancies the successful small holders will more easily acquire more land to suit their needs, and the holdings of those who fail can be easily transferred.

The tenants' capital is all available for stock and cultivation, and the difficulties of peasant proprietors in the hands of mortgagees is avoided. Many landowners will prefer to let rather than sell land to local authorities.

The cost of hiring land is less than that of purchase and easier to arrange.

It is a primary element in success that every care be taken to protect the small holder against extra rents or capital charges consequent on heavy expenses incurred in obtaining possession of land for his use. A small holder

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can only succeed first by the smallness of his outgoings, secondly by the greater value of his product per acre.

The Committee appear to have had some difficulty in arriving at their final decision in favour of creating freeholders rather than tenants, and finding much divergence of opinion among their witnesses, fell back upon the view expressed by Arthur Young in 1808, that "all is made amends for by possessing land."

It is one of the defects in the Report that very little evidence on this and other points was obtained from the villages themselves, from small holders who are working the land, or from those who have worked the Allotment Acts. The evidence is too exclusively derived from those who have promoted Small Holdings experiments.

I am of opinion that a stronger support for hiring land exists among those who now want land to cultivate than the Report recognises.

The proper solution is to give local authorities freedom in the matter and to remove the absurd anomaly which allows Parish Councils compulsory powers to hire land for Allotments, and refuses to County Councils compulsory powers to hire land for Small Holdings. The Central Department must be free to decide on every application made to it.

The arbitrary distinction in treating Allotments and Small Holdings differently is without justification. The land is the same, the difficulty of obtaining it is the same, the method of acquiring it for either purpose should be the same, and wide enough to cover purchase or hiring. The country requires more elasticity in land legislation. The experimental stage has lasted long enough to prove that Small Holdings can be successfully established on lines which are now becoming well recognised; and the time for a bold, far-reaching national land policy has arrived.

(2) BY R. MUNRO FERGUSON, M.P.

The Small Holdings Committee has obtained full evidence from witnesses representative of agriculturists and land reformers in England and Scotland, supplemented by

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statistical and expert information. The trend of opinion disclosed runs in three main currents.

The least sanguine view is that Small Holdings succeed only in limited areas, and for such objects as fruit and vegetable growing ; that otherwise they are economically unsound and of no social advantage. The opposite school maintain that so urgent is the need to get people on to the land that besides making provision for intensive cultivation, large farms should be cut up into small ones, the new occupiers being granted great freedom in the selection of land, in its use and in that also of the public purse. A middle body of opinion, regarding the extension of Small Holdings as very desirable socially and economically, examines the question more closely. It notes a wide distinction between intensive cultivation and the substitution of small farms for large ones in the ordinary agricultural system ; it is satisfied that a wide field exists for the immediate expansion of fruit, vegetable and kindred forms of cultivation on suitable soils and near towns and villages, but considers that for the rest more experience is needed before judgement can be passed. The fact is that these forms of cultivation are quite distinct and require separate consideration ; although it is very possible that a combination of ordinary agriculture and market gardening on Small Holdings may be found a practical policy in suitable districts.

The equipment for intensive cultivation is generally a negligible quantity as compared with that for ordinary agriculture on small farms, while profit from the land is usually far greater, so that the risk to Central or local authorities is least when dealing with intensive cultivation. Indeed there is no risk at all when small holders are able to buy, and occupying ownership is the best tenure for market gardening ; whilst when small holders prefer to rent land, as in Lincoln, some agricultural or co-operative association can be made an effective intermediary to secure, at least cost, punctuality in payment and economy in equipment. In any case local authorities should be given authority to acquire land required for intensive cultivation.

So far County Council powers to deal with Small Hold-

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ings have been generally inoperative, while Town Councils have none; but if all such local authorities had compulsory power of purchase, and were backed by a Central Department itself able to act in event of local inertness, then machinery would exist by which every genuine demand for land for such purposes could be dealt with and satisfied. Town and County Councils should all have the same powers, not only because urban neighbourhoods are most suitable for intensive cultivation, but because, could they expropriate at market value, they would be able to retain all increment due to the expansion, expenditure and industry of the community. This system is already in operation in Germany, and goes far to solve the many thorny problems connected with urban land.

To turn to the question of agriculture proper, all practical men doubt whether our small farmer can compete with his like in Denmark or with the large farmer at home, until he is better trained, becomes a co-operator, and grasps the need for cheap equipment. Some doubt whether owners sufficiently favour Small Holdings, know how to equip them or take enough trouble over them, and they would therefore give responsible Central Authorities large powers to conduct comprehensive experiments in extensive groups of Small Holdings on co-operative lines, in order to test results and provide object-lessons; relying mainly, meanwhile, on unfettered private enterprise in its infinite variety, to carry out modifications in the size of the ordinary agricultural farms—such alterations being necessarily limited, for it is obvious that, under existing conditions, to cut up elaborately equipped big farms into small ones is financially impossible except where intensive cultivation largely increases the value of land.

The question before the Committee was to devise a practical policy for the encouragement of small holders. Our evidence as to the demand for such land and its supply often conflicted, but it became plain that the demand is often real where the supply is short. In desiring Small Holdings men are actuated by different motives. In some cases, as in the Celtic Counties, people wish to remain on the land whether it pays or not; in others the occupation

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is profitable, and therefore desirable ; here the wage-earner with savings wants to settle ; there the townsman would use his spade on holidays as in France, or the villager wishes to find an independent source of income by the cultivation of a few acres. If in spite of these incentives to the subdivision of land Small Holdings have largely disappeared, it is because inadequate profits, the cost of equipment, increasing competition and need of machinery, a deficiency in practical instruction, the attractions of industrial life and, on the landlord's side, exigencies of estate management and of sport—have all conspired to check the full operation of a natural current towards the land. Yet in centres so diverse as Evesham and Wisbech, Blairgowrie and the Vale of Clyde, the process is already in course of reversal ; in Blairgowrie hundreds of acres have gone under raspberries, and during the fruit season girls pour out of the larger towns to pick fruit for the market. Farmers on the South side of the Tay are gradually extending small fruit cultivation. Lanarkshire tomatoes are grown under glass by miners in the Vale of Clyde ; market gardening at Evesham extends over thousands of acres. And, though any wholesale reversion to small farms must be considered visionary, the fact remains that when these support occupiers at as good a standard of living as that of the farm servant they are socially advantageous. For with the occupier of land are usually associated the thrift, independence, knowledge and self-restraint that combine to render a landward population an invaluable element which cannot be disproportionately reduced, as in Britain, without risk to social stability.

It has to be realised that a flourishing race of small farmers cannot be created, as is often assumed, solely by subdivision of big farms. Our whole agricultural community is backward in things essential to remunerative agriculture on a smaller scale. We are pre-eminent in shows, high farming, model buildings. Yet these shows are often as little practical as some of our military drill ; owners who equip farms over-lavishly fail to co-operate in a milk factory ; farmers, however thrifty, fail to buy and sell to the best advantage or to appreciate Agricultural Banks.

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It is, in fact, in the effort to balance such defects in organisation that the large farm is so abnormally developed under the most progressive conditions of our agricultural system. To hold his own our prospective small farmer must needs equip himself for his arduous competition with the world. All concerned have not only to realise the crushing weight of ignorance and waste that agriculture has had to bear through its heroic struggle of the last thirty years, but they have to do away with such unnecessary burdens. For, important as agricultural efficiency is to the large owner or farmer, to the small occupier it is vital. There is no racial reason why competent small farmers should not succeed on suitable soils, though it is said that our people demand more and sacrifice less than those who flourish under similar conditions elsewhere. Yet our rural labourer in South West England is spoiled by no excess of income, while the West of Scotland produces a thrifty class of small dairy farmers who lead a life of grinding toil. Moreover, it may be argued that the more thriftless we are, and the more we squander our leisure and holidays, the more need we have to keep in touch with the soil, that real and only security for a healthy national life.

There is no necessity, however, for a startling departure from the existing land system—a policy gratifying to political imaginations, but which, short of some scheme for a general expropriation of owners and large farmers, assures the hostility of those whose cordial co-operation is generally held to be worth cultivating. To secure such co-operation in the development of Small Holdings there must be the least meddling in tenure consistent with effective checks on vagaries in private ownership; the object being to stimulate individual effort when it lags, by providing guidance in action and penalties for failure.

It is not hard to show that local authorities have done so little, with such want of success, as to require aid from a supplemental force such as the Central Land Authorities for England and Scotland, suggested by Lord Onslow's Report. Another authority may be needed for Wales, because each country has distinct conditions and interests, each its internal diversities like those between Highlands and Low-

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lands, demanding separate treatment. Central Authorities with compulsory powers of purchase will be very generally accepted by the public, including many landowners who believe their position to be chiefly jeopardised by the attitude of a few of their number. Moreover, the first object for Central Authorities is not a dissipation of energy throughout the land, but the prosecution of a series of definite experiments in large groups of small farms in selected areas, run on sound financial lines and upon suitable soil. Nor should such expropriation as may be at once necessary, involve large immediate loans. Sales of Crown property, such as London ground rents, could be reinvested in agricultural land required. Purchases could frequently be resold forthwith to freeholders for cash or on terminable annuities. It is only when occupying ownership proves its superiority over other forms of tenure that big loans would be required for a large scheme.

To embark on the indiscriminate subdivision of big farms is not a policy to be adopted hastily; and the real force of compulsion at this stage (as may prove to be the case at all stages) lies in providing really successful object lessons calculated to appeal to the practical agriculturist. The indirect effect this would have on landowners, combined with the fear of expropriation, would induce them to meet recognised public needs. That pressure would be very real. Few owners desire expropriation on the basis of existing agricultural values, speculators in agricultural land are rare, landed property is a lock-up—a continuous expenditure by British owners of some twelve millions a year being necessary to give value to capital already sunk in the soil. An agricultural rental is a bare rate of interest on past expenditure for equipment. Beyond this unremunerative cash investment the owner is attached to the soil by territorial responsibilities, family sentiment or country habits—for these he would obtain no compensation. It is safe then to assume that, if owners are not unnecessarily threatened, then most of the small farms required may be found and equipped in the usual way at private and not at public cost. Exceptional populations, as in the Highlands or in Wales, may require exceptional Acts to

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protect the customs of hereditary or non-economic tenure ; but to abolish competitive rents and to confer fixity of tenure under ordinary economic conditions for the rest of the country is to remove all ultimate security for agricultural efficiency. State Agencies with large powers to test freehold and permanent leasehold and yearly tenures are the urgent need, and would exercise a far-reaching influence on private management and agricultural methods. These Agencies should be either Branches of the Board of Agriculture or Land Commissions.

So much for new farms ; but if the principle of ensuring a supply of small farms is to be adopted as a permanent feature of public policy, Land Commissions could have a further power for checking undesirable consolidation. Assuming the arguments against dual ownership or fixity of tenure under ordinary economic conditions to be unanswerable, and that the occupier who should be preserved and encouraged as a matter of public policy is the independent cultivator working his own land with his family, say at a rental below £50, then official valuers could value farms below that limit and determine at what rent those holdings should then be let ; accepting the ordinary custom of the district as the basis of tenure and allowing some extension of the Agricultural Holdings Acts to secure the co-operation of the small holder in providing equipment when this is found too onerous by the proprietor. The owner must retain power to select tenants, else we at once have divided ownership. Some precedent is to be found for this suggestion in the long lease with a rent fixed by the price of produce which prevailed until recently with great advantage in Scotland.

Loans (purchase apart) are indefensible unless under exceptional conditions, for those loans imply that financial weakness is inherent to Small Holdings. The free gifts of the Highland Congested Districts Board have exercised in the main a pauperising influence, whilst loans and gifts to any class are calculated to render it odious to the rest of the community. So that financial assistance for Small Holdings should be chiefly limited to the expropriation of the existing owners where required, and to experiments or educational

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work. If the State desires further to invest money in restoring population to the soil, then it should afforest waste and rough pasture, which it alone can profitably do, to the infinite advantage of the most deserted regions. Let it buy and plant eight or ten million acres well suited to sylviculture and thus provide employment for a population of two or three millions.

Progress depends so much on administration that it would tend greatly to rural efficiency in England and Scotland, had each its Advisory Council for the Board of Agriculture ; and were there a joint Committee of the three Boards of Agriculture, Local Government and Education, for matters of joint concern, in addition to the separate Small Holding Commissions.

The practical line of reform is plain enough.

The State should afforest on a regular system all lands best suited to sylviculture, and, while conducting large experiments in small farms, should supplement the action of local authorities where these fail to secure adequate facilities for intensive cultivation.

Local authorities should have full power to purchase land for intensive cultivation (and indeed for any object of public utility) subject to such safeguards as the security of public finance requires.

Private Owners within their remaining sphere, stimulated by object lessons and by liability to expropriation, should be left to effect the bulk of what is possible and practical in the direction of creating Small Holdings.

On these lines we should retain responsible ownership in an expanded form—and the Chancellor of the Exchequer could sleep sound by night.

PRINCE BÜLOW'S LITTLE WAR

PRINCE BÜLOW has selected a very unfortunate occasion for his one and only appearance in the character of the strong man who does not shrink even from "internal crises." Suddenly and on a question of comparatively secondary importance to dismiss a House in which he had a proved and manageable majority was a grave error of judgement; and it was the very irony of fate that the termination of the South-west African troubles, a week after the dissolution, should remove the ground of his appeal to the people. The fiction can no longer be upheld that the Emperor, in a somewhat peremptory telegram, bade the Chancellor "send the House to the devil;" everything points to the conclusion that on this occasion Prince Bülow acted entirely on his own initiative. He took this last desperate step in the hope of extricating himself from a position that had become impossible, between the need of avoiding internal crises and complete ministerial subordination to the authority of the sovereign; he tried to make a virtue of necessity, while complaining of pressure from the Centre, by raising the call to arms against the Centre and the Social Democrats.

Certainly the state of parties at the time was peculiar. On its side the Government had the Conservatives, Anti-Semites, Liberals and the three Radical groups; against it were ranged the Centre, the Poles and the Social Democrats, together commanding a bare majority. Chance had thrown together, for a moment, parties with nothing in common, whose scattered elements, united by no inherent bond, the Government hoped to fuse together by an Election. "Down with the Blacks and Reds!" rang the meaningless warcry,

PRINCE BÜLOWS LITTLE WAR

that seemed for a time likely to capture the Liberal party, although it was obvious to any one with eyes to see, that the so-called coalition had no existence, and that the grouping of the thirteenth of December was merely temporary.

The Government has resolved on the destruction of the Social Democrats. A war of destruction against the Social Democrats can only be carried on with the assistance of the Centre and of the Catholic Church. The power of the Centre can only be broken by the co-operation of the Social Democrats, and a declaration of war to the knife against the other forces of reaction, primarily against the Conservatives. It is inconceivable that the Government ignores so obvious a truism. Any hopes of a coalition to include both Conservatives and Radicals, against the Social Democrats, must have been strangled at their birth by the pronouncements of the various party organs. The Conservative papers have declared, almost unanimously, that they have no idea of being drawn into serious conflict with the Centre. In Germany, as elsewhere, Church and nobility go hand in hand. The nobles and landed proprietors, who form the kernel of the Conservative party, see clearly enough the dangers to themselves involved in any real weakening of the Clericals. On all vital questions, the interests of the Conservative party and of the Centre are the same. As long as the Centre is the strongest party in the Reichstag, and the Conservatives, thanks to the miserable system of open voting and the three electoral classes, hold the scales in the parliament of Prussia, the strongest of the states, the *Union des cloches et des tambours* presents a front which no attack can break. This mutual benefit assurance society has developed to such an extent the policy of *do ut des*, that the Conservative-Centre coalition has for years, strengthened as it has been by the voluntary co-operation of the forces of the once Liberal "National-Liberal" party, regulated our whole policy, economic, religious, educational and social. The new tariff is their work : so is the reformed financial system with its increased burden of indirect taxation : so is the Prussian Elementary Education Act, and the granting on all hands of new privileges to the landed proprietors and the Church.

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The real power of the Centre rests on the solidarity of the forces of reaction ; but no attempt to check its ascendancy was made by the Government. On the contrary, every possible concession was made to the Clericals. When attacked for his complaisance, Prince Bülow defended himself by saying that a parliamentary minister must govern with the majority which he finds in power : as if Germany were an example of parliamentary government !

Surprises have been the order of the day in recent German history : but nothing has ever been quite so surprising as the *volte face*, by which all the old methods of concession and secret treaty were exchanged for open breach with the Centre, and the sudden dissolution in the House. It was all very well for Prince Bülow to declare that on a national question of serious import, he had no alternative but such a breach ; there have been national questions before, when it was found possible to avoid a breach by soft words, by friendly pressure, by the presentation of trifling gifts. Perhaps he has already begun to regret the *coup de théâtre* ; his tone is not so prim as it was : certainly the note is altered. We hear no more of "Down with the Blacks and Reds!" The Blacks are no longer the arch-enemies. By some subtle transition, it is now against the Social Democrats that every weapon is to be employed. The war against the Centre is merely by the way : blows are only the means of bringing them back into the strait way out of which they have strayed.

On the last day of the old year Prince Bülow wrote a letter to Major-General von Liebert, in which this change of front can be very clearly seen. The fact in itself is significant, for Mr. Liebert, hero of a thousand fights, is the head of an Anti-Socialist League, whose avowed object is to subordinate all party differences to the one aim of destroying Social Democracy, by a method as perverted as it is senseless, which is thoroughly reactionary in its nature and directed not only against Socialism but against Liberalism itself. Prince Bülow's letter is a perfect example of that political legerdemain of which he is a master. The situation is given an entirely different complexion from that indicated officially and semi-officially at the time of the

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dissolution. His true object is revealed. For the parliamentary minister, *one* majority is not sufficient. He needs two : one for so-called "national" questions—the army, navy, colonies ; this majority to be composed from the Ayes of the thirteenth December. The other majority is for economic and social questions, and it is to be composed of Conservatives, the Centre and National Liberals. That is to say things are, in essentials, to remain as they were, the only difference being that the Liberals are to have the honour of being assumed to be on the side of the Government on national questions. They are to be allowed the privilege of assisting the Government : no concessions are proffered them in return, except the barren promise of better electoral treatment which the officials may be relied upon to nullify.

A Liberal party which allowed itself to be won over by the Chancellor on such terms would certainly deserve its fate. It has made mistakes in the past, but it has now escaped from the snares cast round it by the clever fowler. With a few negligible exceptions, the Liberal press has received the letter to Mr. Liebert in a manner which, though it can hardly have been gratifying to the Chancellor, shows that the menace which that letter contains to the Liberal party has not passed unobserved. Prince Bülow's reference to the "sword of Bonaparte" reveals the fundamentally reactionary tendencies of the Government so distinctly as to preclude any possibility of a coalition.

Exact prophesy is not possible at the date of writing (January 14). In all probability the constitution of the new Reichstag will be very much that of the old. The Social Democrats will gain a few seats ; the Centre will lose none ; the National Liberals will lose a few, and the Liberals possibly some also. One thing at any rate is certain—the close of the elections will mark the beginning, not the end, of a time of disturbance, of constitutional crisis, provoked by the irony of fate, by the very man whose aim it has always been to avoid internal crisis.

RUDOLF BREITSCHIED

THE NATIONAL CHURCH AND THE EDUCATION BILL—A RETROSPECT

AN impartial observer of the course of English politics during 1906 would perhaps decide that the most interesting feature arresting his notice was that which cast light on the state of the national religion. He would have been impressed by the large place in popular interest apparently still held by religious concerns; and he would have noted the singular and suggestive fact that an imposing demonstration of national Christianity should have gone along with a not less imposing demonstration of national resentment against the Established Church. In the record of the House of Commons, a House newly elected, and reflecting, as clearly as any representative assembly can reflect, the mind of the nation, two decisions will stand out conspicuously. The one by a majority of more than 400 votes rejected the policy of "No religion in the State schools:" the other by a majority of more than 300 rejected the proposals which the House of Lords, too faithfully following the lead of the English Bishops, had introduced into the Government Bill which was avowedly designed to create a system of religious State schools. The impartial observer will wonder how it happened that the Church and the Nation should have come into a situation so singular and so sinister. Students of the national life will be at no loss for explanations. Since the year 1870, to go back no farther in the history, both the high conflicting parties have undergone a transformation.

The National Church, as represented by the Clergy, has declined into a denomination; the Nation has become, in the full modern sense, democratic. Thus, while the

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Church (*i.e.* the Clergy) will no longer contemplate Christianity save in its specific denominational expression, the State will only tolerate Christianity within its own sphere in a non-denominational form. From the side of the State, denominationalism is all one with privilege ; and privilege is abhorrent to democratic principles. Unless Christianity is capable of being taught apart from the dividing dogmata of the denominations, it cannot with State sanction and by State officials be taught at all. That is, I apprehend, nakedly phrased, the democratic position. It is sufficiently evident that until quite recent times no insuperable objection against such non-denominational teaching of Christianity would have been felt by the clergy of the National Church. Apart from a Sacramental prelude and a Sacramental epilogue, easily separable from the bulk of the document, the Church Catechism is obviously non-denominational. Only the dervishes of denominationalism will pretend that the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments are denominational ; and none others will deny that they contain the very essence of Christianity. What has happened within recent times to make the notion of non-denominational Christianity so odious to the view of English Churchmen ?

Thirty-six years ago Mr. Cowper-Temple immortalised his name by devising a formula for such teaching, which commended itself as not unreasonable, and certainly as not irreligious, to pious Churchmen. That formula has governed the religious instruction in an ever increasing number of schools, and it is broadly true to say that Church people, especially those who, as parents of the children actually receiving the said instruction, were most intimately concerned in it, have found it very satisfactory. So far from its having proved inimical to the development of denominational religion, experience has shown that it is precisely in those districts where no other schools exist, that the denominations have most conspicuously flourished, and of them all certainly not the least flourishing has been the Church of England. Why then has the very notion of non-denominational Christianity become both hateful and ludicrous to the English Clergy as a whole ? Everybody knows the

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reason. During the last two generations, and notably since 1870, the English Clergy have fallen out of sympathy with the national Christianity. The Tractarian Movement has triumphed within the ranks of the hierarchy, and great numbers of the leading clergymen no longer regard themselves as Protestant ministers, but claim openly the character of priests on the Roman model, men possessed of exclusive spiritual authority, holding by Divine right a position which is intrinsically incompatible with democracy, or indeed with any other form of civic order, which is not essentially theocratic. It would be an easy task to prove at length by quotations from representative writers and journals that the repudiation of Protestantism has become the mark of the party now unfortunately supreme in the ranks of the Clergy. It is necessary to have this repudiation in mind because it lies at the root of the present difficulties. As a reformed Church, created by secession from the Church of Rome, the Church of England stands committed to a conception of Christianity which does not exalt the denomination into the front rank of spiritual importance: there is no reason in the nature of things why Anglicans should stand outside the fellowship of other Protestant Christians; and there is great reason in the course of politics why they should emphasise that fellowship.

The recent agitation has demonstrated the impossibility of securing the help of the English Hierarchy as at present constituted in effecting an educational settlement, which shall be frankly democratic without being merely secular. A review of the late conflict seems to make evident that for this calamitous result, the principal blame lies on the Episcopal Bench. The Primate and some other Bishops are, indeed, believed to have little sympathy with ecclesiastical extremes; and all will admit that his Grace's contributions to the controversy have invariably been expressed in urbane, reasonable, and tolerant language. Nevertheless the final result of his leadership through the crisis has been the triumph of the extreme faction. Much criticism has been passed on the Archbishop's handling of the final stages of the conflict, but it would seem that the really serious blunder was made at the start. When, on the very morrow of the

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introduction of the Bill a letter, dated from Lambeth, appeared in the *Times*, denouncing its provisions and summoning Churchmen to agitate against them, the Primate resigned into more violent and less patriotic hands than his own the control of the hierarchy. The agitation, which was thus authorised, naturally received the support of the Conservative party, smarting under an unparalleled overthrow, and the parish clergy were encouraged to give free expression to the resentment which had been stirred in their mind by the campaign of reckless and unwarrantable denunciation, which had in but too many places marked the course of "passive resistance."

Only the word from Lambeth was needed to start the conflagration; there was plenty of loose gunpowder lying about, and a spark would set everything ablaze. It was just one of those moments which try the quality of leaders. The English Bishops were called upon to do the most difficult of all the tasks which men in authority are ever called to do. They had for once to lead opinion; and they preferred to follow it. The Episcopate led the Church as the Dalmatian hound leads the carriage in front of which it runs. In any case the work of holding back the forces of ignorance, of natural prejudice, and of sectarian passion must have been difficult; but the necessity was clear. The Clergy had succeeded to a false position, and there would be no peace until they had been led out of it. If the transition were accepted with good-will and dignity, it would be cleansed of half its danger and all its humiliation. If resisted, both danger and humiliation would be extreme.

The Episcopate emerges from this year of agitation with a maximum of discredit. Even in the final stages of the conflict the Bishops acted with strange unwisdom. To everybody but themselves it was apparent that, if the intention was to wreck the Bill, the process should have been effected with as little display as possible of Episcopal action, and on the largest and most explicit grounds. The actual course adopted was to come into the fighting line as conspicuously as possible, to weary the nation with a long process of debate, in which the Bill was deliberately destroyed, then, after the inevitable and perfectly well foreseen refusal

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of the House of Commons to accept such "amendments," had taken place, to bring the matter again into negotiation, and then, when a settlement seemed certain, to wreck all on a relatively petty detail. The maximum of public odium was incurred with the minimum of partisan advantage. Whatever result may finally be attained in the settlement of the educational problem, the political prestige of the Episcopal Bench has been enormously decreased. If from the immediate issue of the Bill we turn to the larger questions raised by it, questions of Religious Policy, in which it might fairly be expected that the Heads of the National Church should display the qualities of discernment and prudence, can it be said that in the course of last year they have shown any conspicuous amount of either? In two respects their unwisdom has been evident and extreme. At the very juncture in national politics, when as the emergence of the Labour party sufficiently shows, democratic principles have clearly asserted a supremacy in the field of public life, the National Church has been placed in an attitude of opposition to democracy, and bound up unmistakably with the cause of privilege. A single example will suffice.

No Bishop has spoken and written more frequently on the Education Bill than the Bishop of Salisbury, and, when the vast learning of that distinguished man is remembered, it might have been thought that the English Church was fortunate in such a champion. Unhappily it has been reserved for the most erudite of Bishops to illustrate the unpalatable but familiar truth that there exists no secure connection between knowledge and wisdom, and that, as Montaigne remarked for his own consolation, more than three hundred years ago, "experience daily shows us that a strong memory is commonly coupled with infirm judgement." Here is a specimen of the language which a leading Bishop of the National Church thought fit to use publicly to the Clergy of his diocese assembled in his cathedral, and then to publish *urbi et orbi*, on the morrow of a general election, in which a more than commonly decisive popular verdict had been registered:

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"We meet this year, dear friends and brothers in Christ, at a time of extraordinary anxiety as regards the future of our Church and country. . . . The present Government has, indeed, no champion at all equal to Mr. Gladstone, but it has at its back destructive and disintegrating forces which have gathered strength and vehemence during the ten years in which they have been pent up and repressed by the long tenure of power possessed by the Unionists. The forces of aggressive secularism, of militant nonconformity, and of particularist agitation in Wales, if not at this moment in Ireland, are all arrayed against the Church of England, and are flushed with their victory at the polls—a victory obtained, in many cases, by recklessness of conduct and assertion which demoralises those who use it with a sort of intoxication. At the same time the Church in France, which has a long and, in some respects, a brilliant history, has been disestablished, not by Nonconformists, but by a secular and democratic movement. This fact, notwithstanding the differences between the two countries in point of national character, cannot fail to have some effect on this side of the Channel. Shall we see in the Government education policy the beginning of a similar miserable triumph of secularism here? The Bill which is in all our thoughts is not merely an attack upon our Church schools, and the whole system of religious education, but it is a trial of strength upon the question of disestablishment. It is as such that it must be resisted without hesitation."

(v. *The Education Question*, p. 5, 6. Longmans.)

After this introduction the reader is not greatly impressed by subsequent repudiations of any "desire to use the Cathedral as a political committee-room," and of any intention "to drive unwilling voters to the polls by threats, or to inflame incipient passions." No just man, of course, would find fault with the Bishop for holding whatever political opinions he may prefer, nor, if he is ready to exalt those opinions into moral principles of universal obligation, can he be blamed

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for urging them, in season and out of season, on everybody within the range of his influence ; but the point in question is the measure of wisdom and foresight implied in an English Bishop so speaking in such a place and at such a time, and the intellectual balance suggested by that vehement kind of political thinking. *Ex uno disce omnes.* With the honourable exception of the Bishop of Hereford, whose frankly-avowed political allegiance has necessarily detracted from his influence in the camp of his opponents, and the Bishops of Ripon and Carlisle, who have taken little or no part in the actual conflict, the attitude of the Bishop of Salisbury has been adopted expressly or tacitly by the rest of the Bishops. Again, every thoughtful citizen cannot but agree that the indispensable condition of maintaining the Establishment of the Church is the cleansing of Establishment from every taint of civic inequality. No man, however, can possibly deny that the existing educational system, as finally bound on the country by the Act of 1902, embodies in certain vital particulars serious violations of civic equality. What, then, shall be said of the political wisdom of those advocates of the Establishment, who insist on binding up their case with the maintenance of the existing educational system ? Is it either justice, or prudence, or charity, to denounce as aggressively anti-Christian a House of Commons, which, whatever may be thought of its political competence, is unquestionably man for man a more seriously religious assembly than has sat on the green benches of S. Stephen's for many a long year ? There is nothing intrinsically inconsistent with Christianity in insisting on the unification of the educational system, or in abolishing denominational privileges in the public service, or in determining that only those elements of Christian Faith and Morals, on which all Christians must be supposed to agree, shall be taught in the State schools ; and it is only the actual circumstances of the national life which give an anti-Christian aspect to the proposal that the State shall limit its educational concern to the subjects called "secular." This gratuitous repudiation of legitimate, and indeed inevitable, democratic aspirations by the leaders of the National Church is a tactical blunder of the first magnitude. In the next

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place, ought not the Bishops to have exerted themselves to heal the dangerous breach between the religious feeling of the nation, and the Church which, by virtue of its legal establishment, and by title of its famous and protracted history, claims to be the exponent of that feeling? We cannot go on for ever with that breach unhealed; no considerations of sentiment or of history can finally prevail against self-evident absurdity, and it is nothing less than self-evident absurdity which threatens a National Church which repudiates the National Religion. English Christianity is of the tolerant Protestant type known, not very accurately, as "undenominational," a type in which a distinction is drawn between the essentials of the Religion and the preferences of the Denominations. Hitherto it has been the boast of the Church of England that of all denominations it is the most tolerant and comprehensive. On this educational issue a situation has emerged which demands the utmost denominational self-suppression which religious principle permits. Forces quite beyond the control of politicians, ecclesiastical or civil, are making for the depreciation of the non-utilitarian elements in national education, and only on condition that the defence of those elements is simplified by the separation of exasperating and properly extraneous factors, can its success be hoped for. It would appear, therefore, the solemn duty of serious Christian men to exert themselves to the utmost to facilitate a harmony of English Christians. That harmony *ex hypothesi* can only be reached on a Protestant, that is, on an "undenominational," basis, for half the professed Christians in the country are Nonconformists, and by that fact pledged to repudiate the non-Protestant version of Christianity on which they themselves are held to be schismatics, and more or less completely exiles from the Family of Christ.

What, in this situation, has been the course of the Bishops? They have bound up as far as lay in their power the case of the National Church with that of the Roman Catholics, who, as Mr. Redmond most justly pointed out, are mainly non-English even in England, and who certainly represent a view of Christianity which is extremely repugnant to the mass of English Christians. Now the Roman

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Catholic case presents the advocacy of religion in the State schools in its most politically offensive shape, a shape so offensive indeed that it may fairly be questioned whether any truly democratic community can permanently escape the miserable necessity of preferring frankly non-religious schools. The Bishops as a whole have accepted as the exponent of their minds that one of their number who, with many claims on the public admiration, is perhaps the farthest removed from any real sympathy with distinctively English religion. The Bishop of Birmingham is master of an attractive and elusive style, and he possesses many of the characteristics of a popular politician. His pamphlet on Religious Education, issued in thousands by the National Society, has done much to fashion the opinion of the church-going public ; its tendency is frankly anti-Protestant, and it might be profitably distributed by the advocates of the unflinching denominationalism of Rome. The effect of all this is plain enough. The English nation is urged, unintentionally of course but none the less clearly on that account, by the leaders of the National Church to understand that English Churchmanship is wedded to political privilege, and, on the grand issue of religious education, has its affinity with the Roman Church rather than with the Protestant Nonconformists. That is the practical result of Episcopal Statesmanship. If in all this melancholy blundering the Bench of Bishops had really represented the mind of that vast mass of serious folk who are, for a thousand sufficient reasons, still ready to describe themselves as members of the Church of England, and who must ultimately determine the fate of the Establishment, it would be impossible to resist the conclusion that the secularising of the State schools had now become merely a matter of time.

If, however, it be the case that the vehemence and volume of the recent agitation are no trustworthy indications of its real strength, but rather the consequences of a political situation not very difficult to analyse, and if the anti-Protestant feeling of the Clergy has no corresponding sentiment in the minds of the Anglican laity, but constitutes nothing more than a passing aberration of the hierarchy, if even the action of the Bishops has in the case of many of

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their Lordships, mainly represented the sudden force of clamour coercing men who with many virtues were as leaders "not very brave," then it is legitimate to hope that the final failure of the clerical demand for educational privilege will not necessarily draw with it the dismal consequence that the serious belief of the nation itself should be stultified by the de-Christianising of the State schools. The very evident and general regret of the Anglican laity at the failure of the Education Bill is noteworthy. There is a high-water mark in these recurrent tides of fanaticism, and it is hard not to think that we have reached it. The saner political judgement of the non-partisan Churchmen, who have reluctantly yielded to the strenuous pressure of enthusiasts, or have remained outside the movement of sectarian passion, must surely assert itself before long. French politics are always worthy the close study of English politicians, and they are more than commonly suggestive just now. It would be a good thing if the Anglican laity would disentangle themselves from clerical guidance, and follow their own intuitions. There is a story told of James II., the most clerically-minded of English monarchs, which carries a moral not wholly irrelevant to the case of the Anglican laity. The Spanish ambassador Ronquillo, at his first audience, is related to have addressed the king in these words: "I see several priests about your majesty, who will be importunate to have the established religion altered; but hearken not to their advice, for if you do, you will have reason to repent of it when it may be too late." "And does not your king," observed James angrily, "advise with his confessors?" "He does," replied Ronquillo; "and therefore our affairs go on so ill." As a clergyman I can appreciate as well as most men the distinctive difficulties which beset the political action of clergymen, and it does not seem to me to carry any reflection on their excellence as individuals, or on the value of the sacred functions which they are appointed to fulfil, if I set on record my conviction, now more than ever confirmed by the experience of the latest *Bellum episcopale*, that clergymen of whatever denomination are specially ill-qualified for the conduct of political agitations.

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What shall be said of the future? Two consequences may perhaps be allowed to follow from the experiences of last year. First, no new attempt should be made to incorporate denominational schools in a final settlement of the education question. So far as the serious religious demand of the nation is concerned, such schools are not indispensable ; and those who are really devoted to them cannot be satisfied by any provisions which the House of Commons is at all likely to make. If denominational schools are to exist at all, they must exist outside the State system. Next, a serious effort should be made to meet the difficulty which attaches to "undenominational" teaching of religion in the minds of very many English Churchmen, who are not averse to the acceptance of a reasonable settlement. Two accounts of "undenominationalism" are current ; the one identifies it with "fundamental Christianity" ; the other eviscerates it of all intelligible meaning, and appears to reduce it to the reading of the Bible without religious intention. Between these rival views there can be no question that the serious mind of the nation decides for the former. The other, indeed, could never be more than a mischievous theory. If this then be the case, and if we may postulate a serious desire on the part of Statesmen to settle the question on lines consonant with the known wishes of the general body of English Christians, surely it would seem reasonable to remove the exasperating ambiguity, which attaches to the notion of "undenominationalism," by providing for a model syllabus to be issued by the Board of Education to the local authorities, and inasmuch as there has certainly grown up a widely-distributed repugnance to any direct action of the State in religious questions proper, it would not be unreasonable that the Board of Education should be authorised in the Statute to refer the compilation of the Syllabus to a small committee of representative religious leaders to be named in the Act. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Scott Lidgett, and the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster would be an admirable selection, if they would extend their co-operation from a timely and excellent advocacy of a better treatment of the Lord's Day to the performance of this valuable service. The very

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difficult question of the Teacher must be solved, so far as it is capable of being solved at all, by giving him, as well as the child, the protection of a conscience clause. On this point it is worth keeping always in mind that the difficulty is the greater, as the religious teaching is the more definite, dogmatic and denominational. A larger margin of potential hypocrisy is provided with every extension of credenda.

Roman Catholics and Jews, wherever they are sufficiently numerous to possess schools of their own, should, perhaps, be left outside the control of the local authorities altogether, and formed into a class by themselves, managed directly from Whitehall. It is very absurd to jeopardise a national settlement for the sake of small alien minorities.

The really important point to insist upon just now, when the resentments of this unhappy conflict are fresh in all minds, is that legislation in wrath is certain to be partial, and unsound. All the factors of the discussion remain unaltered except that to which I have adverted, the competency of the Anglican Hierarchy as such to play a part in a friendly settlement. That competency can no longer be assumed, and the Government, whether Liberal or Conservative, must take account of the fact. "I am convinced," says Canon Wilson, in a remarkable sermon on "the Day-school and Religious Education" recently preached in Worcester Cathedral and published in *The Guardian* (January 9, 1907), "that, though there are of course difficulties in the maintenance of a religious character for the whole profession when its management is transferred to the State, the vast majority of our people, of all shades of political and religious opinion, desire it, and that the difficulty is not insuperable." The legislation of the future should address itself to the task of working out a serious solution of the problem conceived of as a problem for the State, and not for the Denominations.

H. HENSLEY HENSON

BACK TO GLUCK

THE history of opera reveals a curious see-saw between realism and convention ; between music for the sake of drama and music for its own sake. It came into existence as a resuscitation of Greek drama, or as that which a group of Florentine *dilettanti* of the Renaissance imagined Greek drama must have been in its performance. The drama and its verse were to be the conditioning forces of that old Florentine opera.

Giovanni Bardi, Count of Vernio, was as rigid a musico-dramatist as Gluck, or, after him, Wagner. Yet opera soon became purely musical, and grew into the absurd conglomeration of arias, concerted pieces, and dances at which Addison, among others, let fly the shafts of satirical criticism. Then came Gluck with his reforms. After him opera again relapsed into its old vices, until Weber heralded the reforms of Wagner. And now we have the composers of the modern Italian School with their uncompromising realism. The pendulum is still swinging. That opera will be written on Wagnerian lines seems doubtful. Wagner's methods were quite individual, and the æsthetic theories by which he attempted to give them a universal basis will not bear close examination. In the light of his actual creative achievement they are seen to be ingenious special-pleading : they account for Wagner's music-dramas, but they do not account for music-drama itself. His initial mistake was in the assumption that music-drama must be the *one* form of drama instead of *a* form. Like many a great man, Wagner was an egotist. To make straight the tangled threads of opera and to weave from them a new form of art was not enough for him ; he was impelled to pose as the recreator

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of all drama. In actual practice he merely gave a new importance to the musical side of opera. Before Gluck singers had ruled opera. Gluck himself was obsessed with the idea of making poetry the conditioning force. Yet, according to Wagner, "aria, recitative and dance piece, fenced off each from each, stand side by side as unaccommodated in the operas of Gluck as they did before him." There is truth in the criticism, but there will also be truth in the criticism of Wagner by the composer of the future who may say that in the *Ring*, *Tristan*, and *Die Meistersinger* Wagner himself obscured the drama by making his orchestra and voices a musical whole; that these compositions were the work of a man to whom music was everything and drama merely a means to that end. So will Wagner the practical art-creator be pitted against Wagner the art-theorist. Moreover, it may be shown that the egotism which led him to imagine there could be only one form of drama, and that musical, seriously curtailed the variety of musical devices employed in his music-dramas.

It was this thought which pressed itself most heavily on the mind in witnessing the revival of Gluck's *Armide* at Covent Garden last year. I could not help feeling that it was a pity the composer had allowed himself to write about his art. No artist should explain his work. It ought to be inexplicable. As it is, that preface to Gluck's *Alceste* stalks as a ghost through all criticisms written on his *Armide*; it is quoted in full in every dictionary, and the young lover of music has been told so often that Gluck was the predecessor of Wagner (whereas the aims of the two were quite different) that some disappointment is felt whenever a Gluck Opera is performed. Only the trained mind can perceive the points where the art of Wagner touched the art of Gluck. To the naked ear the music of *Armide* is periwig music. The imagination conjures up a picture of the dazzling court of Louis XVI, and the sense of artistic appropriateness is hurt because *Armide* is not an eighteenth-century beauty of the French Court decked out in the hoops and patches and red-heeled shoes of the period. The melodies of Gluck are naïve, we are told; the whole cut of the music formal and precise, the very opposite of

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Wagner's exuberant romanticism, and the opera as a whole has the air of a Watteau picture. Gluck's delightful seriousness in supposing that he had been able to give each character different music, when eighteenth-century mannerisms run through the score from the overture to the last aria of the abandoned *Armide*, appears as something of a joke to twentieth-century ears, quite apart from the big question of whether music *can* express character at all. And so in attempting to discover the reformer of opera in the composer of *Armide* the ordinary amateur fails to grasp the significance of the eighteenth-century music-drama. Too much stress has been laid on the dramatic truth with which Gluck's characters express their emotions. He was by no means the first composer who had written vocal music which expresses something, and, as a matter of fact, *Armide* is full of instances of the very misuse of verse against which the *Alceste* preface was directed. In truth the importance of Gluck as a reformer of opera has been so exaggerated that we are inclined to forget that he was a composer of genius. We do not think of him as poet but as a doctrinaire reformer. To some extent this attitude towards Gluck is justified. He was not one of the very great composers of the world, and Tchaïkowsky was not so very wrong when he wrote of Gluck's "poor creative gift," but he had genius in his power of expressing drama and of creating atmosphere by very simple means.

Berlioz's rhapsodies on Gluck sometimes went too far, and were based on a misunderstanding of the function of music in expressing drama, as indeed were the theories of Gluck and most of the eighteenth-century French writers on music. They could have no idea of the growth of absolute music which had already begun in Germany, and could not be expected to foresee that the composer of the future would not endeavour to illustrate the meaning of every twist and turn of verse, but would make the musical expression of the whole emotional content of a poem or a dramatic situation the subject of music. But Berlioz did show acuteness of imagination in his praise.

"What a conception is that Hatred Scene!" he wrote.

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"I had never before so fully understood or admired it. I shuddered at the passage in the invocation :

‘Sauvez moi de l’Amour
Rien n’est si redoutable.’

On the first line the two oboes make a cruel discord on the major seventh, like a woman’s cry of terror and keenest anguish. But in the following verse :

‘Contre un ennemi trop aimable,’

how tenderly do those same two voices lament in thirds ! A few notes only, but how full of regret ; and how one feels the enormous power of love thus bemoaned.” We moderns can hardly think that Gluck’s imaginative instrumentalism depicts “the enormous power of love”—that is one of Berlioz’s temperamental exaggerations—but the passage is certainly an example of Gluck’s genius for writing characteristic music. He was a master of suggestiveness. The Happy Shades ballet in *Orfeo* is another example. The composer was not merely a musician. Of his share in *Armide* he wrote : “I have tried to be painter and poet rather than musician.” The addition he made to the end of the Hatred Scene is proof that he had dramatic insight. Quinault’s libretto concluded with Armide and the chorus of Furies leaving the stage together. Gluck added the four lines of soliloquy for Armide left alone, and Berlioz states that “one day after rehearsal at the opera he improvised both words and music as they stand at the end . . . Armide withdraws with downcast eyes, while the second violins, abandoned by the rest of the orchestra, continue their solitary tremolo. Stupendous genius to have created such a scene !”

At a moment when all musical London has just been revelling in special performances of *Die Meistersinger* and *Tristan*, and in a few months will be listening with breathless admiration to a series of performances of the *Ring* under Dr. Richter, it demands some little courage to echo the cry which has already been heard in Paris and Italy :

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“Back to Gluck !” The professed adherents of Wagner imagine that this cry means a reaction towards the naïve and simple in art. I do not mean anything quite so foolish. For one thing we do not desire to see a modern opera composer imitating the eighteenth-century mannerisms of Gluck, or his rather bald monodic style, which even in his day would have merited Tchaïkowsky’s accusation. But we feel that Gluck did show a sense of dramatic fitness which is not always present in the scores of modern men, who, following Wagner’s example, have developed the musical side of opera in the wrong direction. Strangely enough, it has been left to the representative composer of the modern Italian School to bring about effects by the same simple means. In his *Tosca*, Puccini has written a wonderful piece of music descriptive of a chilly dawn over Rome. It is practically an exercise in consecutive fifths with the occasional striking of bells, and the sound of a far-off song of revellers. The pure musician sneers at such things. Again in *Madama Butterfly*, how simple are those pizzicato strings with a periodical low note on the harp illustrative of the night vigil of Madame Butterfly! A Wagner would have penned an elaborate orchestral picture, which could be played in the concert-room as “absolute music.” It is to be doubted, however, if it would have expressed the scene and the dramatic ideas with the same inevitable simplicity. Gluck’s *Armide* also made me doubt if opera has not developed on the wrong lines.

It has been well pointed out by a critic of singular acumen¹ that the eighteenth-century writers on the art took it for granted that music must be the subordinate partner in the marriage of verse and tone. That fundamental error lay at the heart of all the aesthetic of a period when “absolute music” had not gone far in its development. The error was a tenet of Gluck’s faith, but it did not inform his practice to any extent ; at least not if you view his operas as a whole. In the big dramatic scenes you will find him, it is true, so intent on giving the verse full play and on illustrating each separate image and idea that to modern

¹ Mr. Ernest Newman in his *Gluck and the Opera*.

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ears, accustomed to the symphonic commentary of Wagner, by which the whole emotional content of a speech is so expressed by the orchestra that the music carries its own meaning even if you do not understand the language in which it is sung, Gluck's use of the orchestra seems but a mere accompaniment, and the mind is haunted by the idea that music has not yet come into its supreme sovereignty. The view which he and his precise-minded adherents took of music was of their century. It was a limited view, and if it had been strictly adhered to would have robbed the world of the best parts of Gluck's own operas, as well as of the operas of Mozart and Wagner. For in any attempt to deal with the æsthetic of opera we must accept this truth : music is a language in itself, and its mode of expression has no real affinity with any form of speech, and least of all with highly decorative speech. The problem has nearly been solved with the utmost skilfulness by Richard Strauss in his songs. The accompaniment illustrates the mood of the poem, and, while the voice part is as faithfully conditioned by the verse to be sung as Gluck ever dreamed in his most doctrinaire moments, the voice and accompaniment together make a musical whole. Richard Strauss no doubt modelled his style on Wagner's ; but the composer of the *Ring* did not always remember that in song the voice must be important and not merely an instrument in a complex score. That is, I think, a premise which must be admitted. Also we must admit that in music-drama, if a scene can be best expressed by simple and characteristic means, there is no artistry in employing all the resources of the art. We must remember that music when used in connection with drama should not claim the rights of absolute music. That was the mistake made by Wagner. At the same time, there is no need for music to be a slave bound hand and foot by verse. Opera must be a compromise. It should neither be music with drama nor drama with music, but an amalgam of the two.

At present the art of opera has reached an *impasse*. Wagner's methods are felt to be too musical in spite of his theories ; the modern Italian School to be too dramatic. In the one drama is sacrificed to music ; in the other music is

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sacrificed to drama. Before Gluck's time and long afterwards both music and drama were sacrificed to the singer. In what direction should we retrace our steps? Gluck's *Armide* has shown me a glimmering of a new path. It does not spring from Gluck's theories, which were not new and had already been formulated by the Renaissance amateurs. Centuries have been spent in the discussion of operatic theories, and ten or fifteen years ago, when Wagner was new to most of us, it seemed as if he had said the last word on the subject. It escaped our notice that Wagner himself had upset his strict theories of music-drama in his last work *Parsifal*, or, if we noticed it at all, we came to the conclusion that the religious music-drama was the work of an old man in a moment of reaction. For in that music-drama Wagner used most of the resources of music. The chorus which he had practically banished from the *Ring*, with the passing exceptions of the chorus of Walkyries and Hagen's dependents, again takes its place as a powerful factor in music-drama, and he even makes use of the choric dance.

At the outset I said the history of opera reveals a curious see-saw between realism and convention, and the right understanding of the matter is to be grasped by a consideration of that history. The pseudo-Greek conception of Bardi and the early Florentine *dilettanti* was really a protest against the complex contrapuntal school of writing for the voice, in which all the meaning of verse was destroyed. But the Florentines made the mistake of assuming that music-drama must obey the same laws as spoken drama. That was again the mistake of Gluck in theory. In practice he merely made reforms in the expression of opera and did not really alter its growth to any great extent. It remained a conventional form of drama, if I may use the slang of the painter's craft. And a conventional form of art it must always be. From a realistic standpoint it is, of course, absurd that two and more people should sing at once when they are not merely chattering as in life. It is ridiculous, too, that the spectators of a drama should indulge in formal remarks on the dramatic action. And the introduction of a ballet is the height of absurdity. But I contend there is nothing intrinsically

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absurd in these musical conventions. They are part of the language of music. Wagner appeared to think that because dance and concerted song had given rise to absolute music and had become incorporated in it there was no place for them in music-drama in their original form. He came to that conclusion because of his initial and fundamental error in assuming that there can be only *one* form of drama. He refused to look his art steadily in the face. Had he done so he would have seen that all the conventionalities of opera, which for centuries have been satirised by literary men without a sense of music and without a power of æsthetic analysis, are only absurd when they are ill-used. The true function of music in its relation to drama is not primarily to illustrate action, which requires no illustration, since it takes place before our eyes, but to express the emotion of each scene. In spoken drama this can be only suggested, not realised. In verse-drama there is an attempt to realise this inner play, it is true, but compared with musical expression it is not more than an attempt. But the emotion of a scene is not to be realised by music if the fullest powers of the art be sacrificed to dramatic action or to a rigid setting of verse. The art has its own laws, its own forms, its own conventions. Wagner banished these conventions from the stage of music-drama. After *Lohengrin*, with the exceptions already named, he conditioned the vocal side of his opera by the dramatic action. That is to say, he avoided concerted vocal music of all kinds, and invented a formless, melodic declamation as the medium of dramatic expression.

The Wagnerian pins his faith to Wagner's declamatory style, but it is an open question if it really makes the effect it should make from a theoretical point of view. To many of us Wagner's vocal style seems needlessly formless. There surely can be a compromise between vocal writing which has no intrinsic beauty, and not much emotional appeal apart from its combination with the orchestra, and the set aria of old-fashioned opera. Gluck himself has shown what might be done by a modern man, and he would be a rash critic who contended that Donna Anna's tragic *Or rai chi l'onore* in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, or Zerlina's tender

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Vedrai Carino lose their emotional and dramatic sincerity because the arias are more or less symmetrical in their form. The objection to vocal melody is pedantic and superficial. Within reason—there should not be vain repetitions, or conventional cadences or unnecessary full-closes—it is not the form of the old arias nor yet the conventions of concerted music which one resents in old opera, but the inappropriateness of the music in its melodic and rhythmic character to the sentiment to be expressed. Gluck did reform opera in this most essential matter, and Mozart, with his native genius, never wrote a single aria or concerted number which did not express the right sentiment with inevitable truth. Opera was never marred by the use of formal musical beauty. The School of Bellini and Rossini was poor art because its arias were designed for the singers, and later Verdi made the same mistake.

The case against concerted singing in opera was not finally closed by Wagner. There is ground for appeal, and the modern Italian composers have shown that it is possible to be dramatic without adhering to hard-and-fast theories. Duets, trios, quartets, and the rest are among the most powerful and interesting modes of musical expression, and there could have been no question of banishing them were it not that a false idea of the nature of opera has come into being. It must not be judged by the standard of ordinary drama, in which the medium of expression is quite different. Through all these centuries opera has unconsciously striven to be free from pedantic theories. The realism which would banish concerted singing and choruses is an expression of that theoretical pedantry. The scheme of opera should be decorative, and treatment of the subject should be conditioned by the needs of music. By the "needs of music" I do not mean that there should be any attempt to wed "absolute" music to the drama, but that there should be no violence to the nature of the art; no false idea of making drama the chief end of opera. Puccini and the modern Italians err in that direction. Their choice of melodramatic subjects with an action almost as rapid as it is on the ordinary stage never gives music time to become articulate. Only the outside drama is expressed,

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and music should particularly confine itself to the inner drama of emotion. Every manifestation of music should be pressed into service. The choruses might be extended, and a return might even be made to the abstract commentary of the Greek chorus. And, above all, modern composers, faced by their desire to be realistic, have made a great mistake in banishing the ballet from opera. The singular beauty of the garden scene in *Armide* should open the eyes of our composers. Gluck was inspired beyond his custom when he wrote the music to that scene, but it is not merely that the music itself is inspired. A strangely fantastic atmosphere is created by the ballet together with the chorus and the songs of the Naiad and Shepherdess. The slow rhythmic motion of the dancers casts a spell of its own, and makes a beautiful accompaniment to the singing. Then, again, in the Hate Scene the ballet has much to do with the whole impression. The prejudice against the ballet in opera has been caused by the same reasons which have led to the banishment of formal vocal melody and concerted singing. The ballet crept into this form of art because dancing in conjunction with music is one of the most natural manifestations of human feeling. But in the pre-Gluck days the whole decorative scheme of opera had become excessive and the ballet was no longer there because it was part of this "conventional" expression of drama. Gluck employed the ballet as an integral part of his operas, heightening the drama and creating atmosphere by the employment of dancing. In later years it became a mere adjunct, and existed only for the sake of the dancers, just as the vocal music of opera was conditioned by the desire of singers to display their voices. The ballet then became a senseless decoration, and one can understand that it aroused the contempt of people of taste. But that is no reason why our modern composers should abandon so beautiful an expression of feeling, especially as it gives an opportunity for their art. It is in some such resuscitation of the decorative art of Gluck that opera will find a truer existence than in the attempt to wed absolute music to drama.

E. A. BAUGHAN

SOME WORDS ON LOCAL VETO

IN the December number of the *Independent Review*, Mr. Allen for six pages pronounces Local Option to be dead, and reslays the slain with argument, while on the seventh page he concedes the principle though narrowing it within unduly restricted limits. There is much in Mr. Allen's abstract arguments, which is very open to criticism, but the limits of space restrict me to traversing two of his positions, first that Local Option no longer commands any support, and secondly that on the strength of the experience of other countries it can be dismissed as a failure.

Of late he says, "hardly anything has been heard of Local Veto," and he informs us, incorrectly, I believe, that it no longer secures the support of the National Liberal Federation. May I venture to single out, from among others, three manifestations of public opinion, all of recent date, which a writer on the subject is hardly justified in overlooking?

First, it is strange that Mr. Allen should have completely ignored that the principle, which he thinks to be dead, had a few months before secured the overwhelming support of the present House of Commons.

On April 10th last, Mr. Leif Jones, M.P., the new President of the United Kingdom Alliance, carried by a majority of no less than 227 votes a motion in the following terms :

"That this House notes with satisfaction the successful working of the Local Option laws in the Colonies, and approves the principle on which these laws are based ; namely, that the people ought to

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possess the power through a vote of the local electors to protect themselves against the admitted evils of the liquor traffic."

At the last General Election, says Mr. Allen, "candidates tacitly dropped this unpopular proposal." If (as Mr. Allen erroneously thinks) these Liberal and Labour M.P.s were unpledged on the subject, it becomes a striking demonstration that they should have chosen to wait in London on the very eve of the Easter holidays in order to record their spontaneous convictions in favour of this reform.

Mr. Allen, however, ignoring this vote of Liberal and Labour Members of Parliament, says that the National Liberal Federation no longer passes its unanimous resolutions in support of Local Option. It is true that in recent years the hands of the Federation have been full of the task of fighting reactionary Toryism and Protection, but again and again it has declared that it stands by its formerly declared resolutions. May I, however, draw attention to the resolution passed by the National Labour Party in February 1906, by 666,000 votes to 103,000 on the motion of Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., that

"the time has arrived when the workers of the Nation should demand that a law should be enacted giving the inhabitants of every locality the right to veto any application for either the renewal of existing licences or the granting of new ones, seeing that public-houses are generally situated in thickly populated working-class districts."

Mr. Allen quotes approvingly the old misrepresentation of the liquor party that Local Option is "a class measure, enabling the rich to place restrictions on the poor in a matter which directly concerns the poor alone." Will he explain this demand, coming from the trades unionists and the special representatives of the working classes, for something which is ludicrously misrepresented as a measure to enable the rich to oppress the poor? How on earth the rich, voting under the broadest possible democratic franchise, where three-fourths of the voters belong to the

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working classes, are to set about this insidious design, is incomprehensible.

Between February and April 1906, however, a third expression of opinion has escaped Mr. Allen's notice. In March, the National Free Church Council, by a unanimous vote, "strongly recommended" that there should be "urgently demanded from Parliament (as one among other reforms) that a time-limit shall be fixed, at the end of which complete control of the drink traffic shall be secured to the people by means of a direct vote on the issue and renewal of all licences in their locality." It is needless to add that the Temperance organisations, the United Kingdom Alliance and the National Temperance Federation regard it "as the central, the essential and the indispensable part of their propaganda," while associations which are supposed to adopt a less exacting standard of reform, such as Sir Thomas Whittaker's Temperance Legislation League, include it in their programme; for in the words of Sir Thomas Whittaker, "the argument for the Veto is unanswerable." Without labouring the point further, enough has been said to show that Mr. Allen, in the refracting light of his individual prepossessions, has absolutely misjudged the hold which the principle of Local Option has obtained on Progressive opinion.

Not less noteworthy for the Liberal Party is the fact that in the debate on Mr. Leif Jones' resolution the Prime Minister said that he "gladly and willingly voted for it, as he had voted times out of number for similar resolutions before." It is indeed the case that the record of Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman has been honourably consistent on this principle. As far back as in 1870 and 1871 he voted twice for the old Permissive Bill. Three times in the eighties he voted for Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Local Option resolutions. He voted for the Welsh Local Veto Bill in 1891. On Christmas Eve he told his constituents in 1902:

"Many and many a time within the last thirty years I have advocated within these very walls what is known as Local Option, because I found myself in this belief, that if a public-house is to be opened in a

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certain street or at the corner of a certain street, the people most interested in it, who are the best judges whether it will be a blessing or a curse to them, are the people living in the immediate locality, not theorists, not officials, not high judicial authorities fetched from the other side of the country, but the people themselves who live in the locality. . . . I have therefore always supported that solution."

On April 13, 1905, replying to the Scotch Temperance deputation, he remarked that :

" With regard to the Local Veto or Local Option Bill, which was still alive in the hands of Mr. Craig, they had correctly said, he thought, that both Mr. Asquith and himself had been strong and convinced supporters of that measure for a long time."

Strangely enough, while Mr. Allen declares that "the conclusive argument against Local Veto or Local Option is based not on principle, nor on a priori grounds, but upon experience," he does not even refer to the experiments of British colonies, and he entirely misconceives the lessons of American precedents. He ignores the practical working of the principle in the British Empire. Yet if he had been following the progress of the question, Mr. Leif Jones' resolution might have put him on the right track. He does not allude to the wide prevalence of Local Option through the provinces of Canada ; he never mentions the fact that a large proportion of the Maritime Provinces vote for No Licence under their Local Option laws; that all Prince Edward Island has been brought under No Licence by means of Local Option ; that in Quebec during the last ten years the number of parishes and towns enforcing Local Option is officially given as having increased from one-third to at least 670 out of 1068 localities, while in Ontario 250 localities are now held for No Licence, and a vigorous Local Option campaign is, at this moment, in full swing. There is not a word about the steady and striking growth at the triennial Local Option polls which have been held

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in New Zealand; nor about the enactment of Local Option as part of a comprehensive measure in New South Wales in 1905; nor of the first Local Option polls in South Australia in 1906; nor of the passing of a measure embodying the same principle in Victoria; nor of the enactment of Local Option in the Transvaal Liquor Licensing Ordinance in 1903. Yet surely this diffusion throughout our democratic and self-governing Colonies of what Mr. Allen regards as "a class measure," which enables the rich to maltreat the poor, is a phenomenon which we may ask him to envisage and to explain.

Similarly, Mr. Allen's misreading of the American experience is surprising. There are passages in the article which show that he is fully aware of the difference between State prohibition and the system of Local Option, but he tells us that "the advocates of Local Option base their case . . . mainly on the experience of several American States, such as Maine, Kansas, and Iowa." It is, of course, the fact that Maine and Kansas are not Local Option States at all, while the system of Iowa is not what is meant by Local Option in England. These three States have State prohibition (with loopholes for contracting out in the case of Iowa). In Maine a law, passed in 1851 and made part of the Constitution in 1884, settled once and for all that there should be no sale of drink over a territory as big as Scotland inhabited by a population somewhat larger than that of Northumberland or Devon. In Local Option States each local Government area, polling district, parish, township, district council area, county, city, residential district or ward of a city, as it may be, settles at annual, biennial or longer period by popular vote whether there should be any sale of drink in these particular areas. Surely the wide differences in the working of the two systems are patent, and will occur to everybody. Even if all that Mr. Allen says about Maine were true, it would only have a very indirect bearing on the system of Local Option which Vetoists desire to see introduced into England. As a matter of fact his information is incorrect. Mr. Allen appeals to Messrs. Sherwell and Rowntree, as authorities for his conclusion that "a prohibitive measure will not

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work in England." He strangely ignores the fact that Messrs. Sherwell and Rowntree are themselves in favour of Local Veto, together with other reforms. Their real opinion can be judged from the following quotation from the very book which Mr. Allen considers to have destroyed the case for it :

"That Local Option has justified itself in the particular areas to which it has been applied, is broadly speaking incontestable. It has stimulated temperance sentiment and quickened progressive effort, until it has secured the total suppression of the liquor saloon over wide areas ; while its influence has been almost wholly free from those demoralising effects, which have followed the attempt to impose compulsory prohibition upon the cities of the Prohibition States. Up to the limit of its actual achievement, therefore, the experiment of Local Option in America is to be regarded as a decided success." (*The Temperance Problem and Social Reform*, ninth edition, 1901, p. 253).

Before, however, taking the whole of Messrs. Sherwell and Rowntree's criticism of the American experience for gospel, Mr. Allen might read Sir Thomas Whittaker's trenchant attack upon Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's conclusions on this point ; and he should remember that those conclusions (not excepting the unimpeachable photographs themselves), have been vehemently challenged and impeached by the Temperance Reformers of Maine itself. I was in Portland last September, and it is not true that the law was then "systematically defied" in the city, if by systematic defiance is meant the toleration of the open sale of drink in saloons. There was, at one time, a period of nullification under Mr. Sheriff Pennell ; it had, however, been stopped some time before my arrival. There are 8000 convictions for violation of licensing law yearly in England ; but in Portland there was no open sale at all. Still I must again reiterate that our case for Local Option does not properly rest on the experience of State Prohibition. Several States which tried State prohibition have fallen back instead

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on the principle of Local Option. That principle has swept east, west, south, and north through the American Union. It is applied with great variety and flexibility of method, under very different conditions in country districts, but also in towns and cities. It is taken for granted by most Americans as the reasonable and normal method of dealing with the liquor traffic. Local Veto powers exist in at least thirty States, apart from those which have State prohibition and those which secure No Licence for particular areas through elective licensing authorities, or special local legislation. Professor Barker, professor of Sociology at Boston University, estimates that "out of a total population of 27,000,000 of people in the Southern States more than 17,000,000 are living in prohibition territory, and throughout the entire country more than 30,000,000 of people" live in No Licence areas. (*The Saloon Problem and Social Reform*. Boston, 1905, p. 204.)

Mr. Allen says that "it is generally admitted that Prohibition, as applied to any part of the country except sparsely populated districts, has failed entirely, and the sale of alcohol goes on as if no law forbade it." This, however, is not generally admitted, and to any one who has actually seen the system of No Licence working, as I studied it this autumn in Massachusetts, no words could be a more grotesque and ludicrous travesty of the facts.

Out of the thirty Local Veto States in the American Union, Massachusetts may be singled out, just because it is not a sparsely populated or exclusively agricultural community. It is a commercial and industrial state, with developed manufactures and cities that have rapidly grown in the last twenty years. The density of population is almost exactly similar to that of the United Kingdom. The United Kingdom had 345·73 persons to the square mile in 1904 as compared with 348·9 persons to the square mile in Massachusetts in 1900. The urban element of the State, which has rapidly increased, is now 76 per cent. of the whole, meaning by urban element those living in areas having over 8000 inhabitants. It is in some respects the third manufacturing state in the Union, ranking after New York and Pennsylvania in the number of wage-earners employed. It

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is largely engaged in the production of textiles, cotton, woollen and worsted goods, boots and shoes, leather, paper and wood pulp, and other miscellaneous industries. Making all allowance for the inevitable differences, the working of Local Option in the form of an annual compulsory plébiscite of the electors in each city and township in the state may well throw some light on the possibilities of the principle under similar urban and industrial conditions in England.

A glance at the area round Boston may serve to check the hasty and ill-informed dogmatism which pronounces that Local Option can only be of the most limited use in the cities. Boston proper had in 1905 a population of 595,380, but the state census of that year includes in the area of "Greater Boston" as it calls it, 12 other cities and 17 "towns," which are within ten miles of the State House and come within the sphere of influence of their greater neighbour. Of these, 9 cities and 16 "towns" maintain a No Licence policy, while 3 cities and 1 "town" are licensed. The total area is 298·7 square miles inhabited by a total population of 1,226,858 inhabitants. Of these 725,035 persons, or 59·1 per cent. of the whole, live under the licence *régime* on an area of 64·5 square miles, while 501,823 persons, or 40·9 per cent. of the whole, live on an area of 235·2 square miles, all of which is covered by the policy of No Licence. (It is, of course, well known that the New England "town" means a township, generally rural in character, approximating to a district council area in size.)

The largest and best known of these No Licence cities is Cambridge (population 97,434), which lies across the River Charles over against the city of Boston, much as, with almost similar populations, Birkenhead lies across the Mersey over against Liverpool. Though adjoining Boston it has its own separate life, its local manufactures employing 12,986 wage-earners, and a pride in its civic government, which is noteworthy among American cities. It has now steadily voted for No Licence at twenty successive annual polls. The majority for the last four years has averaged 3901, and the total poll in the last year of voting was 87 per cent. of the electorate. But Cambridge is itself but a part of a much larger No Licence district. Somerville, Medford,

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Melrose, Everett and Malden form together with Cambridge one contiguous No Licence area, all under city government, with a population between them of 267,836 persons. This area is further protected north and west by a belt of No Licence towns. It is only on the south and east that it borders on licensed Boston and Chelsea. There are one or two of the outlying cities on the extreme edge of the ten-mile pale, which cannot be regarded as in any sense parts of Boston, though they more or less feel its influence. Such are the city of Waltham (population 26,282), a No Licence city surrounded by No Licence territory, the home of the American watch-making industry, where in one factory 7000 machines perform incredible tricks of uncannily human ingenuity; or the No Licence city of Quincy (population 28,076), which has granite and engineering works; while altogether outside the ten-mile pale lies the No Licence city of Brockton (population 47,794), surrounded by No Licence territory, a city purely industrial in character, devoted to the manufacture of boots and shoes.

It runs still more counter to current ideas in England to find that in the twenty-five years, during which the direct popular vote has operated in Massachusetts, it has won its most remarkable conquests in the cities rather than in the country districts. No Licence in the country districts has remained practically stationary since 1881, maintaining its position against the inroad of a mass of alien immigrants, who now form 30 per cent. of the population of the state. In 1906, 248 out of 321 "towns" voted for No Licence, the remaining 73 towns accepting the Licence system. Thus, 77·2 per cent. of the country districts, covering an area equal to 5444 square miles or 73·9 per cent. of the total area under town government banishes the Saloon from its territory. But almost this proportion of the towns was won in the first Local Option polls. It was really a legacy from the state prohibition system, which existed in Massachusetts till 1875, when for a few years a licensing system followed. But of the 33 places which are now cities, 29 were licensed twenty-five years ago, and 20·7 per cent. of these urban localities have since been carried by

SOME WORDS ON LOCAL VETO

the popular vote. It is the cities of Cambridge, Quincy, Waltham, Somerville, Malden, Beverley, Brockton and Medford (the old home of the Massachusetts rum-trade), which are the great captures of the No Licence movement during the period. They were all in 1879 under a Licence system ; they appear to be steadily held by annual votes for No Licence to-day.

As for the results of this No Licence system in Massachusetts, limits of space prevent a full treatment. I must content myself with saying that, in spite of Mr. Allen's statements, the law is well enforced, that the problem of the clubs is not found insoluble, that the gain in wealth and prosperity due to the diversion of the Drink Bill into more productive channels is strikingly shown by the increase of savings in the savings banks and the rising valuation and assessment of the cities. It is not the aim or the purview of the No Licence system to abolish the consumption of drink in the No Licence area. It aims only at the suppression of the retail sale. Some drunkenness, which springs from set and inveterate habit, continues in spite of the check. But the drunkenness that is caused by convenience of opportunity and facility of temptation shows a marked diminution. A mass of statistics justify the statement that intemperance falls by reason of the No Licence system at least 66 per cent.

The pessimists who prophesy that no English city and no ward or polling district in a city could conceivably be won for Local Option, have apparently omitted to look closely enough at Transatlantic experience. In Canadian cities, like Montreal or Toronto with its population of a quarter of a million, polling district option is allowed, and a drink map of the city of Toronto shows that large sections of the city are thus wholly cleared of the traffic. It is still more encouraging to find, what is a demonstrable fact, that the prophets, notably in Cambridge and Quincy, were equally confident that these cities could not be carried; but in spite of the prophets and the pessimists, the thing has been done. It is, in fact, somewhat singular to find that in spite of an elaborate science of bye-election statistics and the careful watching of the trend of public opinion,

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electoral prophets are often at a loss and sometimes make astounding blunders about ordinary political contests. In case of a Local Option poll, of which there has been hardly any English experience at all, why does every one think that he can unquestionably be sure of the result in advance? It is not much use arguing with these prophets, who are cocksure that the adoption of No Licence must vary inversely with the need for it; but one can very heartily disbelieve them, as the brewers also clearly do. Of course these contests are not carried in Massachusetts without a fight for it; and the same fight would be needed in England. These No Licence cities have developed properly equipped committees, smart electioneering, effective literature, the due fighting funds and all the requisites of hard campaigning. Points in the contest are thoroughly discussed and canvassed by the man in the street, before the victory is won. You have to wrestle for the soul of the city, but the chance of regeneration is always there.¹

¹ Since the above was written, three more cities in Massachusetts have been carried for No Licence in the December elections of 1906. One of these cities, Chelsea, is in the area of "Greater Boston" above referred to. This brings the population in the No Licence tract of "Greater Boston" up to 539,118, and in the contiguous urban No Licence area up to 305,125.

HUDDERSFIELD AND THE STRENGTH OF LIBERALISM

HUDDERSFIELD certainly had a "moral" for the politician and the student of politics. Though I have "assisted" at many bye-elections, I do not recall another which so manifestly made for edification and for electioneering education. Yet its rather obvious lessons appear to have escaped Mr. Keir Hardie, who, on the other hand, insists very strongly upon the far-fetched and non-existent. Doubtless, the explanation lies in the fact that the Labour leader was unable personally to participate in those later phases of the contest which really determined the issue. Nor did it any longer appear strange that he should be so surprisingly off the mark when one found that his chief concern, in the article in the January *Independent Review*, was to explain away the defeat of the Socialist candidate. To attempt this was not by any means the best way of elucidating the meaning of an engrossingly interesting contest in which the play of new political forces was seen. Any anticipation that the Labour leader would help the average politician to comprehend their nature and appreciate their comparative significance was somewhat rudely dispelled by such unimpressive *obiter dicta* as are fairly sampled in the following sentence :

"Socialism did not drive away votes, though it may have kept a few from supporting the Labour candidate who might otherwise have done so"
(p. 64).

Surely, Mr. Keir Hardie does not expect us to implicitly accept his word for it, that there is all the difference in the world between keeping away votes and driving them away ! And yet, if this is not his contention, what can he really

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mean by an incoherence which—if it may be said without offence—is a little characteristic of the whole article? Mr. Keir Hardie the platform orator challenges our admiration and commands our appreciation. But these adventures in the region of political meteorology, it may only too easily be shown, savour something too much of amateurishness. Much more than the unconvincing nature of his original discoveries, Mr. Keir Hardie's amazing forgetfulness respecting Socialist predictions of secure success at Huddersfield reduces the value of his "moral" to *nil*.

This bye-election supplied the very first instance in which a constituency was literally overrun by advocates of votes for women. The Lancashire and Cheshire Women's Trade Council regarded the industrial borough in the light of their peculiar province and an ideal field for their labours; and the Women's Social and Political Union eagerly embraced a signal opportunity of carrying out its declared policy of embarrassing the Government. A contest which so conspicuously brought to a practical test the electioneering influence and power of the new movement for the enfranchisement of the sex assuredly must provide a "moral" of real and novel interest and importance. It is, therefore, a trifle ungallant on the part of so pronounced an advocate of votes for women as Mr. Keir Hardie to ignore this exceptional feature of the election. Possibly his otherwise unaccountable silence is due to the circumstance that Huddersfield Socialists were, at the last, by no means enamoured of the efforts of the little army of women who converted every street corner into a hustings, and harangued the corner-men by the hour, morning, noon, and night. As they did not preach Socialism, or inculcate the whole duty of man, at Huddersfield, namely "Vote for Williams," the Socialists doubted the serviceableness of these allies in the attack upon the Liberals. Their shrewder canvassers, indeed, had reason for believing that the illogicality of the situation, so far as the representatives of the Women's Social and Political Union were concerned, had set up re-action which was calculated to profit rather than to defeat the Liberal candidate. Mr. Sherwell's "hard case" was appealing to the natural sympathies of the male elector:

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“Why should Mrs. Pankhurst and her colleagues desire to oppose me? (asked the Liberal candidate). Some month or two ago, after the first scene in the House of Commons by Miss Kenny, I received a letter—a four-page letter—from that lady appealing to me as one well known to be a friend in every kind of work for improving the conditions of women’s lives, for a donation towards their movement. So that, apparently, I am in this position: I am good enough to beg a subscription from, but I am not good enough to be supported as the representative of their party in Parliament.” (Loud cheers.)

I may not examine the Socialist conclusions on this subject at any length here, but on the practical question of the electioneering significance of the women’s campaign I can contribute the result of inquiries which, in the pursuit of my professional duties, I addressed to active spirits of all three parties who had access to the reports of the party canvassers in each case. There was a unanimous expression of opinion that the women’s campaign had failed in its deliberate purpose of damaging the Government by withdrawing votes from the Ministerial candidate. Liberals, Tories, and Socialists, however, chivalrously acknowledged that the women had handsomely contributed to the gaiety of the electorate and there had never been a contest at Huddersfield which had aroused so much popular interest.

In the recent report of the Women’s Social and Political Union it was claimed that only time was needed to make their Huddersfield effort effective. This is sheer illusion, since Mr. Sherwell’s majority was wholly won in the closing hours of the campaign, and would, most likely, have increased with time.

For the first time, also, there was, as Mr. Keir Hardie allows, a deliberate forcing of the fight by the Liberals on the lines of Social Reform against Socialism. His own comment emphasises the significance, and the tactical success, of this change of attack on the part of the Ministerialists:

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"It was, I think, most unfortunate, from the point of view at least of winning the seat, that the Labour candidate allowed his opponents to select the issue upon which the contest was to be fought. The challenge thrown out by the Liberal candidate and his supporters was eagerly taken up. Socialism versus Anti-Socialism became the rallying cry of the two main parties to the contest. As a Socialist myself I do not regret that this was so, even although I recognise, as I do, that it led to the defeat of the Labour candidate" (p. 64).

Here, again, I think, it is not unjust to say that Mr. Keir Hardie might have been more coherent. How could, or can, a Socialist candidate refuse to accept the challenge of Anti-Socialism? The one alternative—to "run away" and "live to fight another day"—is not likely to find acceptance with Mr. Keir Hardie, at any rate. He was ever a fighter. Then, what can be his meaning? Was Mr. Russell Williams, a confessed Socialist, who had put out an address which was Socialism summarised, to follow the ignominious example of Mr. Foster Fraser in reference to "Tariff Reform," and to declare that he was a Socialist in principle but would not advocate Socialism in this Parliament? Presumably, as Mr. Keir Hardie designates Mr. Williams "the Labour candidate," and differentiates himself as "a Socialist myself," he would have had the Socialism of Mr. Williams discreetly kept in the background. "Tactics, tactics!" It is passing strange to find the Labour leader adopting the perilous rôle which brought Mr. Balfour and the Unionist party to political ruin. After this, it is a mere verbal trifle to ask Mr. Keir Hardie to reconcile his "I do not regret it" with his earlier description of the Labour defeat as "most unfortunate"; or to select which "moral" he would have us accept as his when he says, within the compass of a single page, that the challenge thrown out by the Liberal candidate—in its "most unfortunate" acceptance by the Huddersfield Socialists, which he "did not regret"—"led to the defeat of the Labour candidate," and then again :

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“The moral of Huddersfield is that Liberalism, with all the advantages enumerated above, was not able to hold its own against a Labour candidate who fought practically on a Socialist ticket” (p. 64).

It is, assuredly, a “moral” of Huddersfield which every Liberal and Radical should lay to heart, that, on the showing of Mr. Keir Hardie himself, the advocacy of “Social progress along the lines of Liberal principles, rather than along the revolutionary lines of State Socialism,” won for Mr. Sherwell a victory which must otherwise have gone to the Socialist candidate. It were an easy matter to prove conclusively that Mr. Keir Hardie was perfectly accurate in this single particular, though it shatters all the rest of his elaborate explanation of the Socialist defeat. Public confidence in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and in his readiness and determination to constitute the great democratic majority in this Parliament an instrument of many far-reaching social reforms, was reflected in the Huddersfield result. It says much for the political sagacity of Mr. Arthur Sherwell that he was the first Liberal candidate to legitimately exploit this remarkable measure of national confidence in the Prime Minister and to spike the guns of the Socialists in the effective fashion to which Mr. Keir Hardie has authoritatively testified. A “moral” indeed for the Liberal party at this critical stage in the history of the unexampled majority!

A sentence will suffice to point the third outstanding “moral” of this highly instructive bye-election. The hollowness and hopelessness of “Tariff Reform” had memorable demonstration in the discretionary surrender of the Protectionist candidate to the Free Trade Unionists, with a pledge to banish his fiscal heresies from his obliging mind during the present Parliament “if elected.” It says something for party morality that the chagrin with which the Conservative candidate publicly acknowledged his second condign defeat appeared to afford men of all denominations a considerable amount of quiet satisfaction.

HUGH W. STRONG

A COMMON OCCURRENCE

ONE of the results of the Macedonian reform scheme is that the Turkish army officers are considerably smartened up. Their uniforms are no longer in holes, their horses are admirably groomed, and their swords and accoutrements glitter with polish. As a consequence they are held in greater respect by their men, and the friendly and informal relations which used to exist between them are significantly altered. The captain of the large military escort now obligatory for travellers in Macedonia rides alone in front of his company, while the soldiers follow two and two in regular order. But (as I found when riding through Macedonia last autumn) out of earshot of the *Yuz-bashi* in front, the stragglers at the back of the company are only too glad, like the genial Turks they are, to exchange ideas and relieve the monotony of the road. It is not wonderful that Europe has little sympathy to spare for the Turkish soldier himself. He is too much connected with the Sultan's Government, and too often the ignorant instrument of that Government. But if he is the Sultan's instrument, he is also his victim, and by no means the victim least to be pitied. Here, at Salonika or Kavalla, for the last four years, are landed week by week some hundreds of troops from Anatolia or Syria. Not knowing for what purpose they are sent, they must garrison a country they dread as unknown and despise as foreign, be quartered among an alien and a hostile race which regards each one of them as its natural enemy, and die, in all probability, for an unknown cause. If they do not die by disease or the sword, they may look forward to no return home, and the love of the Turk for his home and his mother are the strongest virtues in him. In some respects indeed their condition is

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improved. Starvation and robbery are not now the sole alternatives before them. They are paid a regular wage of 1 *medjid* 1 *cherek* (about 4s. 1d.) a month, but recent history shows that 4s. 1d. a month does not quite destroy the pleasures of looting.

"What is your work here?" I ask them, one after the other. "To hunt the *komitadji*," is the answer. "Where are they?" "In the mountains." "Have you killed many yourself?" "Yes," with pride, "but not in the mountains. Every Christian is a *komit*. I killed two in that village yonder last month." "And I, four in the pass before us," breaks in another, eager to tell his exploits. "Why must they be killed?" "They are rebels." "But then is your *devlet* (government) good? Perhaps they cannot help being rebels." They shrug their shoulders at that, and smile slyly at each other. "Do you meet the big bands and destroy them?" "No, none know where the big bands are. They are in the forests or the mountains, and they move by night." They do not care much for this subject; they prefer to talk about home. Till the last few years, they tell me, if a man was an only son and his mother a widow depending on him, he would be spared foreign service. Now, so great is the demand for men, all are treated alike. Hassan and Mehmet, fine lads from Broussa in Asia Minor, are in this case. "I came here four years back," complains poor Hassan, "and Allah knows if I shall ever see my mother's face again." "Can you write to her?" "Yes, but she cannot write to me. She never learnt." The thought of Broussa and its glories fills them with rapture. Had I ever seen it, its rushing waters, its roses, its fruit-trees? Their eyes rest on the barren limestone hills above us. "Ah! Broussa, Broussa! *Janem cyqillir* (my soul is troubled)," and their voices grow tender and caressing. It is time to change the subject. "Why are there so many *firinge* officers here?" I ask briskly to turn their thoughts. "Allah knows," is the answer with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. Another, more intelligent, replies, "It is said that they have come to learn." That they have come for any other purpose is evidently not apparent. All foreigners are strange, unaccountable beings, especially the travellers who come to

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see this terrible land of Macedonia. A few words of Turkish went a long way towards modifying this idea in my case, and I was flattered, on one occasion when I had ridden ahead of the rest of the party who were dawdling in a village, to hear the officer call out to me "not to leave him alone among these barbarians!"

Perched on the summit of the mountain chain that bounds the great plain of Monastir, and commanding an ample view of river and hill, stands Krushevo, till three years ago the principal health-resort of Macedonia. It is still one of the most picturesque towns in Turkey. The houses with their white-washed walls set off by black beams and projecting upper-storeys, are large and substantially built, and the black forests that rise behind the town supply the touch of romance so often lacking in a limestone country. A closer view, however, reveals the fact that most of the big houses are quite newly built, while others are still in building. The greater number are crumbling away in picturesque ruins, and the gaunt bare walls, with the paper still peeling off them, are riddled with shot or splashed with bullet-marks. It is a chaos of fallen stones and charred wood, and the newly built houses only serve to show off the sea of ruin around them. Three years ago Krushevo had to be "pacified." Its finest houses were burnt to the ground, its defenceless walls bombarded by Turkish artillery. The prosperous and peaceable Vlachs whose labour and money had slowly built up the beautiful town, were ruined at one fell blow. Two hundred of the finest remaining houses now stand empty.

But, it will be asked with not unnatural impatience, why hark back to the troubles of 1903? Is not Krushevo being rebuilt, even if the work is slow? Has not Europe reformed Macedonia? Is not our trade even now hampered by a three per cent. increase in the customs' duties for the very purpose of financing these reforms? Is not Salonika full of European officers and commissioners and agents and inspectors, all maintained on the spot to see the reforms carried out? A very short journey through the interior of the country, and a stay of a few days in each of the largest towns, provided ample answer to these questions.

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The night we spent at Krushevo was disturbed by the talking, tramping and clattering that always attends a departure in the East. The little garrison had been called out in the evening to a village an hour away. A Bulgar village had been attacked by a band, and only instant surprise by regular troops could have dispersed them. It was not till sunrise that two officers and nineteen soldiers were off to the scene of action. But, as Hilmi Pasha, Inspector-General of the reforms in Macedonia, replied when asked how it was the bands were never caught, "The bands work by night, the troops by day." So the band had had the night on which it had reckoned for its work of destruction, and before the troops appeared next morning, its tracks had been neatly obliterated behind it. Next day we stopped for our midday halt at a large *khân* at the foot of a mountain pass. We saw that its walls were riddled with shot, and its windows smashed. It had been held by a band last year, and bombarded from outside. The sight of bullet-marks and the stains of shot on walls became very familiar after this.

Everybody we met on the roads was heavily armed, from the Turkish or Albanian bey on his Arab horse, to the poorest wayfarer between the villages. Only the Christians, Greek, Bulgar, Serb, do not carry arms. And the Christians do not travel. They only work in the fields, and take their chance day after day of being shot at their work. Murders in the harvest fields in August and September were so common this year, nobody seemed to pay much attention to them.

On arrival at Monastir, we heard at the British Consulate, as a matter of no great importance, that the Bulgarian village of Smilevo had been attacked by a mixed band of Greeks and Turks on the previous Sunday. The village had been surrounded about four o'clock in the afternoon, when many of the unsuspecting people were collected in the *khân* for the weekly holiday, and the women and children, in gala costume, were parading the streets. Heavy firing was continued till sufficient houses had been destroyed. When a hand-to-hand struggle began inside the village. Anything the band could lay their hands on, hatchets, knives, clubs, was used for the massacre. A girl of thirteen

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whose body the Consuls examined was literally cut to pieces. Eight houses were burnt to the ground, twelve people killed, including four children and five women, and several men severely wounded. Firing continued through most of the night, yet the Turkish patrol, only one hour away, waited to come up till all was quiet : and the first that was heard of the affair was from a fugitive who reached Monastir at eleven o'clock next day. By this time the band had finished its work and safely retreated into the mountains with the tracks behind it obliterated, and Turkish troops had quartered themselves on the village.

The frequency of these attacks makes their description monotonous. In the next few days refugees from the village poured into Monastir, bringing with them those of the wounded who might by any chance survive the discomforts of the rocky path on pack-horses or in spring-less "arabas." Their fellow-countrymen in the outskirts of the city gave them shelter in their own poor homes, and there a Bulgarian doctor did his best to tend their wounds. No Bulgarian hospital is permitted in Monastir. The flourishing Greek hospital admits no Bulgar, and the formalities attending the admission of a Christian peasant to the Turkish generally preclude the possibility of treatment there, even if their rooted objection to the place were overcome.

We visited a group of newly arrived fugitives who were huddled together in a *khân* in the city. Among a crowd of them in one room, I singled out one man with three scared-looking children clinging round him. He was sitting on the floor, his head buried in his hands, and when he looked up he stared at us vacantly. Asking his history, I learnt that he had seen his wife and eldest child burnt to death before his eyes on Sunday afternoon. On the floor of a room near by lay a woman delirious with fever. She had a deep bullet wound in the breast, and a cut with a hatchet across the shoulder. Her husband was one of the killed. A week later she died, leaving four little children destitute. The baby of eight months fortunately died with her. She had poisoned it by feeding it after she was wounded, and, refusing all artificial food, it starved itself to death. It was

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touching to see the unselfishness of other mothers there, who stinted their own hungry babies, to feed the starving children of the wounded and dying.

A few paces brought us to another house where, on the floor of a small mud room, an aged couple of more than seventy lay stricken. The old man had been inveigled out of the village to show the band where some cattle were grazing. Just out of earshot of the villagers, he was tied to a tree and beaten till they left him for dead. His hand was nearly cut off by the rope, and his head terribly wounded. The old woman who tried to rescue him had her arm smashed with a club. These old people had lost at one fell swoop the home, the cattle, the barns, all the little property which long lives of strenuous toil had brought them, and tears of shame filled their eyes when they were forced by sheer need to accept the money we offered them. In the next house a young mother of nineteen, praised as the village beauty, lay in her gala dress of Sunday all tattered and besmirched. She had run out to call in the cattle when she knew the band was coming, and they had set on her fiercely. Happily, being one of the most prosperous of the villagers, she had £3 in her pocket, and with this they were satisfied, after they had beaten her well and wrenched her bridal rings off her fingers. Her head was wounded in five places, and her face black with blows; but what she cares for most is the loss of her rings, symbols of her position in the village, and she moans pitiably as she moves the torn stiff fingers.

As we left the house a woman carrying a boy of five in her arms asked us for medicine for the child. He was clinging desperately round her, his face hidden, his body quivering all over with convulsive sobs. "He has the fear," she explained, "he has trembled like that since Sunday."

* * * * *

Meanwhile Europe believes that it is reforming Macedonia. What are the facts of the case? During the two last years the mandate given in 1903 to Austria and Russia, as the two most interested powers, has been practically superseded by the action of the Concert. England has taken the leading part in the negotiations. The two main

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departments of the Macedonian Government in which Europe has demanded a share of control are those of police and finance. Both have long been fruitful sources of misrule in Turkey, and drastic reforms in each might have produced far-reaching improvement. The reorganisation of the gendarmerie has been nominally confided to an Italian general De Giorgis Pasha, under whom European officers, so many from each of the Great Powers except Germany, serve in the districts apportioned to them. The officers, including their chief, are all Turkish officials, clad in Turkish uniform and fez, and in the pay of the Turkish Government. In the chief town of each district a training school for those aiming at the higher posts in the Service has been established. At Salonika, there is also a school for recruits conducted by an English officer. The instruction given is excellent. There are no doubt some good results to be shown for this work. The gendarmerie, as a force, is improved in appearance and less uncivilised in behaviour. The men get regular pay, and their self-respect is, in consequence, increased. One case actually occurred where a Christian village asked for a gendarme to be stationed among them. As for the European officers themselves, they have had till lately a restraining influence on the lawlessness in their districts. This can hardly be said now, in face of the recent large increase in crime. The detailed and frequent reports they are obliged to send in to their chief, reports which finally reach their own Governments, leave no excuse for ignorance to the Chancellories of Europe. Each is kept informed of every outrage and every murder that occurs in the districts for which it is responsible.

Yet in spite of all this that reads so well, why is it that outrage and murder have increased by leaps and bounds in the last two years, that the country is more than ever infested by revolutionary bands whose destruction of life and property goes absolutely unpunished, and that the prisons are overflowing with political prisoners? It is matter of common knowledge that, whereas before the Reforms a man's property and the honour of his wife were precarious, since the Reforms life itself is never secure. The failure of the gendarmerie scheme is frankly admitted by its

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inaugurator and chief De Giorgis Pasha. The secret of its failure is that the officers possess absolutely no control. They give advice, but they cannot enforce that advice by commands. Day after day De Giorgis sends detailed reports of the complaints of his officers to Hilmi Pasha, Turkish Inspector-General. Day after day the reports are ignored, or politely acknowledged, and there the matter ends. He can enforce no attention to them, and insist on no justice. Should a Commission of inquiry be promised by chance, the usual parody of justice is enacted. Europe has no control over the judicature of the country ; and the Courts of Law make a mockery of justice. Until the whole system of justice is fundamentally altered, European officers may report outrages to their Governments, and call upon the Turkish Government for redress, but nothing will come of it. This lack of control is enough to vitiate the whole scheme of reforming the gendarmerie.

Another cause of its failure is the hostility of the Turkish army to the whole scheme. By refusing to supply recruits, they can effectually starve the service, and this they are engaged in doing. The regular troops, whose functions in any civilised country are of a wholly different order to those of the police, are made to perform the duties of the gendarmes, whose province, so far from being extended, is thus continually and increasingly encroached upon by the troops. The country swarms with Asiatic soldiers, in the most civilised state a fruitful source of disorder and licence ; and quite recently unprovoked and deliberate looting expeditions against Bulgarian villages have been carried out by the troops, who have even discarded the now familiar pretence that they are members of a Greek band.

A third cause of failure is the limitation of the slender powers of the European officers to the rural gendarmerie. They have nothing to do with the urban police ; yet it is in the towns that the majority of political murders occur. Even over the rural gendarmes their advisory powers are ridiculously limited. For instance, they can make no objection to the employment of gendarmes for the collection of taxes, or, as it is more correct to say, for the protection of the tax-collector. It will easily be seen that, with the

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present powers, the gendarmerie scheme can have little effect on the state of the country.

In the matter of finance, a European Commission was appointed in 1905, and began to sit at Salonika in January of last year. Each of the Powers, including Turkey, is represented by one Commissioner, and the President is a Turk. The one good result of the Commission has been the regular payment of the troops and the gendarmerie. With that said, all is said. The taxation of the country is largely increased, and the most reliable information reports that it is not more regularly assessed. It takes a great deal of money to pay sufficient salaries to all the new officials, Turkish and foreign, who are working under the Reform scheme, besides the up-keep of the new schools and institutions, and all this money comes out of the pockets of the peasant. It is an admittedly humiliating position for the English officers. They are in the pay of the Turk, yet they can do nothing to help the miserable people for whose benefit they have been sent, and by whose labour they are supported.

It must not be thought that England has been idle in the matter. Realising her special responsibility for the Christians of Macedonia, as the Power whose representations were chiefly effectual in forcing them back in 1878 under the Government from which Russia would have freed them, she has made repeated attempts to secure more adequate reforms. Had the more drastic scheme of control put forward by Lord Lansdowne in December 1904 been accepted, we should have seen a very different condition of things to-day. As to the Finance Commission, the most that can be said is that we have paved the way for international control. No actual step has been taken along the road. We had no justification for making the concessions we did, concessions which have made the Commission the admitted farce it is. Its acceptance by the Porte, with no more than a protest, was a guarantee of its ineffectiveness.

Our own interests, if no other considerations, will compel us at length to adopt a more effective policy in Macedonia. To those most competent to judge, the peace of Europe must, before many months are over, receive a

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rude shock. That Turkey and Bulgaria will long refrain from war is not to be contemplated. Two courses are open to us. Either we must admit our failure to secure good government for Macedonia and to maintain peace ; remove the pressure we have put on Bulgaria, to prevent her going to war with Turkey, and so settling the matter in her own way ; allow her to fight it out with Turkey and Greece, and make up our minds what line we are to take in such an event. To many who despair of reforming Macedonia under its present rulers, such a war, ending with a partition between Bulgaria and Greece, seems the only solution. Or, if we reject that solution, we must do the only thing which can bring peace to Macedonia and security to Europe, so long as the Turk remains the nominal ruler. Autonomy for Macedonia under a Governor responsible to the Powers is the only way of preserving the Sultan's suzerainty.

But other than political considerations have a part in this question. Were it possible to maintain the peace of Europe by bolstering up the present state of things, tying the hands of Bulgaria, and deafening the ears of the civilised world to the cry of a million of distracted peasants, would such a peace be worth maintaining ?

Can Europe, and England above all, afford for ever to ignore the moral obligation that binds it to the protection of these peasants ? Europe appears to have forgotten them. Are they deserted by Providence too ? Significant was the reply of a Turkish officer, when asked the names of some Christian villages on the hillside. "Their names !" he repeated contemptuously. "Does Allah himself know their names ?"

VICTORIA DE BUNSEN

RUSSIA BY THE BALTIC

IN all the drama of the nations, no people have played so tragic a rôle as the inhabitants of the Baltic Provinces. Before the German occupation, which began in the middle of the 12th century, this territory was the home of three nations, the Esthonians, the Livonians and the Letts. They had carried pagan civilisation to a higher plane than any other of the Northern races. Commerce was their chief occupation. Their caravans brought the furs of the North, the silks and jewels of the East, to the shores of the Baltic, and their ships traded these treasures for the ivory of Africa. Their governmental and judicial systems were highly developed. Their Arts—especially music and literature—surpassed those of their Teutonic or Slavic neighbours. But they were not war-like.

And so when the Germans came, they met little resistance. The Germans brought with them Christianity and Chivalry, Bishops and Barons. And they turned this hitherto peaceful land into a battle-field. Every inch of the country is bloody with romance. And no other country is so full of interest to lovers of chivalric legends and storied ruins. From the first struggles between the Knights of the Teutonic Order and the Bishops of Riga, down to the Crimean War, there has not been ten years of uninterrupted peace. Ivan the Terrible in his day swept over the country with the half savage hordes of the East. The Polish Armies in the 16th century ravaged the country on their way to capture Moscow. Gustavus Adolphus made this the theatre of his wars. The Napoleonic period brought fresh invasion and rapine.

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But more devastating than these foreign wars has been the continual internal struggle to throw off the German yoke. No generation of natives has grown old without trying it. And in this struggle the Livonian nation has been reduced to half-a-dozen families, the Ests and Letts have been decimated. The latest spasm of this seven-century-old revolt broke out in December of 1905. The embers of this revolt are still smouldering, and peace has not been re-established in the Baltic Provinces—except in the rapidly growing graveyards.

In a recent issue of this REVIEW an article was printed from the pen of Prince Lieven. In dealing with the relations between the German nobles and the Lettish peasants he tries to show that German rule has always been intelligent and beneficent. He states that the Germans have given the natives (*a*) a complete religious and ethical system, (*b*) a finely developed school system, and (*c*) that the masters abolished serfdom of their free will, long before the Emancipation of the rest of Russia, and that the steps by which the serfs were raised by means of the “*corvée*” to independent freeholders formed quite an ideal system, giving mutual satisfaction to noble and serf. The benevolence of the Germans being established by these three points, he proceeds to blame the Russian officials for stirring the natives into revolt.

Some of the statements of Prince Lieven are true. Some I—and I fear he—could not verify. And some are in direct conflict with facts which have come under my observation.

Let us look at some of his statements in detail.

“It must be said that everything that the people possess in the way of religion, culture, and civilisation, they owe entirely to their Teuton masters. . . . Their religious ideas, their principles, and ideas of right and wrong are completely of German origin” (par. 4).

It is true that the people are Lutherans, like their masters. But their interpretation of Christianity runs along a different channel. Some centuries ago the Barons gave God and the villages tracts of land for the support of the Church. Land values have increased immensely

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throughout the country, and some of these glebes now yield 2,000 pounds. The pastorate is a good opening for a younger son. The pastors are almost all German, seldom speak the native language, and still less frequently have any sympathy for, or understanding of, their congregation. The pastor of one Lettish congregation spoke to me of his flock as "devils." But he was especially vindictive on account of the cold wind which blew in through the smashed windows of his parsonage—a wind aggravated by the smoke of his smouldering barns and hay-mows. In fact the religious war—while not so fundamental a cause of revolt as the economic struggle—was the immediate cause of the outbreak last December. The Letts and Esthonians are as much dissatisfied with the religion dispensed by their Teuton masters as were the followers of Cromwell with the religion of Charles Stuart and Laud.

But this divergence goes farther than dogma and doctrine. It extends to practical morals. The native principles and "ideas of right and wrong" differ very radically from those of the masters. It would be hard to find a Lett or an Esthonian who thought it was morally wrong to burn the chateaux. This hardly coincides, I fear, with Prince Lieven's ethics.

Riga is a city of about 300,000 inhabitants, and from time immemorial has been governed by the Germans. During their rule and to-day it has the vices ordinary to a city of its size. German morals have never been sufficiently shocked by prostitution to interfere with it. But during the few weeks in December, when the city was in the hands of the Lettish people, it was purified. Prostitution, gambling, intoxication and other abominations tolerated by the German, were incompatible with the Lettish "ideas of right and wrong."

The Prince is within the truth when he speaks of the system of education (par. 9). The percentage of illiteracy in the Baltic Provinces is said to be less than in any republic on earth. Instruction has been universal in the lower schools, and the old University of Dorpat had a high reputation for erudition and scholarship. The schools were organised by German brains and largely supported by German money.

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Few—if any—countries had a more thorough system of education in the 19th century.

Prince Lieven's account of the Emancipation, however, is misleading, and some of his statements regarding the subsequent treatment of the peasants are inaccurate. It is true that serfdom was abolished in the Baltic Provinces long before it was in the rest of Russia, and that it was done by the free will of the German nobility and not under compulsion. The significant point is that the Baltic serfs were "liberated" under conditions much less favourable than was the case in Russia. The new peasants were not only given no land, but they had not the right to acquire land, nor to emigrate. The former masters were freed from all legal responsibility towards the young, infirm and aged peasants. It is hard to discover what compensating good came to the peasants through their "freedom." Such a condition of servitude is, I believe, unique. The peasants had neither land nor the right to acquire it, nor the right to seek elsewhere for work. They must do the same work for the same master without the security of serfdom. The practical advantages to the masters of the new system are evident. The Emancipation was due, not so much to the influence of "the romantic, chivalrous nature of Czar Alexander I"—as Prince Lieven suggests (par. 6)—as to enlightened self-interest.

When this system of exploitation had produced dangerous discontent among the peasantry, the "corvée" was introduced. Prince Lieven states that the "corvée" was abrogated by this law of 1830 (par. 8). I have not been able to find this law. But in 1868 the Governor General of the Baltic Provinces issued an edict (6 Mar. XII) that the "corvée" should be abolished from the date of April 23rd, 1868. In 1889 the Russian government appointed several commissioners to regulate the relations between landlords and tenants. They reported that while the Germans took part payment in money they still as a general practice extorted "corvée" service.

The German overlords have gone through the whole evolution from robber barons to the less romantic, but more cold blooded, capitalistic exploitation of to-day. Prince

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Lieven refers principally to the recent outbreak of revolt, and so we will pass from ancient history to the actual conditions existing in the Baltic Provinces immediately before the December upheaval.

The statistics on land tenure in the Baltic Provinces are very unsatisfactory. There are a great many books on the subject in German and the native languages, but when they do not contradict themselves, they contradict each other so hopelessly that an accurate statement is impossible. But as nearly as I can estimate, between 66 per cent. and 75 per cent. of the natives are landless, *i.e.* agrarian proletarians. Taking the smaller figure (66 per cent.) as correct, 22 per cent. (or two-thirds of the remainder) are freeholders, and 11 per cent. tenants. The majority of the freeholders and tenants do not employ more than one labourer. And many of the freeholders are encumbered with usurious German mortgages. Many of the native freeholders and long-lease tenants are quite prosperous. Some few are rich. Economic lines are fast replacing those of nationality. The struggle is fundamentally between the large land-holders and the landless. And the rich native landlords are too few to count in the struggle.

The position of the natives living in the large cities is not much different from that of the proletariat in cities across the border in Germany. There is the same industrial exploitation, the same discontent and class bitterness, the same effort to direct it into effective action by the Socialists. To get at the typical conditions of modern German rule one must go to the country. The district along the railroad from Walk to Marienburg will furnish a general picture. It is approximately the dividing line between the Lettish and Esthonian races.

The land is a practical monopoly of the German nobles. There are scattered freeholds, but the vast majority of the land is owned by a few Barons, and tilled by natives, either as tenants or labourers. The land ownership is only the basis of the monopolistic exploitation. The same Barons control the grain and lumber mills, the breweries, the markets, the stores, the dairies and the railroad.

If, for instance, a peasant wants to settle in this district,

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he must first rent a piece of land from the Barons. To build a house he must borrow money from the Baron's Land Bank; he must buy his lumber from and have it sawed by the same Barons. He must buy his seed from the store, which the Baron controls; he must go to the same store for his farm implements and household utensils. When his crop is in he must have his flour ground at the Baron's mill. He must sell his surplus product to the Baron's agent, or ship it to some other market and pay prohibitive freight rates on the Baron's railroad. It all comes to the same thing. He must rent land and buy seeds and implements from, and sell his product and pay a tax on milling, marketing and transportation to—the same men. About the only thing he can do without paying the Germans is to breathe.

This monopoly of everything but the air varies in intensity in different districts. It is weakened where the railroads are controlled by the State and where the Barons cannot juggle the freight rates so as to prohibit competition. In other places it is aggravated by different "truck" measures whereby the Barons substitute produce for money.

The Germans while quick to grasp any new scheme of extortion developed by modern civilisation, have not relinquished their old feudal attitude. Many exasperating feudal customs still persist. Perhaps the most noxious one is the road-building law. According to this law the gentry were to furnish the materials and direction, and the peasants the labour for the building and maintenance of roads. When a new road was to be built—requiring stone bridges or embankments—this arrangement was fairly just. But to-day—the roads already built—it is grossly oppressive. Although the Barons are not required to furnish any materials, they insist on the peasants giving their quota of work. This work—the Barons having the right of assignment and direction—takes the form of picking stones off the Baron's fields.

Add to the desperation caused by such insistent economic exploitation, the humiliation of these survivals of feudalism, and you have the stuff for an agrarian revolt quite without the instigation of Russian "provocateurs."

Prince Lieven might have put the evils of "Russification" in stronger terms. This infamous policy of the St.

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Petersburg government is well known. Finland, Poland, Lithuania—all non-Russian parts of the Empire—have suffered from it. And closely allied with it is the equally infamous policy of setting race against race. As the “officials” have succeeded in fomenting “pogroms” against the Jews, in stirring up open warfare between the Tartars and Armenians in the Caucasus, and in intriguing between the Finnish and Swedish races in Finland, so undoubtedly they have helped to develop the bitterness between the German gentry and the Lettish and Esthonian peasants. But this was only an incidental cause of the December insurrection. The basic cause of this, as of the numerous revolts of the last 700 years, was deep seated and well-founded hatred of German oppression.

Two men stand out sharply in my memory as typical of two classes of the German Barons. One—whom I will call Baron Stern—I met in the Ritter Haus in Riga. He was one of the few nobles I met who never lost his head during those exciting days when each hour brought news of fresh jacqueries. He was for fighting. The blood of his militant forbears ran hot in his veins.

“We, Germans, have been here 700 years, and we’re used to fighting. Ivan, the Terrible, tried to burn us out and failed. Gustavus Adolphus ravaged the land and we stayed. We won’t let these damned peasants drive us away.” Such was his verdict on the situation. He frankly regretted the Emancipation of the serfs and the abolition of the right of the masters to flog the peasants. A judicious use of the lash would have kept the peasants in their place, he thought. “Our rights,” he said, “are the same as landowners the world over. We own the land, and it’s ours. We’ll make the most out of it.”

Another Baron I met near Marienburg. He was a typical absentee landlord. His incomes were spent on the Riviera and in Montmartre; he was prematurely grey and decadent in every gesture. He knew nothing about the management of his estate, and was in deep gloom because his manager, whom he described as “invaluable,” had recently been shot by the peasants. He was greatly shocked at such brutality. He was mawkish and hypocritical in his

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efforts to convince me of his beneficence. Without him to give work, the peasants would starve. During the two months a year (the hunting season) which he spent on his estate he held an audience of one hour a day, during which the peasants came to him with their troubles. "They ask my advice about building a barn, and weep over the loss of a pig. They come to me just like children to a father." As far as I could find out, this one hour a day of "fathering" was all he did to earn his income of several thousand pounds. He also, like Prince Lieven, expatiated on the good school system which they had given the peasants.

This is the crux of the whole matter, the one stupid thing the Germans have done. An American engineer, who had lived a long time in Riga, summed up the situation to me in these words:—

"These Germans are generally clever enough, and they're out for the dollar as hard as an American capitalist. They saw that an intelligent German peasant was a better farm machine than a half-starved ignorant Russian Moujik. So they introduced schools. That was their mistake. You can't maintain medieval feudalism side by side with higher education."

ALBERT EDWARDS

St. Petersburg.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MORALS¹

IN this work, Mr. Hobhouse traces the development of moral ideas from the rudest savages to the present day, or perhaps rather further. His first volume tells what men have thought it right to do, while his second tells why they have thought so ; that is to say, his first volume tells what standard of conduct has, at various times and places, been expected of men, while his second deals with the ethical, religious or magical beliefs which have made men consider such conduct desirable. The first volume is divided into chapters dealing with different subjects, such as property and marriage, each of which separately is traced through its whole development. The second volume is divided according to the various ethical systems dealt with, and is therefore more or less progressive, putting the most developed systems last.

The parts of the book which deal with savages and early civilisations are, to my mind, the more interesting, if only on account of the curious facts which always make anthropology pleasing. Thus we learn that Babylonian sorcerers used to invoke the coal-scuttle under the title "child of Ea," and that there are tribes which do not know that human beings have fathers. It is curious, too, to see how far the European's idea of the savage has travelled since the time when he was the "noble savage" and had all the virtues that civilised man is apt to lack. Thus we read of a Red Indian, telling of his ideas of hospitality, who said : "If a white man . . . enters one of our cabins we

¹ *Morals in Evolution: A Study in Comparative Ethics.* By L. T. Hobhouse, Late Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, Formerly Fellow of Merton College. London, Chapman & Hall, 1906. 2 vols. £1 1s.

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all treat him as I do you. We dry him if he is wet, we warm him if he is cold, and give him meat and drink that he may allay his hunger and thirst; and we spread soft furs for him to rest and sleep on. We demand nothing in return. But if I go into a white man's house at Albany and ask for victuals and drink, they say, 'Where is your money?' And if I have none, they say, 'Get out, you Indian dog!'" But this Indian, as was to be expected, lived in the eighteenth century. What one learns further about American aborigines is less idyllic. Thus among the Creek Indians, "the women were wont to make payment in tobacco for the privilege of whipping prisoners as they passed." Elsewhere: "prisoners are tortured in sufficient numbers to atone for those similarly dealt with by their enemies; and it is stated that children are encouraged to take part in the process in order to instil hardness and vindictive feelings into their minds"—a view of education which suggests the usual defence of public schools. By some savages, we find, "prisoners are not merely killed and eaten on the spot, but are taken home, well treated and fattened for the slaughter, possibly provided with a wife and encouraged to breed a family for the same purpose." "What! shall I starve as long as my sister has children whom she can sell?" was the reply of a negro to Burton. Such facts are encouraging when one feels inclined to doubt the reality of progress.

Many interesting facts about early civilisations are told by Mr. Hobhouse, notably extracts from the code of Hammurabi, which gives an astonishing insight into Babylonian society 2000 years before Christ. Many of the anticipations of Christianity mentioned in the book are very remarkable. The following is not Christian or Jewish, but is Nebuchadnezzar's hymn to Marduk on ascending the throne:

"O Eternal ruler! Lord of the Universe! . . .

It is Thou who hast created me,

And Thou hast entrusted to me sovereignty over mankind.

According to Thy mercy, O Lord, which Thou bestowest upon all,

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Cause me to love Thy supreme rule.
Implant the fear of Thy divinity in my heart."

Among the most interesting of sages are those of China. It is hard to grow very enthusiastic about Confucius, although he invented the Golden Rule; but his disciple Mencius is refreshing, if only for his remark on Generals: "There are men who say, 'I am skilful at marshalling troops; I am skilful at conducting a battle.' They are great criminals."¹ The following story of Mencius is also interesting:

"When Mencius saw King Seuen much touched by the frightened appearance of an ox being led to the sacrifice, and ordering that a sheep should be substituted for it, he told him very justly that it was because 'you saw the oxen and had not seen the sheep.' A superior man, he went on, cannot eat the animals whose dying cries he has heard, and so he keeps away from his cook-room."

When we come to the Greeks and the moderns, the book becomes less satisfactory, since it is impossible, within Mr. Hobhouse's limits, to give anything like an adequate discussion, and we therefore get mainly either an outline of what every one knows, or an account so compressed that it can hardly be followed unless one has read fuller accounts elsewhere.

The main result of the inquiries into forms of social organisation, marriage, property, class-relations and relations between communities, which constitute Mr. Hobhouse's first volume, is that there is a tendency to emphasise society at one pole, and the individual at the other, as against minor groups such as the clan or the commune. This conclusion carries internationalism with it as the natural goal of development, since all aggregations short of humanity as a whole tend to lose their force. But although this view of development results in the main, there are, as Mr. Hobhouse admits, great difficulties the moment we come to special questions. In regard to marriage, for example, shall we regard the Catholic indissolubility of marriage or the

¹ It is notable that Chinese anti-militarism goes too far even for Mr. Hobhouse, who suggests that it is largely due to cowardice.

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American freedom of divorce as representing a more advanced stage? Both exist at the same date and in equally civilised countries. It might be argued that the American system is a reversion, not an advance, for great freedom of divorce existed before the rise of Catholicism. But this question will be answered by every one according to his opinion on divorce, and it seems that the history of the subject can afford no guidance. Indeed it may be urged that the function of history in forming moral opinion is rather more limited than Mr. Hobhouse appears to think. The fact that things have developed in a certain direction is no evidence that it would not have been better if they had developed otherwise, nor that it would be good they should develop further in the same direction. Thus there is a tendency for civilised societies in early stages to move towards absolute monarchy; but few people now-a-days think absolute monarchy a good form of government for the most civilised communities. The study of past moral systems is useful as showing that society can survive under institutions which to us seem monstrous, and as illustrating the part played by custom and irrational prejudice in almost all beliefs. In this way, it instils wholesome doubts and promotes a careful examination of our views, and thus may suggest grounds *against* many cherished ethical dogmas; but it is quite incapable of giving grounds *for* any opinion as to what is desirable. Such an opinion can only validly come from our own perception of what is good, not from the distilled essence of the views of previous ages.

This is illustrated towards the end of Mr. Hobhouse's book, when he comes to giving his own views on ethics. These views are recommended partly by some rather summary philosophical argumentation, partly as the natural outcome of previous systems. Mr. Hobhouse's ethics is not that of Mill, although his "Theory of Knowledge" is an able defence of Mill against idealist critics; in fact, his ethics is rather that of the critics than that of Mill. He rejects the view that happiness is the good, and also criticises the utilitarians for regarding the good of society as merely the aggregate of the goods enjoyed by separate people. The end, he says, is not happiness but "the spiritual growth in

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which happiness is found.”¹ “We need a standard of value which must prove its genuineness by the same test which we apply to speculative principles. It must give harmony, order, coherence to our efforts and our judgments, while its negation must leave them disordered and discordant.”² “In modern thought the principle of human development under whatever name becomes in a new sense the pivot upon which ethical conceptions turn.”³ “For rationalism the moral basis lies in the unfolding of the full meaning of the moral order, as that through which the human spirit grows.”⁴ There is a difficulty in understanding what Mr. Hobhouse means by these views, because development and growth presumably consist in travelling towards the good, or from good to better, and are therefore not themselves capable of being used to explain what the good is.

Another difficulty in Mr. Hobhouse's views is to discover what part in religion he would assign to beliefs as to the nature of the universe or of God. “Instead of religion being the basis of ethics,” he says, “ethics becomes the test to which religion must submit.”⁵ If this means merely that we ought not to *worship* anything which is not good, there is nothing to be said against it; but if it means that our *beliefs* on religious subjects are to be influenced by our beliefs as to what is good, then it presupposes that we already know for certain that the universe is good—a paradoxical view for which no evidence is offered by Mr. Hobhouse. That this view is held by him appears also from his remark⁶ that the Greek philosophers first taught the world, what it has too often forgotten, that goodness and God are identical. This presumably means that power and goodness are united, for “God,” in the sense in which it was used before the Greeks, seems to mean merely a person of extraordinary power. Mr. Hobhouse, therefore, must suppose that the controlling forces of the world are good. The question whether this is so is not without importance, and it is a pity he has not indicated his reasons for his view. “There is,” he says, “no real Ahriman that strives with Ormuzd. Evil is

¹ II, p. 246.

⁴ II, p. 274.

² II, p. 249.

⁵ II, p. 252.

³ II, p. 251.

⁶ II, p. 48.

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merely the automatic result of the inorganic.”¹ But is there not equally no real Ormuzd? And is not good equally the automatic result of the inorganic? This is the view which science *prima facie* suggests, and Mr. Hobhouse alleges no reason against it.

Owing to the plan of Mr. Hobhouse's book, there is much material about early customs, out of which one expects his conclusions to grow; but the conclusions, when we reach them, seem unconnected with this material, and therefore have to be given so shortly as to seem obscure and arbitrary. Yet one cannot doubt that he regards his anthropological data as merely means to an end, namely, to his conclusions as to ethics and politics; and the book is rendered unsatisfactory by the very insufficient connection between his data and his conclusions. The only possible connection—and this is not made out—would be that, given the opinions of the Australians, the Red Indians, the Babylonians, etc., the opinions of Mr. Hobhouse are those which would naturally come next in order of development. But it is also given that the opinions of the Australians, the Red Indians, the Babylonians, etc., are palpable nonsense. What use, one wonders, may posterity, make of this datum?

It is true that Mr. Hobhouse does lip-service to these sceptical suggestions. Thus he says: “Nothing is more certain, if the rationalist doctrine is true, than that [that] doctrine itself will grow, and as growth implies, will change.”² But he feels sure that the truth is to be got by a *growth* from the present doctrine. This, indeed, is implied in the word *evolution*, which, where no reason has been shown why growth rather than radical change is the road to truth, is really a question-begging term. For aught that appears to the contrary, the wheat and the tares may be a more appropriate analogy; here, though the wheat is to grow, the tares are to be destroyed. Nor can one be sure, at any stage, that the wheat is already sown; it may be that all that is now growing is tares. I do not mean that complete scepticism is the only rational attitude in ethics, but I do mean that knowledge in ethics cannot be

¹ II, p. 281.

² II, p. 257.

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attained by merely studying changes of opinion. And to call these changes "evolution" or "growth" or "development" is to assume that we know that the changes constitute a progress, *i.e.* that we know which stages are better and which worse. But if we already know this, it is merely an unnecessary *détour* to deduce it from the course of events. None of us believe human sacrifice to be bad because it is by savages that it is practised; on the contrary, being already convinced that human sacrifice is bad, we infer progress from the fact that the practice has died out. The whole subject of evolution is full of opportunities for question-begging arguments, and to such arguments, I believe, its apparent power of giving guidance for the future is almost wholly due.

B. RUSSELL

A MEDIEVAL HERODOTUS¹

IT is curious to reflect how largely our literary admirations are determined by the accidents of tradition and association. For some four centuries the highly-educated class has been brought up upon the literature of classical Greece and Rome. Even men like Macaulay would hardly admit that the greatest modern historian was the equal of Herodotus or Thucydides; while the names of quite small men are household words among us because they chanced to write in Latin or Greek of "the best period." Hardly any medieval historian ranks as a classic.

Mr. Coulton is well within the mark when he describes the *Chronicle of Salimbene* as "the most remarkable autobiography of the Middle Ages." In a world in which absolute literary justice should be realised, a comparison

¹ *From St. Francis to Dante: a translation of all that is of primary interest in the Chronicle of the Franciscan Salimbene (1221-1288), together with notes and illustrations from other medieval sources.* By G. G. Coulton, M.A. London: David Nutt, 1906.

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between Salimbene and Herodotus would not be thought extravagant. Popular conceptions of medieval history—by which we mean the conceptions of the average educated man who has not studied the period in original authorities, and, unfortunately, those of some who have—are as unduly depreciatory of the intellectual achievements of the Middle Age as they are unduly complimentary to its morality. The eighteenth century was frankly contemptuous of the Middle Age both on the intellectual and on the moral side. All periods of it, quite indiscriminately, were set down as periods of “monkish” ignorance and superstition. The general attitude towards the Schoolmen is still largely that of the Renaissance, and the Renaissance prejudice against Latin which is not Ciceronian still makes it almost impossible for any one but a professed medievalist to speak of a medieval historian as anything more than an authority for certain facts; their occasional grammatical lapses—far fewer than is commonly supposed—still exclude the best of them from the category of “Literature.” On the other hand, when we turn to the moral and religious side, the Reformation attitude towards the period has been reversed by the influence of Romanticism, and among ourselves by the “Oxford movement”; while dislike of the Reformers and the Reformation, which has become rather a note of intellectual emancipation, has produced a tendency to look back with fond regret upon the “ages of faith” even among people who are as far removed as possible from any sympathy with theological reaction. St. Francis and Dante have surrounded the Middle Age—particularly the Italian Middle Age—with a misleading glamour. No course of reading could better serve to correct such tendencies than a perusal of Salimbene’s writings. Any one who merely dipped into them here and there would discover that a medieval Friar could possess the same acute and penetrating observation of men and manners, and be as graphic a describer of all that he saw and heard as Herodotus; while (assuming a mind open to conviction) he could not well any longer doubt that the average standard of morality in the “ages of faith” was a very much lower one than that prevalent in any civilised country of Western Europe at the present day.

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The plan of Mr. Coulton's book is rather a peculiar one. He translates, as the title page tells us, "all that is of primary interest in the Chronicle of the Franciscan Salimbene," with a sort of running commentary derived from a wide and scholarly knowledge of the period and of medieval literature generally. Scholars will probably regret that Mr. Coulton did not give us an edition of Salimbene or a complete translation or a learned monograph or an exhaustive history of the period. For such tasks Mr. Coulton is admirably equipped. But such works would not have answered Mr. Coulton's purpose so well as the plan which he has followed. He is distinctly a writer with a mission. He wants to correct the popular impression of medieval piety and saintliness—of the high level of life supposed in many quarters to have been reached while the Church was in power and the world (according to the same pious legend) meekly accepted and practised its teachings. He aims at correcting the impression which is suggested by such writers as the Abbot Gasquet and many others—Roman Catholics, High Anglicans, or mere sentimentalists. For such a purpose a book which would have been read only by profound students would have been useless. The book before us is much more likely to appeal to the ordinary cultivated person who reads Abbot Gasquet, or the numerous lives of St. Francis, or Dante and the books about Dante. It will, I hope, be read by every one who wants to know what the Middle Ages were really like. By any one who is capable of feeling an interest in history at all, it will be read with profound—one might say breathless—interest. Salimbene's chief defect as a historian is a tendency to tedious digression and strings of scriptural parallels and quotations; these are avoided by Mr. Coulton's method of selection. The result is that a book has been produced which is more piquant, more alive, more really redolent of the period, than either a continuous translation or an original history of the usual type would have been. I have described Mr. Coulton as a writer with a purpose, but there is this difference between him and his opponents: their purpose is too often what one may describe as a non-historical purpose; they approach the Middle Age

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with a preconception of what the Catholic Church, and an age under the guidance of the Catholic Church, must necessarily have been; they select what will suit their purpose—sometimes garbling or misconstruing even that—and carefully omit the rest. It cannot be too emphatically stated that this class of writers must, in spite often of considerable learning, be regarded in the light of theological pamphleteers and not as historical scholars. Mr. Coulton's purpose is simply that the historical facts shall be known. If he has a thesis to prove, it is a thesis which has grown out of his study of the facts. If he has himself a theological axe to grind, it is only in this sense that he wishes to prevent other axe-grinders from misusing history for their own purposes. Even if he is anxious to show that religious orthodoxy is no security for a high level of feeling and conduct, he has no anti-religious bias. Nor does he even manifest a strong animus against Catholicism as such. He is almost too willing to assume that the evils which he exposes in the medieval world are entirely unknown in countries still dominated by the Roman Catholic Church, and that the ideal of its apologists is in the main the same as his own.

Salimbene joined the Order of St. Francis in 1238 at the age of sixteen: he died about the year 1288. He thus belongs to the second generation of Franciscans. He had not seen St. Francis, but he had talked with some of his earliest disciples: and the period described in his *Chronicle* just bridges over the interval between two (as we may say) classical epochs in medieval history; the age of St. Francis and the age of Dante. The Order, when he entered it, was under the generalship of Elias, who represents an acute reaction against the austere ideal of the original Franciscans. Here is Mr. Coulton's account of his first introduction to the General:

“Albert and Salimbene had chosen their time well; for Bro. Elias, the powerful Minister-General of the Order, was at that moment passing through Parma; and, once received by him in person, they were pretty safe from all outside interference. They found the

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great man on a bed of down in the guesten-hall ; for the easy-chair was not a medieval institution, and even kings or queens would receive visitors seated on their beds. Bro. Elias ' had a goodly fire before him, and an Armenian cap on his head.' The friars took the boy to sup in the infirmary, where more delicate fare could be had than the ordinary rule permitted. Here, ' though I had supped magnificently in my father's house, they set an excellent meal before me again. But in course of time they gave me cabbages, which I must needs eat all the days of my life : yet in the world I had never eaten cabbages—nay, I abhorred them so sore that I had never eaten the flesh stewed with them. So afterwards I remembered that proverb which was often in men's mouths : The kite said to the chicken as he carried him off, " You may squeak now, but this isn't the worst." And again I thought of Job's words, The things which before my soul would not touch, now through anguish are my meats.' "

For a time Salimbene was powerfully influenced by the ideas of the Abbot Joachim, and was inclined to the spiritual party among the Franciscans, but he eventually acquiesced in the views of the majority of his Order. He represents an ideal half-way between the austerity of the early Franciscans and the laxity and worldliness of the average friar denounced by Wycliffe and satirised by Chaucer. He was immensely interested in the affairs of the world (to which the stricter Franciscans held that the friar should simply close his eyes), and thought it no sin to spend much of his time in recording them for the benefit of his favourite niece in a convent—with extraordinary plainness of speech by the way—and of posterity. He was fond of good eating and drinking when he could get them, and was anything but a strict observer of the original Franciscan rule. But he by no means approved of the laxer brethren who habitually lived on the best in the courts of princes, or became bishops, and fared sumptuously every day like other bishops. His Christianity is a compromise, we might say, between the ideal of St. Francis and that of average modern Protestantism or of Catholicism

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as it is understood outside the stricter convents. He is therefore a peculiarly good witness to the manners of the times. He sincerely deplores the cruelty and oppression, the sensuality and the violence, which he saw around him, and yet he cannot be suspected of the exaggerations of the ultra-ascetic or the ultra-pietist. Here is a good specimen of his power of describing what he saw :

“ Now at Pisa I was yet a youth, and one day I was led to beg for bread by a certain lay brother, filthy and vain of heart (whom in process of time the brethren drew out of a well into which he had thrown himself, in a fit of I know not what folly or despair. And a few days later, he disappeared so utterly that no man in the world could find him : wherefore the brethren suspected that the devil had carried him off : let him look to it !) So when I was begging bread with him in the city of Pisa, we came upon a certain courtyard, and entered it together. Therein was a living vine, overspreading the whole space above, delightful to the eye with its green, and inviting us to rest under its shade. There also were many leopards and other beasts from beyond the seas, whereon we gazed long and gladly, as men love to see strange and fair sights. For youths and maidens were there in the flower of their age, whose rich array and comely features caught our eyes with manifold delights, and drew our hearts to them. And all held in their hands viols and lutes and other instruments of music, on which they played with all sweetness of harmony and grace of motion. There was no tumult among them, nor did any speak, but all listened in silence. And their song was strange and fair both in its words and in the variety and melody of its air, so that our hearts were rejoiced above measure. They spake no word to us, nor we to them, and they ceased not to sing and to play while we stayed there : for we lingered long in that spot, scarce knowing how to drag ourselves away. I know not (I speak the truth in God) how we met with so fair and glad a pageant, for

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we had never seen it before, nor could we see any such hereafter."

I add some of Mr. Coulton's comments on the position of the Order at this time :

"In considering this revolt against St. Francis' rule, we must bear in mind that it was the very intensity of the Saint's ideal which caused that recoil, by a natural law as inevitable as gravitation. Thomas of Eccleston's history, which is constantly quoted as the most vivid picture of the Order's inner life, avowedly refers to a state of things already dead and gone within thirty years of the Saint's death ; already the writer speaks of the persecutions endured by those who strove for the original purity. It is idle to charge this decay to Bro. Elias, or to any man or group of men ; it was fatally involved in the very ideal of the Saint. As he hastened his own death by sinning grievously against Brother Body, just so he hastened the decay of his Order. Admirably as he protested against some of the crazy asceticisms of his age, he was still too much a child of his time. It is difficult to wish anything away from St. Francis' own life, as it is difficult for an Englishman to regret the Charge of the Light Brigade. But, when our present age is taunted for its alleged soullessness by reactionaries whose eyes are too weak to face the growing light of the times in which they live, it may be profitable to point out that in the Holy War, as in all other wars, we need not only courage and sudden self-sacrifice, but also calm judgement and even a certain amount of routine work."

And yet Mr. Coulton does not deny that the Franciscans were still the salt of the medieval Church, though it was a salt that was rapidly losing its savour. As to the condition of the secular clergy Mr. Coulton produces among other conclusive evidence the following :

"The Saint, as one who both knew the facts and

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had reason to weigh his words, is our most unexceptionable Italian authority on this subject. 'The world,' he complains, 'seems far worse now than it was of old : many (*plures*) clergy weaken the laity both in morals and in faith by their evil example. . . . Very many of the clergy are notoriously unchaste, keeping concubines in their houses or elsewhere, or notoriously sinning here and there with many persons. . . . Simple folk might think that those sins among the clergy were not hateful to God, unless we preached against them ; and silly women might think that it was no fault to sin with them ; as it is well known that some have been so persuaded by the clergy. . . . Many (*plerique*) of them [cannot hear confessions, since] an honest woman fears to lose her reputation if she whisper secretly with them. . . . There are in Italy so many inexperienced clergy that, even if they be well-taught in grammar and other knowledge, yet where a hundred or more rectors and vicars are gathered together, there are scarcely any (*vix pauci*) who have in fact enough knowledge of the Scriptures to manage either the souls committed to their care, or other things necessary for salvation. . . . [The Prelates], given up to temporal cares, wink at these faults, so that there is scarce any hope of amendment : nay, even if at times they would fain correct such shortcomings and remove the unprofitable clergy, they have none better to put in their places.' "

It is always possible to accuse any single writer of rhetorical exaggeration. The evidence is cumulative. The reader who wants to know what it is, must read it for himself in Mr. Coulton's pages, or in the authorities to whom he refers. Here is a summary statement of Mr. Coulton's position :

"I have tried to show, through a faithful summary of Salimbene's autobiography with contemporary illustrations, how life would have looked to us if we had been born in the age of St. Francis and Dante. If I

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seem to have laid undue stress on the darker side, I would plead two considerations. First, if I had contented myself with a bare translation of Salimbene off-hand—or, for the matter of that, of any among half-a-dozen others of that century whom I could name—the picture thus presented would still have seemed almost incredibly dark to the modern English reader. Imagination staggers at the moral gulf that yawns between that age and ours. Secondly, plain speaking on this subject is rendered imperative by the persistent misrepresentations of those who champion dying theories in our own day. Reactionaries build themselves an imaginary past; just as the *femme incomprise* takes refuge, in the imaginary homage of distant friends, from the unsympathetic common-sense of those among whom she has to live. The whole Middle Ages cry out to us from Dante's great poem 'Who shall deliver us from the body of this death!' and I have chosen Salimbene's chronicle for my main theme because he shows us more clearly than any other what was the body of that Death. I am aware that many will refuse to accept this picture as true: but, as I have already said, I gladly challenge comparison with other contemporary evidence."

Burke declared that it was impossible to draw an "indictment against a nation;" indictments against an age are apt to excite hardly less suspicion. But I am bound to say that, to the best of my judgement, Mr. Coulton's picture of medieval life is not on the whole exaggerated. It is true that he does not emphasise the better side of medieval life—the beautiful lives of its rare saints, the capacity for occasional outbursts of self-sacrificing enthusiasm on the part of individuals and communities, the good sense and orderliness of ordinary town administration, when it was not utterly disturbed by a tyrant or a faction—with the same zeal which he shows in depicting its vices. But he does not deny that that better side exists. From his own extracts from Salimbene many a beautiful picture can be culled of the early Franciscan enthusiasm, of good work done (for instance in reconciling feuds between partisan towns) by mere average

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Friars, of the good influence exerted by pious laymen and laywomen in ordinary life. There is doubtless more to be said on these topics than Mr. Coulton has said. But this side of the medal has been abundantly exhibited. Mr. Coulton's business has been to show us the reverse, and this he has done in a way which leaves little to be desired, and which deserves the gratitude of every serious student of medieval history.

There is only one—as we may call it, *a priori*—objection to Mr. Coulton's attitude on which I would add a word. It may be suggested that it is *a priori* incredible that the world could ever have been so very bad. "Surely," it will be said, "in all ages human nature must be very much the same, and experience seems to show that, if few men and women are saints, the majority were never monsters of iniquity." No doubt human nature is much the same, if you make abstraction of all the social institutions, customs, traditions, influences of all kinds, which mould human nature into this pattern or into that. It is precisely because the accumulated influence of centuries of civilisation has so enormously altered human nature that the average man is now incapable of things which were quite everyday incidents of medieval life; how soon he escapes the constraining force of social ideals and institutions he often shows when he goes to a new country, and has to deal with a black population which is hardly regarded as human and is treated as less than human. Individual differences no doubt remain; and we must remember that it required, in a sense, as much virtue in those days merely to avoid crime as it requires now to be a model citizen or an exemplary philanthropist. If there is one respect in which the Middle Ages were more virtuous than our own age, it is that they seem to have produced more men who rise conspicuously—in ways requiring serious self-denial—above the low average of their contemporaries than our age produces of men who rise conspicuously above the higher but easier average of modern times. It was just, as Mr. Coulton constantly shows us, because the accepted ideal aimed at more than human nature is normally capable of, that medieval Christianity so conspicuously failed in practice to raise average humanity to a high level of

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self-control, decency of life, and respect for other people's rights. We *seem* to be living in an age of higher averages but lower eminences ; or is it only that modern heroism and modern sainthood are less picturesque and romantic than the ideal Knight or the ideal Friar of medieval times ? At all events the difference between the saint and the sinner do not leap to the eyes, as they did when a life free from murder, manslaughter, or robbery was a rather remarkable achievement ; in modern times the wheat and the tares grow together until the harvest.

H. RASHDALL

THE *PLÉIADE*¹

MR. WYNDHAM'S book of selections from the poetry of the *Pléiade* is a pleasant one both in substance and shape. It is always delightful to be brought back from the social problems and duties which sometimes seem to oppress the twentieth century almost to suffocation, and to be plunged again in the beauty, the laughter, the enthusiasm of the Renaissance. Too often, alas, the volume with such a mission smells so dismally of midnight oil as to banish all the perfume of Ronsard's roses, and is so weighty that to take it up requires a serious effort. Such is far from being the case with Mr. Wyndham's selection. His book is light to read, agreeable to handle, well printed on good paper, with wide margins. The only fault to be found is the lack of an index to the poems. This entails a great loss of time when searching for special passages or comparing translations and originals.

The importance of the *Pléiade* in French literature is not only æsthetic, it is also historic ; not only did it produce some of the most beautiful lyrics in the language, but it affected—to some extent determined—the course French

¹ *Ronsard and La Pléiade*. By George Wyndham. Macmillan & Co. 1906. 5s.

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literature was to take for the next two centuries. It is therefore necessary in attempting to appreciate Ronsard and his friends, to consider the state of literature in France towards the middle of the sixteenth century. There were at that moment two main currents ; on the one hand there was the French literature properly speaking represented by such men as Marot, Octavien de St. Gelais, Héroet, Scève ; on the other hand there was the ever increasing humanist literature written in Latin and modelled on classical works. While some were for continuing the traditions of the glorious Middle Ages in the language their fathers had left them, others thought, as Mr. Wyndham says, " that French did well enough for ordinary business and a good song ; dog-Latin for law and history ; and that, for higher flights of poetry or philosophy, there was no expedient save to master and employ the vocabularies, syntax, and poetic forms of classic Latin and Greek."

The *Pléiade* movement may be described as a compromise. Its leaders broke away from French tradition and the natural development of French literature, but they did not join its more violent adversaries in the attempt to destroy a vernacular literature. Du Bellay in the first part of the *Déffence et Illustration de la Langue Française* points out that the French language in itself is not so contemptible as many people suppose. The names of two of his chapters are " Que la langue Française n'est si pauvre que beaucoup l'estiment," and " Que la langue Française ne doit être nommée barbare." And this is not all. Not only does he urge men to write in French, but he urges them not to confine themselves to translations from the Classics, and one chapter is devoted to proving " Que les traductions ne sont suffisantes pour donner perfection à la langue Française." So far Du Bellay has been defending the vernacular ; now he changes his point of view and takes up the position of a humanist. Authors, he says, are to write in French, but they are to imitate the Classics. " Se compose donc celui qui voudra enrichir sa langue, à l'imitation des meilleurs auteurs Grecs et Latins ; et à toutes leurs grandes vertus, comme à un certain but, dirige la pointe de leur style ; car il n'y a point de doute que la plus grand' part de

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l'artifice ne soit contenue en imitation." This then is the gist of the *Pléiade* doctrine: the contempt of all French literature of the past (except the *Romaunt of the Rose*) and the deliberate imitation in French of Greek and Latin writers, in subject, treatment, and technical details.

And it was in this sense that they determined the path their successors were to take. Had it not been for them the traditionalists might have triumphed, and Corneille and Rotrou might be the bright stars of a romantic drama parallel to the Elizabethan or Spanish. Or the victory of the humanists might have delayed the golden age in France a hundred years just as it did in Italy. As it was, if we must lament the suffocation of Corneille, we may render thanks to the *Pléiade* for the unique beauties of Racine and hold Ronsard to some extent responsible for the criticism of Boileau.

How is it then that we are always being told that the *Pléiade* had little or no effect on the next generations, that, as Mr. Wyndham says, "their influence . . . was sharply rejected early in the seventeenth century, and accepted again with diffidence only after an interval of two hundred years"?

It is perhaps owing to a confusion in the mind of the critic between the theory and the practice of Ronsard and his group. For it was their theory alone that survived them. Their poems, it is true, fell, after Malherbe, into an ill-deserved neglect, from which they were only rescued by Sainte Beuve, and their art was thus robbed of its natural fertility. But it must be remarked that the best of their work, the poems most instinct with beauty and truth, have practically no connection with their poetical doctrine.

"Laisse toutes ces vieilles poésies françaises," says Du Bellay, "aux jeux Floraux de Toulouse, et au Puy de Rouen, comme Rondeaux, Ballades, Virelais, Chants Royaux, Chansons, et autres telles épiques ;" and he recommends instead the cultivation of Epistles, Elegies, Odes, Satires, Epics. And so we find Ronsard producing numberless Elegies and Pindaric Odes, and an endless Epic, modelled in every detail of composition on their classical prototypes.

But these are not the works which have made their

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author famous. "The Franciade" as Mr. Wyndham wittily says "fell dead of its own weight;" and the Pindaric Odes, two of which are among these selections, have surely met with the same fate. So long as the *Pléiade* practised what it preached it was intolerable. But though none of the circle had the strong flight of Milton or the burning intensity of Keats many of them were melodious and delicate singers, and it is in the *chanson*, which they affected to despise as an *épisserie*, that all the loveliness of their poetry is to be found. Ronsard may choose to call his lyrics Odes; that is merely a misleading piece of nomenclature.

Only consider the famous poem :

"Mignonne, allons voir si la rose,
Qui ce matin avait déclose
Sa robe de pourpre au soleil,
A point perdu cette vesprée
Les plis de sa robe pourprée
Et son teint au vostre pareil.

Las ! voyez comme en peu d'espace,
Mignonne, elle a dessus la place
Las, las, ses beautez laissé cheoir !
O vrayment marastre nature,
Puis qu'une telle fleur ne dure
Que du matin jusques au soir !

Donc si vous me croyez, Mignonne,
Tandis que vostre age fleuronne
En sa plus verte nouveauté
Cueillez, cueillez vostre jeunesse :
Comme à cette fleur la vieillesse
Fera ternir vostre beauté."

All that gives its worth to such a poem—the tender melancholy, the music, the subtle aroma, exist to a greater or less extent in the Rondeaux of Charles d'Orleans; nor can the idea be claimed as typically classical. In the eighth century Tu Fu, a poet of China wrote :

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“ A petal falls !—the spring begins to fail,
And my heart saddens with the growing gale ;
Come then, ere autumn spoils bestrew the ground
Do not forget to pass the wine-cup round ”—

and in the eighteenth, Chang Wên-t'ao :

“ Beauty, like flowers, is quickly shed ;
Oh ! envy not its charm.”

The thought is no more Greek than it is Chinese, for it is human.

Historically, the importance of the *Pléiade's* lyrics lies in their experiments with metre and form. They wisely broke away from the fixed forms of the fifteenth century, which in spite of the masterpieces of Charles d'Orleans and Villon were becoming worn out; though they recognised and freely used the sonnet, because it came to them from the Italians whom they looked upon as almost the equals of the ancients. As for their metres, “ Ronsard alone,” Mr. Wyndham tells us, “ apart from his Pindaric Odes, devised sixty-three lyric metres. . . . He invented or brought into favour all the combinations of rhythms and metres of which French is capable.”

The latter sentence must appear exaggerated to any one familiar with the developments of modern French verse, but at least it shows that Mr. Wyndham is fully alive to the important part played by rhythm in the poetry of the *Pléiade*; and it was doubtless owing to his appreciation of this fact that he set himself, as he says, to translate the poems “ in the original metres.” Whether he has succeeded or not is more open to question. His lines are, indeed, arranged on the same rhyming system and have the same number of syllables, but it is precisely this correspondence which has made it almost inevitable that the English and French metres should be different. For it is not syllables only that make metre; a very important ingredient—in English poetry often the most important—is accent or stress; and the reason why an English line of twelve syllables is totally unlike an Alexandrine is that

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English is much more freely stressed than French. Any one reading aloud the following lines will readily recognise that they are in different metres :

“ Rendre le *ciel jaloux* de sa *vive couleur*.”

“ *Shake* out the *flower* that *shames* the *crimson* of the *morn*.”

“ Et vostre *beau rosier* de *boutons couronné*.”

“ Your *rose-tree crown'd* with *buds* that *nightly multiply*.”

“ En *mesme an* et *mesme heure*,
Et en *mesme saison*
Irons *voir la demeure*
De la *palle maison*. . . .”

“ *You, love, and I your lover*
Both in the self-same breath
Shall *fare out to discover*
The pallid House of Death. . . .”

and though this may puzzle us if we merely count the syllables the reason becomes clear if we consider the number and arrangement of the stresses. For not only is English much more accented than French; it is accented on different principles. In English the accent tends to be thrown back; in French it is thrown forward. We say “*April*,” “*Ronsard*,” “*debonair*”; they say “*Avril*,” “*Ronsard*,” “*debonair*.” Again a word like “*multiply*” coming at the end of a line gives a rhythmic effect impossible in French, for in that language the accent must be either on the ultimate or the penultimate according as the line is masculine or feminine. No French line could end, as we so often find these translations ending, in sounds like “*loitering*,” “*holiday*,” “*nightingale*,” “*incendiaries*.” Mr. Wyndham’s claim of translating into the same metre must then be disallowed; apart from this his renderings are on the whole artistic and scholarly.

We may perhaps be tempted to wonder these poems

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should be translated at all, or rather—for translating is a delightful game—why the results should have been published. Was it because without them the volume was rather thin? Or are both selections and translations merely an excuse for the interesting prefatory essay? In this case they are amply justified, for it is a rare pleasure to meet with criticism so instructive and so enthusiastic. It might indeed, be considered too enthusiastic, for after all Ronsard and the *Pléiade* wrote an enormous quantity of unreadable stuff, and very few first-class poems, nor did they ever strike a note of profound passion. Their verse at its best is exquisite, lovely, tender, but it never penetrates to such depths as Wyatt in at least two of his poems: “Say nay” and “Forget not yet.” Ronsard attempted to imitate the famous lines of Catullus:

“Soles occidere et redire possunt;
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.
Da me basia mille, deinde centum. . . .”

and this is what he produces :

“Le lune est coustumiere
De nestre tous les mois:
Mais quand notre lumière
Est esteinte une fois,
Sans nos yeux réveiller
Faut long temps sommeiller—
Tandis que vivons ores
Un baiser donnez-moy,
Donnez-m'en mille encores. . . .”

Perhaps it is cruel to make such comparisons ; but Mr. Wyndham invites it by printing this ode, and by asking if any one will “contend that even the verse of Surrey and Wyatt, great though its merit be, is comparable in volume, variety, clarity and assurance to the verse of the *Pléiade* ? ” Possibly not, though even this is open to question ; but in any case there are other greater qualities possessed by Wyatt and not by the *Pléiade*, and it is no true service to Ronsard

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to exaggerate the importance of his influence, or the beauty of his art.

The right note is surely touched by Sainte Beuve, the first and wisest of Ronsard's modern admirers:

“ A toi, Ronsard, à toi, qu'un sort injurieux
Depuis deux siècles livre aux mépris de l'histoire,
J'élève de mes mains l'autel expiatoire
Qui te purifiera d'un arret odieux.
Non que j'espère encore, au trône radieux
D'où jadis tu regnais, replacer ta mémoire.
Tu ne peux de si bas remonter à la gloire:
Vulcain impunément ne tomba point des cieux.”

M. STRACHEY

THE HOHENLOHE MEMOIRS ¹

IT must always be a matter of regret to all students of political history that Prince Hohenlohe did not live to carry out his intention of writing his own memoirs. There were few men who had seen more of political life than he had. From 1848 to the end of the nineteenth century he had great opportunities of watching, and had often played a considerable part in, the great events of his time. Born in a rank short only of the highest, while himself a subject he had access as a near relative to most of the great courts of Europe. A Liberal and a Catholic, he and his family were closely concerned in the great struggle against ultramontanism, on which so much of the fate of continental Europe was to depend. A Bavarian and South German, he was a Prussian official and held the highest post in the new Empire.

With all these opportunities he had a character which is

¹ *Memoirs of Prince Chlodwig of Hohenlohe*, edited by Friedrich Curtius for Prince Alexander of Hohenlohe. Translated from the first German edition and supervised by George W. Chrystal, B.A. 2 vols. Heinemann, 1906.

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unfortunately rare in politics. Absolutely upright, he had a singular detachment and aloofness of mind. What one notices more than anything else in this most valuable book is the complete absence of vanity or personal feeling. He was not without ambition. He was conscious of great abilities, and he clearly enjoyed using them in high office. But he never seems to have allowed his judgement of men and things to be perverted by their personal relations to himself. There is a curious result of this absence of egoism. These memoirs tell us much about every one with whom he comes in contact, but little about himself. And this is what one misses about them. They are invaluable as a fresh authority on numerous events. We are admitted behind the scenes. We have the record of a very clear-headed, well-informed observer told with singular simplicity and frankness. Since the publication of Bismarck's reminiscences no book has thrown so much fresh light on the history of the last half-century. And yet it is all fragmentary information, put down at the time in letters and journals—all the more valuable as a record of facts, but what we miss is his final judgement on it all. With many men that would have been unimportant—their judgement may be neglected. One would give much to know what at the end of his career he thought about it all. However this we do not learn. What we do get is a very attractive though unconscious picture of one who more truly than most deserved the name of a "Grand Seigneur," and a very faithful series of pictures of men and events.

A great injustice has been done to the book by representing it as a sensational work. There is in it not the slightest sign of any attempt to win posthumous notoriety by compiling a *chronique scandaleuse*. For this he was far too much of a gentleman. There is not a word that a gentleman might not have written—nothing of spiteful or ill-natured gossip. Yet for this he had opportunity enough. I do not mean that there has not been some indiscretion in the editing of it. Half-a-dozen passages would have been better omitted. Yet even in them (as Prince Herbert Bismarck is dead) there is no one who has much to complain of. The publication of a private conversation with the Emperor about the

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dismissal of Bismarck is indeed inexcusable; but the Emperor will lose nothing by it. The inevitable conflict of the two personalities, the active, young, confident monarch, often hasty, often reckless, not always thoughtful of others, impetuous and open-minded, and the old statesman growing in old age suspicious, jealous of all interference with the absolute power that seemed his by right, has never been better indicated. And how much we could forgive for that naïve and boyish confession, "I have had a beastly time of it for the last three weeks."

In one way his life was very significant of one of the most serious problems of modern Germany. He had long before the events of 1866 and 1870 belonged to the party which advocated Prussian supremacy. He did so as did so many others, not so much from love of Prussia as from love of Germany. He saw that Prussia alone could unite Germany. He belonged to the class in society which above all others was purely German. The mediatised princes who had till recently recognised no superior but the Emperor, could only again find a proper field for their political activity in a new Germany where they would be the first subjects of a German Emperor, not of a small local king or prince. A Prince von Hohenlohe could hardly find any place to fill if he was to be confined to Bavaria; it is for this reason that even before the unification these princes always sought service with Austria or Prussia. He had his reward; he became Ambassador of the Emperor at Paris, ruler of the newly annexed provinces and Chancellor of the Empire.

None the less he was not a Prussian, and one feels that he was never at home in Berlin. "I have an infinite objection to Potsdam and its inhabitants" he wrote as a young man, and to this day Potsdam stands for much in Prussia and in Germany. It is the military, the conservative influence which has so often ruled Prussia and is always claiming to do so.

During the last years of his life, while Chancellor, he wrote: "When I am among these Prussian Excellencies the contrast between North and South Germany becomes very perceptible to me. South German Liberalism is no

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match for the young aristocrats. They are too numerous, too powerful, and have the kingdom and the army too much on their side. Moreover the Centre goes with them. Everything which I have seen these four years is made clear by this antithesis. The Germans are right in regarding my presence in Berlin as a guarantee of unity. As I laboured from 1866 to 1870 for the union of South and North, so I must strive now to keep Prussia attached to the Empire. For all these gentlemen don't care a fig for the Empire and would rather give it up to-day than to-morrow."

The reconciliation of this antithesis is the constant problem of German politics, and it is this which gives such profound importance to the personality of the reigning Emperor. It is the Emperor who is head of the Prussian army and also first of the princes of Germany, and he alone can force the Prussian particularists to subordinate themselves to the necessities of the whole nation.

I see, however, no reason to suppose that the Prince deliberately determined to publish his memoirs in order to impress this truth on the Germans. There is nothing in it of the nature of a political testament—even these two passages (and it would not be easy to find a third to match with them) occur incidentally written at the moment in confidential correspondence. Equally remarkable is the earnestness and conviction with which he supports the Emperor's policy of a strong navy—we all knew that he was the official mouthpiece of it, here we see that he was no unwilling mouthpiece.

Prince Hohenlohe was not a great man, but he was a man of whom his country might be justly proud. It is men such as he, who bring to politics the highest personal integrity combined with an ambition that is rather public than personal, and who have nothing to gain from politics except the consciousness of a life well spent, that are the justification of the hereditary and aristocratic principle, and a country is to be congratulated which has such men to serve it.

J. W. HEADLAM

TOURGUÉNIEF¹

IN these days when biography has so rapid a sale, and the only check upon biographic caterers is the lack of new subjects, it is a matter for some wonder that no publisher has brought out a pair of thick, light volumes upon Tourguénief. Many of his letters are now published; those to Madame Viardot and Herzen have been collected; there are several articles, anecdotic and descriptive, by French contemporaries, and an article by Mr. Ralston, who deserves to be remembered as one of the first Englishmen who realised the greatness of the Russian novelists. There are, too, constant reports of Tourguénief's conversation in the *Journal des Goncourts*; there is Halpérine's "Tourguénief après sa correspondance;" and beside all these documents a mass of criticism, some of which is as fine in quality as the work of any great mind has provoked. Here, then, is material enough for one who loved his subject, even though he were ignorant of the Russian language, to put together a worthy, if ephemeral account of the life of the novelist, until such time as the perfectly equipped critic is found. But since there is no such book in our tongue, it is worth while to draw attention to a French biography of the temporary sort which has just appeared.

M. Haumaut's book has defects which are apparent to the reader who is even fragmentarily informed; but he tells the story well and here and there with judicious comments. The first fault we have to find with him is that he does not give due prominence to Tourguénief's uncle, Nicolas, in his account of his family. Nicolas Tourguénief was a remarkable man; a democrat, who ended his life in exile. He wrote the first book which discussed the question of

¹ Tourguénief, par M. Haumaut.

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serfdom in Russia, and gave his own serfs their freedom. His ideas and the principles he stood for must have had considerable influence upon his nephew, if only by their contrast with the atmosphere of his home at Spaskoië.

The severity with which the serfs were treated by his parents, the tyranny of his mother (a vindictive, capricious, excitable woman), under which he suffered himself, are, however, the sole influences which, according to M. Haumaut, moulded the novelist's early political opinions. "Opprimé lui-même il compatit de bonne heure à l'oppression d'autrui." The sufferings of his childhood certainly made a deep impression upon him. "Il se voit encore," the de Goncourts note years after in their journal, "à la suite de je ne sais quel petit méfait, sermonné, puis fouetté, puis privé de dîner ; il se voit se promenant dans le jardin et buvant, avec une espèce de plaisir amer, l'eau salée qui, de ses yeux, le long de ses joues, lui tombait dans les coins de sa bouche." He was born in 1818. His mother brought him up according to the traditions of the aristocracy during the latter half of the eighteenth century in Russia ; that is to say, for her everything that was Russian was foreign and contemptible ; she would hardly recognise Pouchkine as a poet. Learning foreign languages was the most important part of his education. His recreations were rambling about the forest or the banks of the lake—the almost invariable feature of a Russian nobleman's estate—or accompanying his father on shooting expeditions. The experiences of this time of his life, his relations to the serfs and the tragedies of their lives, which depended upon the caprice of their masters, are the source of the greater number of his short stories. In 1832 he entered the University of Moscow. At that time every young student of a serious turn of mind became possessed by the ideas of Hegel ; ideas which only the flames of youthful enthusiasm could have succeeded in somehow fusing with revolutionary zeal. However, the fusion was complete, and Biélenski, Tourguénief's contemporary, then and afterwards the most distinguished revolutionary critic, became violently Hegelian for a time.

Thus the University presented the strange spectacle of a number of fervid young men, believing with passion that

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the authority of the social order had something divine about it, and that it must and would be shortly altered for the infinitely better. Even Bakounine, later the apostle of anarchy and revolt, was at this time bound to the principle that "all that is, is rational." Tourguénief made his acquaintance at the University of Berlin some years later, whither he went in company with many young Russians, ignorant of the elements of all subjects, to draw science and learning from the fountain sources, for the future refreshment of their parched countrymen. Between this first journey beyond his fatherland, and his sojourn at Moscow, he went to the University of Petersburg, where his surroundings were literary and respectable rather than philosophic and Bohemian. On his return from abroad he does not seem to have impressed his contemporaries favourably. They admitted his cleverness, his reading, his knowledge of things European; but they accused him of posing, and of embroidering his accounts of his own adventures. He took a post under the government civil service in 1842, and from 1842 to 1847 wrote criticisms, poems and short stories. For the rest he read and re-read George Sand, shot, and discussed ideas with Biélenski, and prepared the book which was to make him famous. The *Récits d'un Chasseur* began to appear in 1847. Before this date he had been introduced to Madame Pauline Viardot, the famous singer, as "mauvais rimeur, bon chasseur." To her family he attached himself henceforth, intimately and irrevocably. M. Haumaut says that on his departure from Russia with the Viardots in 1847 his Russian education may be said to have been completed.

M. Haumaut does justice to the effect of the *Récits d'un Chasseur* upon the times. He quotes the admission of Alexander II that these stories had counted for much in his resolution to abolish serfdom. But he does not point out that their artistic merit was also the cause of their influence. Had they been political pamphlets in disguise, or had they even been written with the proselytising pathos of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, or had they dwelt on the sensational atrocities of serfdom, they would either have been condemned by the censor, or considered by Russian noblemen as pictures of

exceptional cases. But an artistic impartiality, which showed the meanness of the lives of the majority of serf-owners, while it did not exaggerate the pathos of the peasants, convinced people that the system was a wrong one.

In 1850 Tourguénief's mother died. The breach between her and her son had been impassable long before his alliance with the Viardots ; but his connection with "cette maudite Bohémienne," as she called Madame Viardot, whom George Sand describes in her autobiography as the most intelligent woman of the time, intensified her hatred towards him. "Elle ne pensait qu'à s'étourdir," he writes after her death, "la veille de sa mort, tandis que le rôle de l'agonie commençait déjà, un orchestre jouait des polkas dans la chambre voisine, par son ordre. . . . Elle ne pensait dans ses derniers moments, j'ai honte de le dire, qu'à nous ruiner, mon frère et moi. La dernière lettre qu'elle ait écrite à son intendant contenait un ordre précis et formel de tout vendre à vil prix, de mettre le feu partout, s'il le fallait, pour que rien ne. . . . Enfin il faut oublier." He has been blamed for not giving his serfs their freedom. He kept them ; but he proved a most indulgent master. There is a story of him sitting patiently in his carriage, waiting until the coachman and valet had finished a game of cards on the box. In this year he took a peasant girl for his mistress, and by her he had a daughter, who afterwards married a Frenchman of education. M. Haumaut does not tell us this fact about her, nor that Tourguénief always interested himself in her life. He omits too the opportunity which the story of Tourguénief's quarrel with Tolstoi (nearly ending in a duel) gives for showing another side of Tourguénief's character. Nor does he quote that most touching and beautiful appeal he wrote to Tolstoi on his death-bed—"Revenez mon ami à la littérature . . ." and adding that he is proud to have been his contemporary. He read Tolstoi's *Confessions* with sympathy, and his comment upon it is interesting, since it shows the connection which he felt to exist between his own life and his literary work. "Je plains beaucoup Tolstoi ; d'ailleurs chacun a sa façon de tuer ses puces." In almost every case he wrote at

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the outset from some recollection which troubled him though the story developed afterwards independently of fact.

For an article upon Gogol, in which he called him "a great man," he was imprisoned some months. Henceforward his life is implicated with those of the Viardots. He built a villa at Baden and remained there until they moved to Paris. M. Haumaut is not always quite clear in explaining the causes of the varying degrees of odium and approval with which his novels were received from time to time. It seems that after *On the Eve* had appeared, he was regarded by the young party in Russia as a magician, who knew where the hidden springs of thought and emotion lay in the vast, confused body-politic. For himself, he could never sympathise with the Slavophiles, who held that Russia contained in herself the means of her own cure; but neither had experience convinced him that European culture and science were an unmixed benefit to his countrymen. The former accused him of want of patriotism, the latter of malignant satire, whenever he drew them as he saw them. In the midst of this hubbub he held his way, true to his instincts as an artist, with the consequence that *Pères et Enfants*, *Fumée*, and *Terres Vierges*, though the curious may perceive where and why they failed to satisfy the passions of the moment, have enlightened the whole of mankind.

In 1873 we find him established in Paris in a flat above the Viardots. The older he grew the more he clung to family life with its regularity and peace. "I am back on my beaten path again," he wrote in 1875. "Oh, the sweetness of days which resemble one another." He rose early, worked, and after midday strolled about, often visiting the Hôtel de Ventes where he bought many pictures. "On m'y appelle le grand Gogo russe." After the evening meal they gathered round the fire, "where I fall into a doze," he says, "till the moment when I am roused by the sounds of ravishing music." Flaubert shared his delight in this music. He writes to George Sand, "yesterday evening Madame Viardot sang to us out of *Alcestis*—such emotions console one for being alive."

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When we call up the image of Tourguénief, we think of him as he was at this time, with long white hair, thick snowy beard, and a deep, crooked furrow above bushy eyebrows, under which his eyes look at you steadily, as through a mist of pain ; a look of penetrating sympathy, sad because it seems to ask so little and still to want so much. There is no trace now of that ingenuous, cheerful confidence, at first sight a little fatuous, which is the stamp of the young nobles of the Steppe, born to grow sleek in a healthy out-of-door life. But an air of simple, easy responsiveness and softness is there, suggesting that his smile might be still “un sourire d'enfant dès qu'on le regarde.” And what marks of self-reliance and resolution there are seem rather like the traces of profound regret in a man, who partly in consequence of natural passivity, partly through tenderness, would rather have owed nothing to himself and everything he valued in life to those he loved. His height and broad shoulders made him remarkable wherever he went : “Cela m'ennuie, je tourne au vieillard pittoresque.”

Maupassant describes him sitting deep in an arm-chair and talking in a low, rather tired voice, and Flaubert listening to him with passionate attention, fixing him with his large blue, blinking eyes ; then replying in sonorous tones, “qui sort comme un chant de clairon sous sa moustache de vieux guerrier gaulois.” Flaubert was the only Frenchman of letters for whom Tourguénief felt real sympathy. They had met one night at dinner, when Flaubert declared that Tourguénief had said a few words which *showed* him Madame Sand leaning over her balcony. He reinstituted for his benefit the literary dinners at the restaurant Magny. Of their conversations on these occasions the de Goncourts have left minute records. Tourguénief charmed them all, Daudet, Zola and the de Goncourts themselves. “Le doux géant,” “l'aimable barbare” are the terms in which they praise him.

“On avait, avec lui, la sensation qu'on dine avec l'Europe ; quand il écoutait, quel hommage ! parlait-il, que d'autorité, que de charme ! Contrairement à nos règles, qui veulent qu'on aille droit au but, Tourguénief ne paraissait pas savoir où il allait. . . . Ses commencements étaient toujours

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embrumés. . . . Ils donnaient l'impression que ce qu'il allait dire ne serait pas intéressant ; puis, tout d'un coup, tout cela se dégageait, s'éclairait ; c'était un charme !" Such talk must have been a refreshing contrast to the hard, somewhat metallic brilliancy of the rest. Tourguénief himself was not so at home with his company. Their *blague*, often cynical, did not interest him ; their talk about women and love simply astonished him, when it did not distress. It is not likely that he cared much for their opinions upon literature. In a letter which M. Haumaut might have quoted in discussing Tourguénief's estimate of the French mind, he says, "The Frenchman is an inventor, not a creator. . . . He is trenchant and straight like a sword, he paints the surface of things, he invents ; to create, you must be large and round. . . . Yet if the French had never been, there would have been no Europe." He missed in the work of Daudet, Zola, the de Goncourts, the quality which he sought to achieve in his own, a realism coloured by sentiment ; sentiment which was at the same time the essence of the writer's feeling about life as a whole, and his sense of beauty. Tourguénief's novels charm us not only because the story he tells is so real, but because, as we read, we are made to sympathise with the mind which created it. His friendship with Flaubert was not a matter of literary sympathies. Flaubert might make the rafters ring by declaiming sonorous phrases from Chateaubriand without raising any enthusiasm in him, or point with emphatic horror to such phrases as "elle fondit en larmes" in the pages of Mérimée without conveying to Tourguénief his artistic disgust. It was, as Maupassant perceived, "les similitudes de vie, de rêves, d'idéalisme exalté qui faisaient qu'en se revoyant ils éprouvaient une joie du cœur plus encore que de l'intelligence." They both knew, too, that desolate feeling of isolation which is the price that many artists have to pay for subordinating the direct appeals of the moment to the understanding of life, that they may have the glory of teaching men to know themselves.

George Sand was the person who came nearest to him of all his French friends. He had long ago ceased to feel that admiration for her books, which had kept him reading

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them to the detriment of his work, as a young Russian official. He admired her most for the absence of all petty, artificial sentiment in her nature ; "quel brave homme c'était et quelle bonne femme," he wrote to Flaubert on her death.

When Tourguénief's letters were published it was discovered that he held by no means so high an opinion either of the celebrities themselves, with whom he dined and talked, or of their works, as they had expected from his behaviour towards them. Daudet especially came in for some criticism, which he considered he was right in regarding as treacherous. In consequence of this many French critics forewent amenity in discussing Tourguénief's sojourn in France. M. Haumaut shows some pique of the kind in one or two sentences ; but he recovers his impartiality in a most praiseworthy fashion. He accounts for Tourguénief's aspersions upon French life and feeling, by insisting on the fact that he only saw the cosmopolitan and restaurant side of life in Paris ; and he says plausibly enough that though Tourguénief, in his home-sick moods, might complain of his exile in the French capital, he would have greatly missed the talk, which did not satisfy him then, in the dilapidated solitude of Spaskoië.

Tourguénief had come to Paris because the Viardots had moved there after the Franco-Prussian war : "I would follow them to Australia if they went there," he said. It was no liking for the city which brought him. He visited his home several times from Paris ; sometimes he was alone there, sometimes he was accompanied by friends. There are accounts of gatherings which seem to have been enlivened by even high spirits ; but such times stand out in contrast to the general tenour of these last years. The state of the country depressed and agitated him profoundly. The impressions scattered through his letters resemble exactly the experience he attributes to his hero Nejdánov, likewise returning home.

"Il y avait longtemps que je n'avais revu le lieu de ma naissance, mais j'en n'y trouvai pas le moindre changement. Torpeur de mort, absence de pensée, maison sans toit, murailles minées, et fange et puanteur, et pauvreté et

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misère, regards d'esclaves, insolents ou mornes, tout est resté pareil. Notre peuple est affranchi et sa main, comme autrefois, pend inerte à son côté."

While visiting Moscow in 1879 for the inauguration of a statue in honour of Pouchkine he was received, to his great surprise, with an enthusiasm such as had never before been shown to any author. It was much the same on his last visit to Petersburg. "He was confused and charmed," says M. Haumaut. He drank toasts to the young generation with tears in his eyes, and promised that he would soon settle again in Russia, to work himself for the coming of the new era. This popularity was suddenly extinguished by his writing to Russia for subscriptions on behalf of a memorial to Flaubert at Rouen. The reactionary papers, which had been unfriendly before, now grew violently abusive; from being dubbed "une vieille coquette" in their pages, he became "une femme publique." The old insults with regard to his motives for living abroad and the references to Madame Viardot were revived. This incident did not deeply trouble him. He writes at this time that he is calm and content. "I have worked. I have succeeded. I have loved and been loved. . . . It is sad to die before the term of life is run, but for me it is time to die." But this happy calm was not a constant mood, it alternates with one, which in one form or another often passes like the shadow of a cloud across the living pictures in his books. "Je suis de nouveau devant une table, et dans mon âme il fait plus sombre que dans une nuit sombre. Comme un instant passe la journée, vide, sans but, sans couleur. Le temps de jeter un coup d'œil, et voilà qu'il faut regagner son lit. Plus de droit à la vie, plus de desir de vivre. . . . Rien à faire, rien à attendre, rien à souhaiter. . . . Tu parles de rayons de gloire et de son enchanteurs. . . . O mon ami, nous sommes les éclats d'un vase depuis longtemps brisé." One night, after a supper at Magny, Gautier declared that he sometimes felt as though he might speak of himself with propriety in the past tense. Tourguénief expressed his own feeling by saying, "There is sometimes an imperceptible odour of musk in a room, which you cannot get rid of. . . . Well, about me is an odour of

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death, of dissolution;" and he added after a silence, "the explanation of that belief I find in the fact that I can no longer love." His malady declared itself to be mortal during his last visit to Russia. He died in 1883, after much suffering.

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THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

NOTICE.—This Review will be known in future as "THE ALBANY REVIEW (late THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW)." No change will take place in its essential character. The Proprietors and the Editor will be the same as heretofore.

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THE announcement in the King's Speech shows that the Government has accepted the inheritance bequeathed to it by Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery, and has struck an inspiring note at the commencement of the new session. Mr. Balfour's well-simulated apprehension that the Government will spend the precious hours in ploughing the barren sands of constitution-mongering, instead of cultivating the fruitful garden of social reform, is entirely groundless. The King's Speech is indeed open to grave criticism, first because it promises no direct legislation to meet the evil of Unemployment—as usual, we go to sleep again as soon as the percentages begin to diminish—and, secondly, because its proposals of land reform, excellent as far as they go, should have been grouped together and occupied a more prominent position. But the programme cannot be attacked on the ground that it is meagre. Temperance legislation, army organisation, Scottish land tenure, Irish University education, criminal appeals, labour in mines, patent-law amendment, land valuation, small holdings, and improved housing, are eminently practical measures in which Mr.

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Balfour and the Opposition will find ample scope for their somewhat belated zeal for social amelioration.

Furthermore, there is a great opportunity before the Chancellor of the Exchequer for financial measures which, without going outside the strict limits of the constitutional preserve of the House of Commons, shall convert the collection and expenditure of the national revenue into agencies of progress. He will not forget that in education, as in other matters, he is bound to see that the public money does not go to support objects of which the public has definitely expressed its disapproval. Further, the graduation of the income-tax, the reduction or abolition of taxes on the necessities of life, the inauguration of old age pensions, the further development of the principles of Sir William Harcourt's famous Finance Act of 1894, the judicious encouragement of enterprise in trade, education, science, and research, the stern pruning of wasteful expenditure—all these things are within the power of a Chancellor of the Exchequer with a big majority at his back, a handsome surplus in the chest, and a period of brisk trade to look forward to. And all these things it is beyond the power of the House of Lords to mar. The substitution of productive for unproductive expenditure, which forms the main subject of Mr. F. W. Hirst's article below, must be backed by the opening up of new sources of taxation, which is dealt with both by Mr. Hirst himself and, at greater length, by Mr. L. G. Chiozza Money, M.P.

But, while the financial supremacy of the Commons will be insisted upon, and, it may be, developed, the time is ripe for a definite assertion also of the legislative supremacy of that House. No one who has seriously studied the historic development of the Constitution can doubt, that the Time-Spirit has long since declared for that supremacy. All constitutional writers of repute, Conservative and Liberal alike, admit it. In fact, the only argument which the Lords themselves venture to

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the Purse**

**The House
of Lords**

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use implicitly allows it; for do they not appeal from the House of Commons to the country, and is there any constitutional way of getting at the opinion of the country except by means of an election of a House of Commons? Clearly the argument of the Lords is either an appeal to a General Election, or an appeal for a revolution far more sweeping than anything hinted at in the King's Speech. But what are the facts? One would imagine, to read some of the bishops' speeches on the Education Bill of last session, that the present House of Commons was a body wholly divorced from public feeling. There are, presumably, some facts so stupendous that they stagger the imagination of those to whom they are unwelcome, and cause these timid persons to fall back upon the proverbial policy of the ostrich. And yet, however the Lords may blink the truth, it remains credibly established that, less than fourteen months ago, the present Government (being then in existence, and not merely prospective) received the most emphatic vote of confidence from the country, while the late Government, whose behests the Lords meekly obey, met with the severest condemnation ever dealt out to a political party since our system of politics assumed its present shape.

The meaning of the King's Speech is, then, clear. The Government has no desire to waste its valuable time in tinkering at the House of Lords. What it intends to do, here and now, is to secure that the will of the House of Lords shall not finally override the will of the House of Commons. Whether the procedure will take the form of a prospective resolution at the beginning of the session, or a short Bill at the end, or both, is a matter of detail. But the House of Lords probably now realises that, after the treatment meted out to the Government's measures last session, definite steps will be taken, during the present session, to curb the legal powers of the hereditary House. For that purpose, a Bill will, if necessary, be carried; and, if necessary, at the expense of a General Election within the next two years. The Government will go to the country with the record of a

**The Plan
of Campaign**

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good Budget behind it, and a sheaf of really popular measures whose rejection or mutilation will then be fresh in the mind of the electorate. If it does not altogether misunderstand the intense demand for land reform both in town and country, the first and foremost of those measures will be a series of Land Bills, dealing with small holdings, housing, the taxation of land values, and the purchase of land by local authorities. It will put before the people, as the one means of securing these specific demands, the limitation of the Lords' veto. Englishmen like open dealing, and have no sympathy with the game of "heads I win, tails you lose"; and it will be surprising if they do not give a verdict which will amply justify the creation of peers to carry the necessary Bill.

The returns of the Transvaal elections, though incomplete at the time of going to press, show that a substantial majority has been secured by the British-Dutch coalition formed by the Nationalists and Het Volk. The Progressives, at their best, stood for the ideal of "loyalism" in its narrowest sense—the old conception of a garrison holding the position in the teeth of hostile forces, for a distant mother-country. It is the ideal of nationalism—the union of both races in the endeavour to build up a distinct, self-respecting, democratic nation—which has won so signally. To grasp the full significance of its triumph, one must go back to the time when men—even Liberals—believed that the only hope of preserving the Transvaal for the Empire lay in denying its people their freedom, and bolstering up, regardless of all social, political or humanitarian considerations, the one industry which was supposed to be the stronghold of British influence. By supreme good fortune, in January 1906, a wave of popular feeling brought to the front once more, in this country, those traditional ideas of colonial freedom on which our Empire rests; and self-government was bestowed. The Liberal faith has been vindicated, not for the first time, by experience. We can see to-day that the policy of suspicion and timidity was infinitely more dangerous to the

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Empire than the policy of courage and trust. It is with no small pride in the imperial tradition, and its fruitfulness for good, that Englishmen have read the striking "message" of General Botha. "The questions of the flag and of supremacy have been settled for all time." Cynics may impugn the good faith of that declaration; they cannot explain away the great fact which corroborates it—the fact that, instead of a compact and hostile Dutch majority, we find the most permanent and the least prejudiced part of the British population uniting with the representatives of the Boers to form the first government of a free Transvaal.

It is not, perhaps, superfluous to insist on the need of judging women's suffrage on its merits, and on its merits alone. People are only too likely to be influenced either by disgust at the recent suffragist tactics, on the one hand, or by the wish to allay a disagreeable agitation, on the other. Except as additional evidence of a strong demand in certain quarters, that agitation ought to have no effect whatever on the acceptance or rejection of Mr. W. H. Dickinson's measure, to which the fortunes of the ballot have given an early place among private members' Bills. Women's suffrage will come and ought to come. The evil caused by its absence is a real one. Reduced to its most practical terms, it is that candidates for Parliament are not obliged by electoral pressure to take any account, on any question, of the woman's point of view. But women's suffrage is not a question which stands on an equal level of urgency with those on which the election was primarily fought. Its enactment now can only be justified if it can be carried out with almost universal consent, and therefore with no considerable loss of Parliamentary time. The Bill itself will be closely scrutinised. To put off the removal of the sex barrier until adult suffrage has been attained, would be unreasonable. It is worth making a beginning, even though great numbers both of men and women remain disfranchised. On the other hand, a Bill which merely gives votes to a handful of rich married women, and a

Women and
the Vote

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comparatively small number of spinsters and widows, is not worth passing.

It is to the credit of the militant suffragists themselves that they have not complained of their treatment by the police. If the police showed unnecessary violence they deserve censure; but nothing could be more childish and frivolous than the sentimental indignation of some supporters of the movement at the way in which the march to the House of Commons was interrupted. Those who deliberately provoke a fight must take the consequences; those who claim to be treated like men must not turn round on the first occasion when such treatment proves unpleasant, and cry out to be treated like women. No one knows this better than the high-minded and determined leaders of the Women's Social and Political Union. It can hardly be doubted that in the present state of public opinion their methods do advertise, and so advance, the cause they are used to promote. But the conclusion is not that the methods are right; if that were so, social reformers would have been bound, not only to condone, but to advocate them long ago. Rather it is that public opinion is wrong. We have to admit with shame that we do as a matter of fact require such galvanic shocks as these to stimulate our reflexion, imagination and sympathy. As a result, reform is delayed until it is forced upon us, and all men see that the way to get it is to use violence. There are plenty of people ready to imitate the example—notably the unemployed. The remedy is not to yield hastily and ignominiously to the storm. It is to be more alert and prompt in the work of social reform, and to give more immediate attention to demands properly and constitutionally put forward.

The Irish situation is hopeful. On the University question, the Government have adopted by far the wisest plan. They have decided on creating a new college, acceptable to

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Roman Catholics though not under the control of the hierarchy, side by side with Trinity College within the University of Dublin. Five out of the nine

**An Irish
University.**

members of the recent Royal Commission recommended the scheme as the only satisfactory solution, although one of them, Dr. Jackson, was not prepared to recommend its immediate adoption. The objections of Trinity College, especially those which relate to the maintenance of its high academic standard, must be considered and met with the utmost care. But the main policy, that of combining Protestant and Roman Catholic students in one University, undoubtedly accords better than any other with the whole tendency of Ireland's development in recent years.

The permanent division of the country into two camps is the root-fallacy which underlies the Unionist doctrine.

Ireland is destined to be a single whole, in **Irish Government** which all the present elements will bear an honourable part. Already the barriers are breaking down. Party divisions indeed exist, and will be even more plentiful under self-government; for the influence which has drawn so many incongruous elements into a united opposition to alien rule will be removed. But the division will not be between Roman Catholic Nationalism and Protestant Unionism. It will be social and economic. The recognition of this fact has helped to form public opinion in England on the larger question of Irish Government. The virtual settlement of the land question, the spread of the Devolution party among Unionists, and the growth of Liberalism and Nationalism in the North, have contributed to the same result. An "explanation" such as that of Mr. H. A. Law, M.P., which we print below, falls to-day on sympathetic ears. The position of the mass of the English electorate, as indicated by the late election, in which the issue of Home Rule was definitely raised by the Unionists, is clear. They want Ireland to govern herself; but they are too timid to take the step all at once. On the other hand, they do not mind how far they go, provided that an opportunity

THE ALBANY REVIEW

LATE

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW

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is left them of calling a halt before the final stage is reached, *i.e.* provided that a Parliament, with an executive responsible to it, is not set up in Dublin. Mr. Birrell, himself a Home Ruler who has never disguised his faith, may be trusted to carry out, within the limits thus imposed, a bold and generous measure. He has shown a real sympathy, and a determination to go to the root of existing evils, which has not been lost on the Irish Party, always open to the appeal of sincerity and courage. It is to be hoped that his Bill will establish a Council with a strong element, at least, of elected members; that, subject to an imperial contribution and possibly to the earmarking of certain specific sums, the spending of all taxation raised in Ireland will be under its control; and that it will receive wide powers to deal with exclusively Irish affairs. Without such provisions, it would be possible to make the administrative machine more symmetrical and workable; but the result would be simply to strengthen the hands of the Castle.

The German Elections have come and gone. Never has there been so heavy a poll; never has popular excitement been greater; never have the results been more baffling. Even now, though we know the composition of the new Reichstag, it is hard to say whether it will be more, or less, favourable to constitutional progress and peaceful development than the old. The Chancellor went to the country asking Liberals and Conservatives to co-operate and to give him a patriotic and imperial majority, which would free him at once from the "black" Clericals of the centre and the "red" Social Democrats. At the first ballots, 11,262,000 voters polled, of whom 3,258,000 voted Social Democrat, and 2,183,000 Centre, the former receiving an added strength of 248,000 and the latter an accession of 308,000, as compared with the General Election of 1903. For the Polish party 453,000 voted, a gain of 105,000; so that these three "antipatriotic" parties (antipatriotic in the Governmental sense) constitute according to the official record more than half the total electorate of Germany.

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Every other man you see in the street or in the army is either a Clerical, a Socialist, or a Pole. But the fortunes of these three sections were widely different. The Centre has 106 representatives, a gain of three over the 1903 results; Social Democracy 43, a loss of 38; and the Poles 20, a gain of four. Even with the help of one or two small groups, this combination, which just upset the Government in December, has lost ground and can no longer make a majority against militarism and colonialism. But then on these subjects—and this is a point to which the greatest importance is to be attached—the Radicals are sympathetic, and will probably act more vigorously than before. And the Radical groups have been very fortunate at the polls. They added considerably to their vote, and they now claim 51 representatives as compared with 36 before the General Election. The Conservatives (83) and the National Liberals (55) are the only larger parties at all likely to support the Government in a policy of expansive and expensive imperialism. Will the Government fall back upon the Centre and Conservatives, and trust to the servility of the National Liberals (the Liberal Imperialists of Germany) to act in concert? If so, German policy will be neither better nor worse in the next four or five years than it was in the last. We do not see any probability of a more aggressive spirit being displayed by Germany as a result of these elections. On the contrary, we hope that the Imperial Government will co-operate heartily with France, Great Britain, Italy, and the United States, in proposals for improving the machinery of peace and reducing the burdens and mischiefs of war at the coming Hague Conference.

The immediate success of the revival of the *Yeomen of the Guard* is matter for congratulation even though, as is the case, there is ground for dissatisfaction with certain members of the company. There are numbers in almost all the Sullivan operas which have the quality of intimacy—things of amity and consolation. Best of all is the knowledge that

The
Savoy Operas

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there is one more theatre in which is to be found an entertainment intellectually and artistically alive. At the hands of the chorus and the orchestra the music suffers nothing and the operas are very adequately mounted. Mr. Workman, who was the particular joy of Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates in his touring days, is better than ever now that his methods are toned down to suit the appetite of the critical. In the provinces he had an unhappy tendency to unconsidered buffoonery. But here he is well-nigh perfect. His Jack Point has a completeness and finish which are unhappily rare on our stage. Every point in his dialogue is driven home by his marvelously clear enunciation. His pantomime and facial expression give the impression that just so and no otherwise could the character be conveyed. Miss Rose, who is another provincial favourite, amply atones by her cleverness and her arch personality for the deficiencies of her singing. It is to be hoped that these operas will remain as a permanency at the Savoy, or that, if go they must, it will be to make room for work of the same *genre* and of the same excellence. It seems incredible that if people can appreciate Sullivan's music they can stomach the various "Belles" and "Girls." It is a far cry from "Is Life a Boon?" to "I Love you in Velvet."

MR. ASQUITH'S OPPORTUNITY:

(1) A GREAT BUDGET

SOME politicians were discussing Budget prospects the other day, and one of them remarked: "It must be a great Budget; a small one would be fatal to the Government." In a strict sense no doubt this is an exaggeration. If the Government liked to potter along, always doing the minimum, it might possibly prolong its existence for five years more. In another sense it is no exaggeration at all, and for my own part I have no doubt that a great Budget is in preparation. In the first place, such an opportunity has hardly ever presented itself to a Chancellor of the Exchequer. Secondly, Mr. Asquith's talents are by general admission equal to his opportunities. Thirdly, we have a House of Commons, which will not only tolerate but will expect and demand a strenuous and democratic employment of its financial powers. And in the fourth place, the Prime Minister enjoys the confidence and shares the ambitions of a majority never before equalled in numbers, energy and enthusiasm. Much indeed has to be overcome. To confront the millionaire boldly, to tear up the ancient convention that subordinates the good of the people to the narrow prejudices and interests of the great landlords, to deal out tardy justice to "The Trade" by equalising the licence duties, to disregard the subtle influences of smart society, to overcome the sullen resistance of Admiralty and War Office backed by the contractors with their army of mercenaries and touts, to neglect the furious outcry of the Tory and Jingo press, all this requires a good deal of moral courage. But it is imperative to consult the national interest and to carry out the pledges given by the Liberal party at the last election. In the campaign preceding that election almost every Liberal Candidate from the Prime Minister downwards

A GREAT BUDGET

attributed, and rightly attributed, the fall of national credit, the depression of trade and wages, and the spread of unemployment and pauperism between 1900 and 1905 to the South African war, to the enormous and unnecessary growth of the Army and Navy Estimates and to the consequential increase in the burdens of taxation. And all, with hardly an exception, so far as I am aware, promised that a Liberal Government would devote itself to retrenchment and to a reduction of the burdens of taxation.

Whether one or two individuals like Lieutenant Bellairs can wriggle out of their pledges is a question hardly worth considering here ; for no one will insult the Prime Minister and his colleagues by suggesting that they could possibly consent to go down to history as the perpetrators of a colossal hoax. We know from announcements made in the summer that a small (and one must say an altogether inadequate) retrenchment of the shipbuilding programme for the Navy has already been effected. Again, Army economists received satisfactory assurances from the Prime Minister himself at the time of the last estimates. Those estimates were received by Liberal members with feelings of consternation and disgust, and it is doubtful whether they could have been passed had not the Prime Minister himself interposed with a plea for time and patience. Were it not for the irresistible strength of this feeling in favour of a reduction of military and naval expenditure I should not have anticipated a great Budget ; for a great Budget depends upon a great surplus, large remissions of taxation, and the diversion of expenditure from wasteful and anti-social into reproductive channels. Substitution of one tax for another is all very well in its way ; but so long as the total burden of unproductive expenditure remains the same, so long will it be impossible to do what we should like to do for the improvement of the condition of the people, either by adding to the purchasing power of their wages, enlarging their opportunities or improving their homes. Since 1898 an army has been added to our regular forces and a vast number of crews to the navy. Every man added to either service means that the taxpayers have to find another £100 (or thereabouts) every year ; so that each additional

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man represents a capital charge upon the country of about £3600. Ten men represent a capital charge of £36,000, 100 men of £360,000, 1000 men of £3,600,000, 10,000 men of £36,000,000. But the increase in the numbers of our regular army between 1898 and 1906 was over 60,000, which means at £100 per man an annual charge of six millions (the whole produce of the sugar duties), or a capital charge of no less than £216,000,000, about double the sum, I think, that was required to transform the whole land system of Ireland. If we could get rid of this incubus of 60,000 superfluous soldiers most of the great landlords of England, Scotland and Wales could be bought out on equitable terms, and depopulated country districts could be covered with a thriving peasantry. When the process of land transfer was complete the Exchequer would not have lost a farthing. Who can deny that the nation would be stronger from a physical, moral, financial, nay even from a military standpoint, for this diversion of funds from military expansion to land reform? Why, one of the cries of the militarists all over the world is that the depopulation of rural districts is lowering the physique of the army.

Unfortunately my case against our military expenditure is understated. The allowance of £100 per man is insufficient, or rather it does not cover the increase in the army estimates between the dates I have taken. The total increase, *excluding extraordinary expenditure out of borrowed money*, rose from about nineteen millions in 1897 to about twenty-nine millions last year. This is partly due to an increase in pay, partly to the rapid rise in the price of war materials—guns, explosives, infernal machines, and equipments of all kinds. The increasing cost of the weapons of destruction is in fact only less appalling than their increasing range and efficiency.

Let me put the argument for substitution in another way. Let us suppose ten millions saved by a return to the army strength and army estimates of 1898. We save by degrees, say in two or three years, nine or ten millions in this branch of expenditure. A similar saving of three or four millions on the navy would give us an absolutely free breakfast-table with something in addition, and there would be a magnificent surplus from the increased yield of other taxes.

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But while the numbers of troops in the pay of the War Office are being reduced to something like the old standard, which means of course that the quality will be very much improved, I do not see why a small corps of foresters should not be recruited by the Board of Agriculture. For a million a year ten thousand men might be employed in afforesting the waste lands and bleak hills of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland. Probably these men, or the bulk of them, would be quite willing to receive training in military exercises and in the use of the rifle, and such a corps of foresters would be a fine addition to the defensive forces of the kingdom should an emergency ever arise. The price of timber has been steadily rising for many years, and the best judges looking at the probable expansion of demand and contraction of supply feel no doubt whatever that its value is likely to go on appreciating. The provision and supervision of forests are the proper duty of the state. Individuals engaged in commerce and agriculture cannot afford to look thirty, fifty, or a hundred years ahead, nor have they power, even if they have the capital and inclination, to acquire large tracts of land by compulsory purchase. Here then is a fund of wealth and health, of future profit and immediate utility, in which a Liberal Government should without loss of time begin to invest a fraction of the revenue saved from the Army estimates.

I have laid stress upon retrenchment because at the present moment retrenchment offers the best means of raising a large revenue, either for the reduction of taxes or for the provision of social expenditure. It often happens that the people who are most eager to spend are the most reluctant to tax; but just now every good radical is supposed to have some proposal for taking money from certain classes in such a way that we shall all be made happy and comfortable. Mr. Chamberlain's wonderful scheme for taxing the country into prosperity has many rivals. An M.P. who has not got a tax bill in his pocket is hardly considered to be a serious politician. Let us try to remember that this kind of invention is not likely to cause much enthusiasm in the country at large. A tax projected by the few is often rejected by the many. A very little tax may trip up a very

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big Government ; for those who are hit by the new impost can hit back pretty hard. What was supposed to cure all the evils of the body politic is found on closer examination and analysis to involve many hardships and to create many grievances. Therefore, I say, let us go cautiously in this branch of manufacture, the more so since Parliament is very young and very eager to jump from abstract premises to practical conclusions ; let us remember that the substitution of a good tax for a bad one can seldom cause anything like the amount of benefit that a nation gains by the substitution of good expenditure for bad. In Great Britain, which after all enjoys a far more just, wise, and thrifty system of taxation than any other country, this is particularly true. We stand to gain far more from the reform of expenditure than from the reform of taxation ; because, after all, it is better to lighten a burden than to shift it. If members of Parliament would only spend more time and thought in the pursuit of economies their laborious ingenuity in the sphere of taxation might be spared. But the drudgery of examining the estimates is less attractive, if more useful, and so the work of revision most needed in February and March of each year is apt to be scamped. Oh for a few years of old Joseph Hume ! For every hundred thousand that he saved the nation in his day, he might save a million now. However, if there is no Joseph Hume in the House of Commons, there is at any rate an eager desire among the rank and file of the strong army that follows Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman for what I may call a great social Budget—a Budget that will alleviate the lot of the poor, that will tend to lessen unemployment, to encourage industry and enterprise, and to make life a little easier for people with small incomes ; and there is a growing perception of the truth that neither the reduction of the war taxes nor the accomplishment of reforms calling for large expenditure can be expected until large reductions have been effected in the burden of armaments. This was brought home to members of the House of Commons by Mr. Asquith last March, when he was confronted with a demand for old age pensions. He pointed out that the only way to provide sufficient funds for the purpose was by curtailing expenditure on army and navy, and

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that this could only be done "in the case of the army by reducing the numbers of your permanent fighting force, and in the case of the navy by contracting your shipbuilding programme." These, of course, were questions of policy. But "a Government," he added, "which is pledged as we are pledged—no men have given stronger assurances to the people than we have to pursue by every means in our power a policy of pacific and conciliatory intercourse with the other nations of the world—is a Government which is bound to take steps, speedy and substantial steps, in both the directions I have mentioned." Let me now show what can be done by returning to the standard of military and naval expenditure that prevailed before the Boer war.

1. *National Debt*.—In his Budget last year Mr. Asquith provided £13,500,000 for Sinking Fund. But the net Sinking Fund was reduced to just under £9,000,000 by an expenditure of £4,600,000 on military, naval and other works, out of borrowed money. As the Government is pledged to put an end to this system of borrowing for naval and military purposes, the Sinking Fund will receive a very large addition, and this will soon be felt by the taxpayers; for every million of debt cancelled relieves them of about £30,000 in interest. To this charge therefore it will not be necessary to make any addition. It ought to amount next year to at least £12,000,000 apart from any surplus.
2. *Civil Services*.—The Civil Service estimates for the current year amount to £49,275,000, an increase of over a million on the previous year. The total includes £952,000 for Customs, £2,259,000 for Inland Revenue, and £6,250,000 for Post Office. Some small economies could probably be effected; but in this scheme I propose to allow for a total net addition of fourteen millions—twelve for Old Age Pensions, one for Afforestation and Agriculture, and one for Education.
3. *Army Expenditure*.—The military expenditure out of taxes in 1905-6 (Mr. Arnold Forster's last year) was

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£28,849,000. Mr. Haldane's estimated expenditure for the current year was £29,796,000, an advance of nearly a million. In 1898-9 the army expenditure was £19,999,000, over two millions in excess of the figure at which they stood when the present Premier was Secretary for War. I thought last year that Mr. Haldane's estimates were absurdly and unjustifiably high. If they had been a little more moderate there would have been twopence off the tea duties. Doubtless the expenditure will fall short of the estimates, and the unspent sum will go to reduction of debt. By adopting the standard of 1898-9 we shall save ten millions a year on the army alone.

4. *Naval Expenditure.*—The Navy estimates in 1905-6 were £33,300,000. For 1906-7 the estimated expenditure was £31,869,000. In 1897-8 they were £20,850,000 and in 1898-9 £24,068,000. If we return to the standard of 1897-8 there will be a saving of eleven millions, if to that of 1898-9 the saving will still amount to £7,800,000. Let us be moderate in this Budget hypothesis and content ourselves with a reduction of eight millions.

The account now stands as follows: We have saved eighteen millions and spent fourteen millions; so that there is a surplus of four millions for the relief of taxation after providing for old age pensions, and so giving very substantial relief to ratepayers. Four millions might be enough to graduate the income-tax on all incomes up to two or three thousand pounds; but we have still the war taxes on tea and sugar to get rid of—a million on tea and six millions on sugar. Two millions might easily be provided by an improvement in the scale of the Death Duties, which mount too slowly from £100,000 to a million and then come to an end with a paltry eight per cent. on estates of one million and upwards. Another two millions at least should result from merely levelling up the licence duties, so that the big gin palace shall pay the same percentage as the small public-house. At present a village inn with a rateable

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value of from £10 to £50 pays a licence duty of about fifty per cent. while a gin palace with a rateable value of £2000 gets off with three per cent. This is the most mischievous and scandalous of all our fiscal anomalies, and Mr. Asquith, in a significant passage of his last year's financial statement, informed the House that it had not escaped his attention. My third resource would be a small land tax to be preceded by a valuation of the land and a compulsory redemption of the existing land tax. By such a redemption the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be able to wipe out between twenty and thirty millions of the national debt. At the same time a reform of local rates should compel unoccupied land to contribute to local purposes a fair percentage upon its real value.

It is not necessary or possible within the limits of this article to examine the whole problem of land taxation from a local and national point of view. The Government will probably prepare for its solution next year, by providing for a valuation this year, and in the meantime it is to be hoped that the different proposals will be carefully and critically investigated. But I am anxious to see the foundations of a genuine land tax securely laid; for if the House of Lords obstructs land legislation, I believe that a graduated tax on large estates will bring about automatically that distribution of the land into smaller holdings, which must come about if the political and economic freedom, long enjoyed by the townsmen, are to be granted to the country side. One more addition ought certainly to be made to the revenue. The taxation of motor-cars is ridiculously inadequate. This rich man's toy is the greatest nuisance that has ever invaded the king's highway. It destroys the road, covers the wayfarer with mud, or smothers him with dust, spoils the pleasure and endangers the life of every one who rides, cycles or walks, and contributes scarcely anything to the revenue. If the idle plutocrat wishes to save his precious time by breaking the law, let him at least pay heavily for the privilege of causing the greatest unhappiness to the greatest number.

F. W. HIRST

MR. ASQUITH'S OPPORTUNITY :

(2) TOWARDS A JUST INCOME TAX

AFTER long inquiry into the "practicability" of graduating and differentiating the Income Tax, a House of Commons Select Committee have agreed upon a Report¹ which concludes (1) That it is practicable slightly to extend the present system of graduation by abatements. (2) That a super-tax on large incomes is practicable. (3) That it would be unwise to abandon taxation "at the source." (4) That differentiation is practicable up to £3,000 a year. (5) That compulsory personal declarations of income are advisable. Unfortunately, while admitting that the term "practicability" covers the question of yield, the Committee make no report on this important point. The draft report contained a misleading paragraph on the subject. Happily this was deleted, but unhappily nothing was put in its place. It is necessary, therefore, to fill this gap. My estimate of the distribution of income in 1904 came before the Committee and remained practically unshaken. According to this estimate, the Income Tax-payers, about 1,000,000 in number (with their families say 5,000,000 men, women, and children), have an aggregate income of £830,000,000 per annum, £585,000,000 of which is taken by only 250,000 Income Tax payers ; the total population being 43,000,000, and the total income £1,710,000,000.

For the purposes of a Budget estimate a Chancellor of the Exchequer would not be far wrong, and would not involve himself in even as great an uncertainty as that which now attaches to estimating the yield of the Death Duties, if he based his scheme on the following figures :

¹ No. 365. Wyman & Sons, Fetter Lane, price 2s. 7d.

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APPROXIMATE DISTRIBUTION OF INCOMES OVER £160 A YEAR.

<i>Range of Income.</i>	<i>No. of Income Taxpayers.</i>	<i>Aggregate Incomes.</i> Milln. £.
£160 to £700	800,000	250
£700 to £5,000	235,000	300
£5,000 and over	15,000	200
	<hr/> 1,050,000 <hr/>	<hr/> 750 <hr/>

I know of no greater argument for graduation than the mere statement of these figures : 800,000 taxpayers or thereabouts (with dependents say 4,000,000 people) possessing about £250,000,000 per annum ; 235,000 taxpayers or thereabouts (with dependents say 1,175,000 people) possessing about £300,000,000 per annum ; 15,000 taxpayers (with dependents say 75,000 people) possessing £200,000,000 per annum. If we admit, as I think we must admit, the approximate accuracy of these significant estimates, we must admit also the justice of the demand for a drastic re-adjustment of the Income Tax.

We see also that the present sum now raised by Income Tax (£31,500,000) could be raised (with a margin) as follows :

ADJUSTING THE EXISTING BURDEN.

<i>Income.</i>	<i>No. of Payers.</i>	<i>Aggregate Income.</i> Milln. £.	<i>Rate of Tax.</i> Average.	<i>Yield.</i> Milln. £.
£160 to £700	800,000	250	2½%	6·2
£700 to £5,000	235,000	300	5%	15·0
£5,000 and over	15,000	200	7½%	15·0
	<hr/> 1,050,000 <hr/>	<hr/> 750 <hr/>	<hr/> About 5% <hr/>	<hr/> 36·2 <hr/>

With a graduated tax ranging from ½*d.* or 1*d.* in the £ up to 1*s.* 6*d.* in the £, adjusted as shown, we could undoubtedly raise the sum we now obtain from Income Tax

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while greatly reducing the burden upon the 800,000 middle-class taxpayers.

Or if we thought it desirable to raise a larger sum, we could do so thus :

ADJUSTING AN INCREASED BURDEN.

Income.	No. of Payers.	Aggregate	Rate of	Yield.
		Income.	Tax.	
		Milln. £.	Average.	Milln. £.
£160 to £700	800,000	250	2½%	6·2
£700 to £5,000	235,000	300	7½%	22·5
£5,000 and over	15,000	200	10%	20·0
	<hr/> 1,050,000	<hr/> 750	<hr/> 6½%	<hr/> 48·7

Thus a tax ranging from ½*d.* or 1*d.* in the £ up to 2*s.* in the £, arranged in steps to yield 2½% on incomes between £160 and £700, 7½% on incomes between £700 and £5,000, and charged the full 2*s.* in the £, or 10%, on the incomes over £5,000, could be raised without making a larger levy upon the rich than a tithe of the large aggregate over £5,000 a year.

Such are the facts as to yield which, I submit, are fairly established by the evidence, and which should have appeared in the Report. A Chancellor who worked on figures 10% below those given would be more than safe.

What does a Chancellor of the Exchequer need in order to give effect in detail to such adjustments as those I have broadly suggested? The answer is that his indispensable need is *a knowledge of the individual incomes which it is proposed to graduate.* To the unprejudiced mind that may appear to be a statement of the obvious, but the fact remains that the stoutest fight in the deliberations of the Income Tax Committee was waged on this point. The middle classes now declare their incomes to secure abatements. They form some 750,000 or 800,000 out of a total of about 1,000,000 Income Tax-payers. Our want of knowledge of the individual incomes of the rich (we know the broad aggregates, as I have shown) alone stands in the way of a just Income Tax. Yet, strange to say, it was only

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after the most determined resistance that the recommendation on the point was carried. If it had not been carried, the Report would have been worthless, and for my part I fail to understand how any man can declare himself an advocate of graduation while he opposes the only means of effecting graduation in practice.

We have now considered broadly the question of distribution of income and of yield, unfortunately neglected by the Committee, and the important recommendation that rich as well as poor men should be compelled to declare their incomes. These are the main questions, and if we are agreed upon them the rest is chiefly a matter of business detail. The question of differentiation is really not a difficult one. On this head I quote what I submitted to the Committee in paragraphs 23 and 24 of the Memorandum on pages 257-261 of the Income Tax Blue Book :

(23) I should like to take this opportunity of putting before the Committee more strongly than in my previous evidence, my view that "differentiation" is not really of very great importance, or, to be more accurate, that a differentiation not provided for by graduation itself is not of very great importance. The fact is that in the large majority of cases graduation amounts to differentiation. Small incomes which are numbered by hundreds of pounds are nearly all derived from personal exertions. The incomes in four figures usually combine something of personal exertion with something of income derived from property. The incomes in five figures owe the most to property and the least to personal exertion. It follows that such a graduated scale is both a measure of graduation and a measure of differentiation, for at each step as the scale rises, more and more of income from property enters into the case.

(24) I consider the foregoing consideration should have far more weight than the suggestion that the existence of death duties should be regarded as equivalent to differentiation. I think that the death duties and the income tax should be separately considered.

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An inheritance of property under the protection of the State is one matter ; the amount of income derived from the balance of property inherited is another matter.

Graduation, if justly carried out, amounts to differentiation. I am quite prepared to agree to a specific differentiation between "earned" and "unearned" incomes under, say, £2,500 a year, but over that figure I most fully agree with the Committee that differentiation would be both impracticable and meaningless.

It remains to consider points 1, 2, and 3 of the Committee's conclusions, which are concerned, it will be seen, with method. Most people, I think, will agree with point 3, although I think it a pity that it was not properly related to point 5, in which personal declarations were insisted on. It is as unnecessary as it is inadvisable to abandon "taxation at the source," and by combining it with ultimate assessment of individuals on personal declarations, we arrive at a method which would make evasion and avoidance much more difficult, and therefore do justice to the average taxpayer. The difficulty, of course, is that *a graduated tax cannot be levied at the source*. That being so, some definite rate must be collected at the source, and adjustment made above and below that rate when the personal declaration is made and ultimate assessment effected. Suppose, for example, that we adopted a graduated scale ranging from $\frac{1}{2}d.$ to 1s. 6d. in the £. Then we could tax, say, 1s. "at the source" as in the present year, thus making sure of collection of the bulk of the tax. Then, when the personal declaration was made, we should assess at the proper rate of the graduated scale, and either return the sum overpaid or collect the sum underpaid. *The former process, as the reader is probably aware, is already in practice.* The latter would present no greater difficulties than are already successfully overcome. The extent of what I may call the "at the source" rate would depend entirely upon the range of the graduated scale. If the range were $\frac{1}{2}d.$ to 1s. 6d. it might be taken at 9d. If the range were $\frac{1}{2}d.$ to 2s. it might be taken at 1s.

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With such a combination of "at the source" taxation with ultimate assessment on individual declarations, two income aggregates would be arrived at. The first would be an aggregate obtained by exactly the same method as at present, and give a figure corresponding to that now published every year. The second would be the total of the ultimate individual assessments. By so much as the second total proved to be less than the first, after allowance made for non-personal income, the extent of understatement of individual incomes would be revealed. I do not believe that the discrepancy would be large, but if it were so, steps could be easily taken to test the declarations.

Paragraphs 2 and 3 of the summary of recommendations amount to :

(1) A statement that it would be practicable to extend the system of abatements from £700 to "£1,000 or more" per annum.

(2) A statement that graduation by super-tax is practicable.

Of course these two things are practicable, and so far as the first of them is concerned, it is already in successful practice. It may be pointed out that on April 6, 1898, a Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, made the following graduation of the Income Tax :

Increase from £100 to £150 of abatements on incomes above £400 and not exceeding £500.

Abatement of £120 on incomes above £500 and not exceeding £600.

Abatement of £70 on incomes above £600 and not exceeding £700.

This extension of the abatement system cost the revenue £130,000 in that Budget year, and it brought about a graduated Income Tax which reads thus :

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OUR PRESENT GRADUATED INCOME TAX.

(As ARRANGED BY THE TORIES IN 1898.)

<i>Income.</i>	<i>Abatement allowed.</i>	<i>Income minus Abatement.</i>	<i>Actual Rate of Taxation when the Tax is 1s. in the £.</i>
£.	£.	£.	Pence in the £.
160	160	<i>nil</i>	<i>nil</i>
180	160	20	1·33
240	160	80	4·00
300	160	140	5·60
400	160	240	7·20
440	150	290	7·90
500	150	350	8·40
540	120	420	9·33
600	120	480	9·60
640	70	570	10·68
700	70	630	10·80
Exceeding £700	<i>nil</i>	—	12·00

In view of these accomplished facts, the Committee's paragraph 2 is not devoid of humour. They gravely tell us that what a Tory Chancellor effected in 1898, without the advice of a Select Committee, may now be extended "to £1,000 or *even more*" (the italics are mine). If their recommendation were acted upon by Mr. Asquith, the scale would be practically the same as that framed by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Surely it needed no prolonged consideration of the matter to enable us to decide that the abatement system could be slightly extended, and if amendment stopped at that it would be difficult to speak truly of Income Tax "reform."

In paragraph 3 the Committee say that a "super-tax" is practicable. Again one is tempted to say, "Of course," but why have a super-tax? We have already:

(1) An Inhabited House Duty which is really a roughly graduated Income Tax.

(2) An Income Tax specifically so-called, which is graduated up to £700 a year.

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Why add a third tax to these two? Why not sweep away both Inhabited House Duty, and the present Income Tax with its obscure abatements, and substitute a plain scale to be understood of plain men? Either the grant of an abatement, or the addition of a super-tax, amounts to a confession that an unjust tax needs amendment. Then why have an unjust tax? Why not have a graduated scale, the justice of which would appeal to every one and save many misunderstandings and mistaken impressions of hardship?

A suggestion for the form of such a graduated scale I submitted to the Committee, and here it is:

SUGGESTION FOR A GRADUATED INCOME TAX.

<i>Income.</i>		<i>On Earned Incomes.</i>		<i>On Unearned Incomes.</i>	
£.	£.	Pence in the £.	Pence in the £.		
100 or under		Exempt	Exempt		
Above 100 and not exceeding 160		Exempt		3	
„ 160 „ „ 200	200	2		4	
„ 200 „ „ 300	300	4		6	
„ 300 „ „ 400	400	5		7	
„ 400 „ „ 500	500	6		8	
„ 500 „ „ 600	600	7		9	
„ 600 „ „ 800	800	8		10	
„ 800 „ „ 1,000	1,000	10		12	
„ 1,000 „ „ 2,500	2,500	12		14	
„ 2,500 „ „ 5,000	5,000	16		16	
„ 5,000 „ „ 7,500	7,500	18		18	
„ 7,500 „ „ 10,000	10,000	20		20	
„ 10,000 „ „ 25,000	25,000	22		22	
„ 25,000 and over		24		24	

This scale, it will be seen, graduates incomes up to £25,000 a year, while it applies the principle of specific differentiation up to £2,500 a year.

I do not, of course, commend more than the *form* of this scale. It might range up to 1s. 6d. or 2s. or 2s. 6d. or more, according to the needs of the Exchequer. The essential thing is to have a plain scale and to sweep away the absurd abatements altogether. The steps of the scale

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as given above are perhaps too great. It would be better if they moved by a halfpenny or even less per step. The scale should be graduated up to £25,000 a year, rendering the clumsiness of a "super-tax" altogether unnecessary. The "super-tax" would be misunderstood. The rich would feel and claim that they paid a special tax. But the plain scale would be understood by everybody, and in face of it no one could allege that he was unfairly treated. As a matter of fact, a scale ranged up to 2s. would do much less than demand "equality of sacrifice" from the rich. It would still leave them undertaxed as compared with the middle classes. Sixpence in the £ on £500 reduces the £500 by £12 10s. That is a sum which the £500 man would feel more than the £25,000 man would feel a tax which left him £22,250 a year after paying Income Tax.

But granted all this, it may still be asked how a Chancellor of the Exchequer is to proceed in the year 1907?

It seems to me that there is no insuperable difficulty in the matter. It would be quite possible to proceed thus in the forthcoming Budget :

(1) Compel the rich to do what the poor already do by making them declare their individual incomes.

(2) Frame an estimate of yield on strictly conservative lines.

(3) Frame a plain scale beginning at £160 a year and moving by steps of $\frac{1}{2}d.$ in the £ until 2s. in the £ is reached at £25,000 a year. Differentiate between earned and unearned incomes up to £2,500 a year.

(4) Collect 1s. in the £ "at the source," returning any amounts overpaid by those taxable at less than 1s. (as is done now), and collecting amounts underpaid by those taxable at more than 1s.

This plan is at once practicable and consistent with the Committee's Report.

L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY

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THE mind of the British public revolts at the contemplation of more than one subject at a time; we may have a hot attack of war-fever, or we may plunge into some fierce theological fray, but not both at once; and at the time we really believe that the measure we so virulently advocate is the one measure that, like the famous pills and ointment, is going to cure all ills.

In 1885 I seconded Mr. Jesse Collings' "three acres and a cow" Amendment to the Address, which turned out the Tory Government of the day, and at that time we all believed that "three acres and a cow" was going infallibly and finally to solve the Land Question, but it never had a chance; just now we are told it is to be solved by "Small Holdings," which is only the same thing again, minus the cow; small holdings are good enough in their way, where there is a demand for them, but they certainly will not accomplish all, or nearly all, that is claimed for them by their advocates.

No single measure is going to restore the Landless Man to the Manless Land, as that amiable alien, Mr. Joseph Fels, succinctly puts it.

But before we propose any new legislation at all, does not common sense suggest to us to try the effect of carrying out the already existing laws affecting land, and especially those relating to Public Health? Much may be done to restore the labourer to the land by laws which already exist, which were enacted years ago after long hours of discussion and consideration, but which for one reason or another are inoperative; sometimes because an Act of Parliament says "may" when it ought to say "shall"; sometimes because

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the administration of the law is placed in the hands of a local body determined not to carry it out. Local bodies find no difficulty in frustrating Sanitary Reform (the neglect of which is largely responsible for the decay of the villages), because, if carried out, it has to be paid for mainly out of the rates, and all classes recoil from any proposal that will directly increase the rates, even though it will lead to eventual decrease.

Of course Landlords oppose any increase, because it will lower their rents; Tenants oppose because on them it falls to pay the increase in the first instance, and the Labouring Classes oppose because both Landlords and Tenants din into their ears, morning, noon and night, that the increase will be disastrous, although, as a matter of fact, the contrary is usually the case.

So then before mapping out new Legislation let us insist that at least the Public Health Acts be rigidly enforced; and to this end let us see to it that all Public Health Officials are in a position so independent that they can dare to carry out their duties without fear or favour; and let us strengthen the hands of the Local Government Board, to exercise compulsion on those local bodies who flinch from their duties.

Already the law forbids overcrowding, provides for the supply of pure water, for efficient drainage, for sanitary dwellings, for combating infectious diseases; it forbids adulteration of food, and the use of false weights and measures; every one of these acts is of vital importance to the poor, but there are few rural districts where they are enforced, and such enforcement would in most cases be exceedingly unpopular. It does not seem much to ask that in matters vitally affecting the welfare of the working-classes, measures already defined and determined by Parliament should be effectively carried out.

When we have substituted "shall" for "may," the next matter to be taken in hand is the constitution of the local bodies themselves; their brake-power is admirable, their steam-power lamentably deficient. Let us consider for a moment the composition of the three executive Councils, the County Council, the District Council, and the Parish

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Council, on whom devolve the carrying out of these Acts.

As a rule the best class of men are to be found on a County Council ; and by "the best class" is meant those best able and willing to conduct the County business ; we find squires, parsons, professional men, farmers, and a member or two of each House of Parliament ; but we find scant representation of the labouring class, and it is difficult to see how labourers can serve on this Council unless they are paid ; they ought to be there, and the county suffers from their absence. County Councils do excellent work, as a rule, but have too much power of regulating their own procedure ; in many cases they refuse to publish the votes and attendances of individual Councillors, and a good deal of their business is transacted in the dark.

District Councils are mainly composed of farmers and those connected with farming. It is a characteristic of the farming class that they mistrust prophecy ; they shrink from any change which may or may not have the beneficial effect its advocates predict. Whether sitting as a Council or as a Board of Guardians, they are conscientious guardians of the rates. No District Council has ever been known to embark on any wild-cat scheme of reform. Their duties are mostly dull and commonplace, with nothing to call out their finer qualities ; an uneducated and unintelligent man may nevertheless be a good average District Councillor. If more important duties and responsibilities were thrown upon them, with some share of the Education of the County, other classes would be attracted to the District Council. There is no representation of the labouring class, who cannot afford either the time or the money ; all District Councillors ought to be paid ; attendance on three or four days in a month, and occasional special Committees, form a tax that deters both farmers and labourers.

The Parish Council is a very different body from the other two ; there is much more variety in Parish Councils ; some can find nothing to do, even on the four days they are obliged to meet in the year, while other Parish Councils find it necessary to meet much oftener. A Parish Council may expend up to a three-penny rate, some do spend the full

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amount, others only a half-penny rate, or less. It would be a good thing if the unexpended remainder of the three-penny rate were annually paid over as a contribution to the County Rate. Parish Councillors need not be paid, but more interesting and responsible duties might be assigned to them, especially in sanitary matters ; and in every case the Parish Council ought to be the School Managers.

There remains one serious defect in all three Councils, and that is the general absence of women-councillors ; the presence of women on each of the three bodies ought to be ensured.

Thus, by the enforcement of already existing laws, a great deal might be immediately done to promote the interest and vigour of rural life ; no one disputes that its stagnation and dependence contribute largely to the rural exodus.

Now in what direction is fresh legislation required ? All will agree that far and away the most pressing at this moment is the Education Question ; here legislation cannot be allowed to tarry. First of all—quite first—our rural schools must be free ; the teachers must be free ; neither they nor the scholars must feel they are being domineered over by local magnates. And then, next to freedom, equal possibilities must be opened for all who are worthy and capable of rising in the world, whether they live in town or country. At present the educational advantages offered by towns are enormously greater than those available in the country. By the grouping of schools, and conveying the older scholars from small schools to larger schools, a brighter future might be opened for the best of the rural scholars.

Next in importance to Education comes the Land Ownership question, the biggest question this Parliament will have to deal with. We have a system of land encumbrances, built up during many generations by the most skilful lawyers the world has ever seen ; English land is involved in a network whose complications can only be realised by the trained conventional brain of that High Priest of Property, the experienced Family Solicitor. An estate may have been in a family for centuries ; the ownership may have been unquestioned for generations, but when the eldest

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son comes of age the old title has to be investigated, and the estate has to be resettled, which means hundreds of pounds into the pockets of the lawyers ; when the heir marries come the settlements, which again mean a new investigation of title, and again hundreds of pounds into the pockets of the lawyers ; when the father dies, and the provisions of the will are carried out, and a mortgage has to be raised for the purpose, again hundreds of pounds flow through the same channel into the pockets of the lawyers. And so when a labourer, or a farmer, or a small capitalist wants to buy a plot of ground for a small holding, he finds even a willing landowner helplessly enmeshed in settlements, mortgages, charges, and claims which choke his every effort. To cite an instance ; a few years ago, after selling a row of four cottages, with small gardens attached, I went to the solicitor for my money, and he presented me with his bill showing that the expense of the sale had not only swallowed up the whole of the purchase-money, but that a sum of 25s. was still owing to him.

A few months ago I prepared a scheme for selling about 400 acres of land in plots and small holdings ; but I presently found that the legal expenses of dealing with settled land would be so outrageous that I had to abandon it. The complications of Land Tenure and Title present a knot so tangled that it will have to be cut more or less summarily before any legislation to promote small holdings can be profitably initiated.

How our Land Laws are to be reformed when the time comes is a question on which experts widely differ, but one or two objects must be kept steadily in view. It ought to be made possible for a plot of ground to be sold as cheaply and expeditiously as, let us say, a cow ; no legislation to promote small holdings can work to any purpose while land is hampered by existing encumbrances ; these stultify all attempts to place land on the market ; the cheap and speedy transfer of land is the first thing to be aimed at.

The next thing will be to relieve the landowner of the restrictions, legal and moral, which interfere with the performance of his duties to his estate. The owner of an encumbered estate cannot, with the best will in the world,

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overtake his obligations to those living on it. Year after year he tries to make his small remainder of income which reaches his own pocket suffice for the whole of the estate ; then a succession of bad harvests obliges him to make abatements of rent ; but the mortgagees make no abatement ; they must be paid in full, and without delay. Now, who is it that suffers ? The landlord suffers little ; he can shut up or let the family mansion, and retire for a time to live in comfort at a continental hotel ; the farmers suffer more ; they pursue their life much as before, only they must for a time do without needed repairs and improvements ; those who suffer most are the labourers ; there is no money for leaky roofs and cottage repairs, and the activities of the estate are paralysed.

This difficulty can only be met in one way ; a mortgaged estate is a curse to all who live on it ; in the interests of the community a mortgaged estate ought to be rendered an impossibility ; agricultural land ought not to be a legal security for money for an indefinite period ; it should only be permissible under conditions of repayment, within a given time, of principal and interest. When the owner of an estate requires money, he ought to sell some of his land, and in this way more land would, from time to time, be brought into the market.

The land-laws, which are often defended on the ground of keeping old families on the land, have not even fulfilled this end. By the accumulation of mortgages and charges on entailed estates, from generation to generation, many landowners have been brought to ruin ; names have been blotted out and forgotten in the counties where they were once intimately connected with all the local history of the past. It is true that when the old estate has been sold to a prosperous London tradesman he often spends money freely on his new purchase, but the day of Small Holdings is not advanced by the change, nor are the dwellers on the estate rendered a bit more independent ; it is this sense of dependence on their social superiors which drives away to towns or colonies many of our most valuable country neighbours.

Unless the Session of 1907 affords some relief in country problems, a feeling of exasperation will be aroused among

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country folk, whose hopes at the time of the election had been raised so high. Many have felt that the deceased Education Bill had been disastrously weakened by concessions. At this moment much feeling has been excited about magisterial appointments, and men are resenting the tyranny of the Tory Bench. The treatment of the Aged Poor excites resentment when we have John Burns at the Local Government Board. The monopoly of land is not to be endured with a strong Liberal Government in power; and daily we have to face the evils wrought by unnecessary public-houses, which we are powerless to close.

The Prime Minister enjoys a confidence and popularity which rarely falls to the lot of a man of sterling honesty, but he has not yet made for himself a great name to conjure with, and we in the country still regard him with hopeful expectancy. We can make allowances for his difficulties, and for the compromises which are essential to keep the Party together, but it would answer our purpose better to break up the Party now than to see it enfeebled by the disastrous compromises of last Session. If the Party of advanced Reform cannot carry with them the majority in the House of Commons, they may be absolutely certain that they have the Country Party with them to a man.

Year by year country folk understand better and better how England is governed; they realise more and more vividly which of the ills they suffer from are unavoidable and which are the outcome of class legislation or injustice. They assuredly will not accept a Small Holdings Bill as a panacea or even an instalment of what is rightfully due, and unless this Liberal Government can show that the most burning questions are really going to be promptly and effectively dealt with, the next election will prove quite as startling a swing of the pendulum as the last.

EDMUND VERNEY

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AT the beginning of last year London for the first time since 1880 returned a Liberal majority to Parliament. Ever since its creation the London County Council had been checked, harassed, and frustrated by the hostility of London's Parliamentary representatives. At length unity of Progressive purpose had been secured between the legislative and administrative machines, and the hopes of Progressive London ran high, the more especially as even the Borough Councils were showing hearts of grace, and as regards the majority of them were no longer serving as the nether millstone for crushing the ideals of Spring Gardens. The day of rejoicing was of short duration. In November came the triennial elections of these minor local authorities, and as the result Progressive London was amazed to discover that on all but three or four of these Borough Councils it had lost everything to the enemy. To-day it is desperately fighting for the London County Council itself against foes that never before have been so bold and unscrupulous nor so well equipped with the power that wealthy organisations can give them.

Looking back now at the events of the past twelve months it is easy to see that we ought not to have been taken by surprise—as we undoubtedly were—by the turn which they have taken. The panic of the vested interests, which are stronger in London than anywhere else in the country—their call to arms in battle array—was, after all, only the natural sequel to the Conservative *débâcle* last January. The County Council had always been a nuisance to them, regulating their operations here, pruning their profits there, and at successive elections they had striven

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hard—although with one exception always in vain—to break its vigour and cripple its energy. But with a Tory House of Commons they felt that it could not become a serious danger to their continued prosperity at the public expense. The water companies had been brought to surrender, it is true, but only on terms which most generously estimated future profits in the interests of their shareholders, and at the same time set up still another sectional body to weaken the authority of London's municipality. But with two out of every three London M.P.'s in sympathy with the London County Council, and a Liberal majority from the country at large which might be large enough even to overawe the House of Lords in some matters, the position was entirely changed. The first session gave these vested interests a foretaste of what they had to expect. The omnibus companies saw their long monopoly of traffic over the Thames brought to an end. The syndicate which had all but secured from Parliament a monopoly of London's electricity supply in the previous session saw its hopes perish in the adverse report of a Select Committee. The slum owners, when they contemplated such flat defiance to the rights of private enterprise, could hardly sleep at night, and even those much-threatened men, the ground landlords, grew really uneasy when they heard of the Prime Minister's promise to his municipal deputation of legislation for the rating of site values. A Progressive County Council in collusion with a Liberal House of Commons was an affliction to be got rid of at any cost. They could not hope, for some time to come at least, to get rid of the Liberal House of Commons, but the Progressive County Council could be attacked at once, first by undermining it in November, and then by an assault with horse, foot, and artillery for the election in March. On the whole their plans were well laid, and with the use of a very large war chest they have been well carried out, apart perhaps from the campaign of calumny, which seemed to be wanting in good generalship. As the result the issue at the time of writing is very much in doubt. All that can be said with confidence is that whichever it be—whether enthusiasm for civic ideals proves even stronger than the forces of personal selfishness in

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alliance with popular ignorance, or is beaten down by them—the issue of the struggle cannot fail to have the most important effects upon the future of London government, if not upon municipal institutions generally throughout the country.

In the first place, the principle is at stake of the public ownership of those public services which in the nature of things must be monopolies. Apart from water supply—and as regards that London was exploited to the fullest extent before it was permitted to pass out of private hands—there are but two services in London to which this principle has been applied, tramways and electricity supply. With one or two insignificant exceptions, all the tramways in the County of London are now both owned and worked by the County Council, whilst about a fourth of the electricity consumed in London is supplied by the Borough Councils. Although they had opposed it at every stage, the Moderates now profess to accept the municipalisation of the tramways as an accomplished fact, which they will not seek in any way to disturb. This attitude can be well understood, having regard to the circumstance that for the time being the private exploiter of tramways has lost his chance in London. But it may come again. The prospects of municipal tramways are clearly by no means the same under Progressive and under Moderate administration. The Progressives will have a wholehearted faith in the service they are administering and also in the principle on which it is being administered. They will push forward all necessary extensions, seeking from Parliament the removal of the power of veto which the Borough Councils at present arbitrarily possess over new lines, in order that all parts of London shall be brought into communication with each other. The Moderates, on the other hand, are avowed sceptics in the ability of a municipal authority to manage such a service as well as a private company, open scoffers at the idea that it should be administered entirely for the convenience and comfort of the public, to the elimination of the element of private profit. They have shown a sneaking preference for the privately-owned motor omnibuses, and a firm resolve, as shown by their power on the Borough Councils, to preserve

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the West End entirely for these vehicles. In these circumstances it is easy to foresee the danger of Moderate administration to the municipal working of the tramways. Nothing would be easier than for them to so prejudice its success as to make it appear, in the course of a year or two, that leasing the lines to a private company or companies was far the more advantageous policy. They have, indeed, given us some inkling of the method that would be adopted by their electioneering attack upon the finance of the tramways, and more particularly by their proposal to debit it with the cost of street widenings that are for the convenience of all kinds of traffic. Of the evil influence which unsympathetic administration can exert upon the soundest municipal principle we had an instructive objective lesson when the Moderates nearly succeeded in wrecking the Works Department during the years that they were on almost equal terms with their opponents on the Council.

As to electricity supply the position is altogether different. The circumstances are such that practically the whole field is still open to the exploitation of the company promoters—and a veritable gold field it is, according to the avowal of the company promoters themselves. As I have stated, the Borough Councils at present own about a quarter of the supply. But with the progress of electrical science it has become manifest that the continuance of their independent undertakings is economically impossible. If the County of London and the populous districts by which it is surrounded are to be supplied with electric light and power as cheaply as possible, they must form one area with one—or possibly two—huge generating stations in the centre. This much is common ground between the London County Council and its company-promoting antagonists.

With a Progressive victory at the polls the passing of the Council's Electrical Supply Bill may be regarded as assured. During the next seven years it will have constructed the necessary generating machinery and distributing mains at an expenditure of from four to four and a half millions sterling. The transfer to it of the Borough Council undertakings will simply involve the transfer from the local authorities to the central authority of the debt outstanding upon them, with

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possibly some financial adjustment in one or two special cases. The right of buying out the companies, which has practically become a dead letter in the hands of the Borough Councils, will be vested in the County Council, and will thus again become an effective instrument for the municipalisation of the whole electric supply in London ; in most cases, it may be assumed, the companies would be bought out by agreement long before this right became operative. It will thus be seen that the election will probably decide the future of this great natural monopoly over an area which in 1910 will have, it is estimated, a population of between seven and eight millions, whether it is to become municipal property or—as was the case with water—fall into the hands of a combination of financiers.

If a Moderate majority is elected one of its first acts, it may be presumed, will be the withdrawal of the Council's Bill. No doubt some show will be made of exacting terms from the promoters of the Administrative County of London and District Electric Power Bill for the protection of the interests of consumers. There is plenty of margin for concessions which would still leave the company in possession of a splendid monopoly out of which large profits can be made that, with municipal ownership, would have benefited the community. Even under present conditions the companies in the County of London made a profit in 1905 of about a million sterling on a capital expenditure of twelve millions and a quarter, the dividends paid varying from $14\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. On the average they charged $4\cdot06d.$ for every unit sold to private consumers as compared with $3\cdot25d.$ charged by the Borough Councils, the charge made for public lighting being substantially the same. On their purchase of $91\frac{1}{2}$ millions, consumers of electric current consequently paid over £285,000 more than they would have done for the municipal supply if this had been available. These figures are of course a mere bagatelle compared with the financial possibilities of a central supply by means of the latest machinery. But in the light of them it is easy to understand why during the past session or two of Parliament company promoters should have been tumbling over each other in their efforts to swallow up the whole business in

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the London area, and why they should feel so keen an interest in the result of the County Council Election.

I have left myself but little space in which to consider the effect of the election as regards a reform of the machinery of London Government. In the opinion of Progressives such a reform on large and comprehensive lines is urgently needed, no attempt having been made by Parliament in 1888 or 1899 to grasp the problem as a whole. The Government is understood to contemplate legislation with this object, but in carrying it through the friendly co-operation of the County Council will certainly be required, and it is hardly likely to be given if the Council becomes a Moderate body. There are two main purposes to be secured by such legislation, an equality in rating and a uniformity in administration throughout London, and in practical operation the two things will be found to be inseparable. There is the further question of an extension of the boundaries of the county so as to bring in the districts so rapidly increasing in population, which are but the overflow of its poverty and wealth. But for the time being this question is possibly not one of immediate practical politics, although the plight of such districts as West Ham cannot long continue to be disregarded, and equity to the present ratepayers in the county of course demands that when the extension does take place it shall embrace the wealth as well as the poverty.

In defending the integrity and independence of the City Corporation and the Borough Councils the Moderate party, as at present organised and constituted, may be expected to die in the last ditch. How much the continuance of the *status quo* in this respect means to the vested interests on which Moderatism lives and has its being may be illustrated by the struggle for the electrical monopoly. The Borough Councils at this moment are busy in spending the ratepayers' money in supporting the company promoter by opposing the County Council. Last year they spent £26,126 in Parliamentary proceedings, a large part of this sum being spent in opposing the interests of London as a whole. At the present time it is impossible that London shall speak with one voice, either in Parliament or elsewhere, and

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private interests profit by the fact again and again. They have come to regard the Borough Councils, with the City Corporation at the head, as their unfailing allies, for whose undiminished power and glory they may be expected to do their utmost. Their cause will be fought, of course, in the name of local patriotism. Fine words ! But they have no relation to facts. A civic pride in London is slowly growing up, but the ordinary citizen takes no exclusive interest in the particular district where for the time he happens to be dwelling. To him, when the question is put, "local patriotism" must appear an unnecessary and expensive luxury at the cost of 4s. 2d. in the £ (as in Poplar), of 1s. 10d. (as in Bermondsey), of 1s. 6d. (as in Stepney), and so on. This impression will be strengthened when it is brought home to him that these differences between local rates and the average rate do not represent the entire gain from unification and equalisation ; there would be large savings on administrative expenses (particularly in districts where lavish resources have led to lavish expenditure) that can be used in levelling up the municipal services in other districts where hitherto poverty has caused them to be unduly stinted.

On the whole, I am strongly of opinion that if this question of unity in administration and equality in rating could have been put in the forefront of the present fight there would have been less reason to fear the result on March 2. As it is, if the forces of reaction should unhappily prevail, the Moderate triumph will give a most valuable innings to London's financial exploiters, but, on the other hand, the Progressive Party will still occupy firm ground on which to work for the restoration of its power.

FREDERICK DOLMAN

THE NEW THEOLOGY

OF

THE CITY TEMPLE

THE Pastor of the City Temple, the successor of Dr. Parker, has caused a flutter among his pews and galleries by enunciating what is called a New Theology. The catchword has been re-echoed by a voluble organ of the Press, which has thus diverted a flight of letters into its columns, and provoked a copious shower of pulpit oratory. These results have been profitable, no doubt, to the newspaper in question, as well as to sundry places of worship. Editors have been provided with gratuitous copy, and preachers with eloquence on easy terms. The readers and the hearers have not, however, been taken much farther on their way towards truth. This is due, perhaps, not so much to Mr. Campbell as to themselves. The correspondence, which Mr. Campbell's meditations have stirred up, is a very curious index to the public mind. It proves, not only that the public knows little of theology, as a representative of human thought in the past, but that it knows very little of the universe in which we live, and even less of the problems which are agitating thinkers and seekers at the present time. On one hand, Mr. Campbell is reprovèd for introducing anything new into theology. On the other hand, he is condemned because what he says is neither new nor theological. The latter word is used by these objectors with a shade of malice which is not disguised, and with a reservation which is not quite ingenuous. Mr. Campbell's doctrines are branded as merely a revival of certain old heresies ; and it is implied that they are, in consequence, and of necessity, outside the range of genuine theology.

This attitude of mind is traditional. Even Bishop Stubbs, in our own day, great historian as he was, closed his

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ears, and therefore his intelligence, to certain questions. He said he would never allow any discussion in matters which the universal church had decided. Dr. Johnson, in the century before, said the same thing, in other words ; and it had been said by theologians, by councils, by fathers, during many centuries, vehemently, with more heat than light. This point of view is orthodox, is conservative, is imposing in many senses, is useful in controversy ; but it will not bear examination. It is not easy, for instance, to agree about the "universal church." A Papist would not include Dr. Stubbs in it, would not even allow that he was a bishop. Dr. Stubbs would, probably, not include a Wesleyan or a Presbyterian. And so the exclusion spreads, until theological zealots come to the point which scientific historians have reached ; namely, that, in any strict meaning of the term, there neither is now, nor ever has been, any "universal church."

Starting from this result, it follows as a necessary consequence, that various old opinions are not ruled out of court merely because they have been labelled as heretical. What we ask ourselves, in these days, is not whether such opinions were displeasing to the majority at a certain time, or in a certain place. We ask, more honestly and profitably, whether such opinions are in themselves tenable or untenable, reasonable or ridiculous. It is often difficult to arrive at a satisfactory answer ; because the church has invariably blackened its opponents, misrepresented or garbled their words, and as far as possible destroyed contemporary and genuine evidence. For these methods of controversy, it will have in the end, and deservedly, to suffer. We know, in our own day, how the French *Constitution Civile du Clergé* and all its adherents have been maligned, although the truth about it and them could not be annihilated, and is still accessible ; but we may infer, from this instance, how little we really know about Abelard, or Pelagius, or Arius, or Celsus, or Marcion. If we only knew Calvin, and Erasmus, and Wyclif through the anathemas of councils and the scurrilities of theologians, we should not be in a position to judge them equitably.

The three chief accusations against Mr. Campbell's

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theories are, that they are Pelagian, that they are pantheistic, that they annul traditional notions of the atonement. To condemn his theories for that reason is, implicitly, to assert the soundness of the opinions which are opposed to them. In other words, it is to assert the infallibility of Augustinianism or Calvinism in the sphere of grace, and of a pseudo-Paulinism in the matter of redemption. As to pantheism, we may leave that on one side. It is more easily abused than explained. In Roman Catholic treatises, I have met the elegant phrase *putridus pantheismus*, which explains little beyond the fear and temper of those who use it, and leaves pantheism itself severely alone.

Now, as between Mr. Campbell and his opponents, the present writer takes no side. His aim is neither to approve nor to condemn. He wishes to examine, and the subject of his examination is not, primarily, the New Theology of Mr. Campbell, but certain opinions, which are current in these days of ours, which certainly affect the theologies of the past, and to which the theology of the present must be adjusted if it is to influence human lives and minds.

The great religions of the past have all committed themselves to definite theories of the universe. They are not only theologies but cosmogonies. They profess to explain the origin of the world, as well as the nature of the Gods, and to establish the relation between the Gods and their physical manifestations. Judaism, in this respect, has not differed from other historical religions; and Christianity has, of necessity, accepted in these matters, the foundation and explanations of Judaism. That foundation is in the opening chapters of Genesis, which Christianity has adopted and enlarged. I put aside the question, that there are two accounts in the beginning of Genesis, which differ as to the time and order of creation. Their variations are irreconcilable. If one account be literally true, the other must be untrue. The world may, or may not, have been made in six days; but it cannot have been made in six days and in one day, as theologians professed to hold for many centuries.

Let us, however, take the account which is based on the six days, and add to it those congruent notions which the middle ages inherited and accepted. We have an universe

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which may be thus described. There are many accounts of it; but I will paraphrase that one which is given by Anatole France in *Le Jardin d'Epicure*. Men of old believed firmly that the earth was the centre of the universe, and that all the stars revolved about it. They felt under their feet the damned writhing in the fires of hell. Perhaps they had seen with their eyes and smelled with their noses the sulphurous, infernal smoke bursting through some fissure in the rocks. Raising their eyes they gazed on the twelve spheres; first, that of the elements, which enclosed the air and the fire; then the spheres of the Moon, of Mercury, of Venus, which latter was traversed by Dante on Good Friday, in 1300. After that, they saw the spheres of the Sun, of Mars, of Jupiter, of Saturn; and, beyond, the firmament, in which the stars were hung out as lamps. Thought, out-ranging sense, discovered farther, by spiritual vision, the ninth heaven, where saints lived in ecstasy, the *primum mobile*, or crystalline firmament, and at length the Empyrean, the dwelling of the blessed, whither, after death, the angels, clothed in white, would carry them like little children, their souls washed in baptism and scented by the sacramental oils. In those ages, God had no children except men; and all his creation was ordered in a manner both childish and poetical, like a huge cathedral. Thus conceived, the universe was so simple that its whole frame and motion could be represented in a great painted clock-work.

Such is a fair account of the world as known to the ancients, as presented to them by their religious teachers, as guaranteed by their religions and described in their sacred books. Let us postulate at once that our duty, as we conceive it, is to explain those books, and not to explain them away. When the writers or editors of Genesis talk about six days, each with an evening and a morning, it is only fair to assume that they meant a literal day which they knew, and not a geological period of which they had no conception. And I cannot agree with Mr. Gladstone, that the Holy Ghost deliberately abused human language, to conceal facts from primeval man. What I wish, rather, to dwell on is this, that theology and cosmogony have always hung together. If man has made God in his own image,

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which is indisputable, he has also reflected God in his notions of the universe. The notions which we have just examined led directly, inevitably, to the traditional theologies; not only to the Jewish and Christian theologies, but to the theologies of all the great historical religions. If we look at them without prejudice and pre-possession, they not only have a strong family resemblance, but their details approach very near to one another. The resemblances were not unknown to the earlier centuries, but they were ascribed to diabolic agencies. In our own day, the resemblances are found to be more numerous and close, but we explain them by the natural history of religion, by that science of comparative theology which has done so much for us. "Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas," sang the most religious of all the poets. If he were right, this age of ours should indeed be happy; for we explain to ourselves how all the theologies have come into being, and how much alike they are. We find in them, collectively or severally, a Trinity, one or more Incarnations, a Redeemer, sacrificed and re-appearing, a church, an eucharist, and so on, *mutatis mutandis*, through the whole range of notions and institutions which were thought once to be exclusively Christian.

Now these old theological notions, whether Christian or non-Christian, were connected indissolubly with those old theories of cosmogony which we have examined. No theology can be larger than the universe of those who hold it. And what we are trying to elucidate is that the traditional theology has been thus limited and narrowed by the traditional cosmogony. Men of science have demonstrated, long ago, that the traditional cosmogony is untenable; but theology has not kept pace with the development of the other sciences. It is still bound in medieval fetters, and narrowed to medieval conceptions. For we must not ignore the *media* through which our theology has come to us. It has come, first, through those ages of decadence when Greek philosophy was dying and Greek speech was debased. It passed next, through those more terrible centuries of darkness, when civilisation itself had vanished, and Greek thought was buried. To those dark ages succeeded the two centuries of protestant dogmatism and

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puritanical narrowness. It is through these *media* that our theology has come, and the results are deplorable.

As we look back, we cannot help seeing the errors and blunders of the church, which has impeded human progress, and added to the natural disadvantages of human ignorance. If we have to unlearn our Bibles, it is chiefly because the church has committed itself to an impossible explanation of them. If there has been a warfare between faith and science, it is because the church has professed to be a scientific expert and expositor. In the regions of science, we can all perceive how grievously the church has erred. We know it was wrong in its views of astronomy, in denying the antipodes, in its notions of geology, in its resistance to evolution. That it calmly accepts these conclusions now does not remove its error, or make amends to those whom it persecuted for maintaining truth. As it was so grievously mistaken about the matters of this world, our confidence is naturally shaken when it claims infallibility in other spheres. It has not only failed in the regions of science proper, but it has failed to be a correct interpreter of its own books. It certainly led mankind astray with regard to them, and none of its errors is so damaging as this.

We may now deal more directly with Mr. Campbell's position. It seems to me, broadly speaking, this : He has perceived that the bases of the traditional theology are not impregnable ; that its theories are, in fact, too narrow for our present conceptions of the universe ; that its ethics are below the average standard, and leave much to be desired. If we recognise the *media* through which our theology has come, we can explain its defects. If we go back, through puritanism, beyond protestantism, behind the middle ages, we can rectify many of those defects. The atmosphere of the Gospels is purer and fresher than the atmosphere of the Epistles. The words of the Master are better than the message of Paul ; and it is to those words that the world is more and more inclined to go back.

With regard to Christ, we desire to know above all things what he said, and what he thought. We ponder the recorded words, and try to re-construct the original,

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the personal, message. We examine the age in which he lived, and try to re-construct his mind. All this seems to us far more important than the canons of Nicæa and the clauses of the Athanasian creed. By following these clues, we have found a Christ who is very real and living : a Christ who, in Renan's phrase, has the *divine ironie*, whose piercing and flaming word illuminates everything it touches. If we go straight back to his recorded history, we find the opponent of sacerdotalism, of formalism, of ceremonial and organised religion, of social conventions. We find the Master who spoke always to the individual, and who accomplished his work by teaching and perfecting the individual. For witnessing to these truths, in this manner, he was martyred ; but, if we keep to the synoptic Gospels, we do not find in that martyr the conventional Saviour of Augustine, of Calvin, of later protestant theology. Neither do we find the metaphysical Christ of the early councils, nor the hierarchical Christ of the medieval church. These notions are not only absent from the primary documents, but cannot easily be reconciled with them. The Christ of the Gospels is the freshest and most original of teachers. He is wholly unlike the metaphysical abstraction of the councils, and the theological convention of many treatises on grace. As we read the Gospels we can understand how Christ is the redeemer of human nature, and the revealer of the Father ; but we do not find in the synoptic Gospels the conventional soteriology of later theologians. That soteriology, we must confess, does not seem to us either original, or exclusively Christian. In some of its aspects, and in many of its traditional expressions, it is connected with the worship of Osiris, of Adonis, of Mithra. These worships may bear witness to the desires and needs of human nature, but they do not of themselves guarantee the historical truth of the personages worshipped. Such, perhaps, are some of the thoughts which have led Mr. Campbell into speech. Instead of condemning his thought and his words, it is surely more profitable to try to understand his reasons and his point of view ; for some such point of view will have to be, I don't say accepted, but pondered very seriously by that abstraction which some people mis-call the

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church, and others describe more truly as the Christian conscience, or consciousness.

Another point we might urge for the consideration of those who object to all changes in religion, merely because they are changes. Was there ever any change so fundamental and revolutionary as the change from the traditional Pharisaism and legalism of the Jews in the first century to the buoyant freshness and freedom of the first Christians? Our own conventional religionists usually mis-read both phases. The change can only be realised if we understand, so far as possible, both what Pharisaism was and what the Christianity of Christ really was. Even in the depths of the middle ages, Joachim of Flora realised, better than any theologian of the sixteenth century, the function and the coming reign of the Holy Spirit. Judaism, he said, was the reign of the Father. The church was the reign of the Son. The coming age of the Everlasting Gospel, was to be the reign of the Holy Spirit. In saying this, he was faithful to the promises of Christ. He believed that the Master would bring out of his treasury things new as well as old. He affirmed that indwelling and guidance of the Spirit which is part of our Christian heritage. In so doing was not this medieval prophet more faithful to the words of Christ than those so-called Reformers who merely substituted one stereotyped teaching for another; an infallible book for an infallible church: forgetting that the letter killeth; that no formula, no organisation, is of divine authority; and that Christ gave only living principles to a world of living and progressive men, which they were to apply, under guidance of the Spirit, to their varying and progressive needs? This aspect of Christianity has, perhaps, been too much overlooked in the past. It must be our duty, as well as our privilege, to realise and further it. And so we do not condemn the New Theology of the City Temple. It is inevitable that change should come into this changing world. Many changes have come and gone, and men are the better for them. So it has been; so, assuredly, it will be.

The world is strewn with the wreckage of dead religions. Yet they have, many of them, had longer and larger histories

THE NEW THEOLOGY

than Christianity. None of them was saved by its theology, by its ecclesiastical organisation. Some of them contained seeds of truth ; and that truth has lived on, is living still, has been absorbed into the larger growth of mankind. So it must be, also, with our own religion, if it is to live. Its conception of God must be enlarged, and adjusted to our present conception of the universe. Its ethics should be higher, and not as they have been, lower, than the standard of our best thinkers. Its theologians must recognise those inevitable laws which are, beyond any dispute, a revelation of the divine, since they make for righteousness, and we ignore them at our peril. Its multitude of believers must grasp the truth that religion is a development ; that God speaks not only at sundry times, but in divers manners ; that our sacred books are the historical witness to this development. This is not revolutionary, but evolutionary ; and evolution is one of those divine laws to which I have referred. A religion which cannot face that test, or stand the application of that law, is doomed. Above all, we must give a truthful answer to the old question, "What think ye of Christ ?" And it is *our* answer that is required ; not the answer of the sixteenth century, or of the thirteenth, or of the third. If we can answer this question truly, we may leave questions of the church and of theology to take care of themselves. They will follow logically, and in due course. More and more, as the churches are manifestly failing, even in numbers, is the question of Christ growing in importance and interest. As a clue towards answering it, we may find guidance in an unlikely and unexpected place. The Athanasian Creed speaks, in one of its clauses, about the nature of Christ being one : "not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking of the manhood into God." Now the theology of the past was too much inclined to think the Godhead was converted into flesh. The New Theology desires, rather, that our common manhood should be taken into God. This, as I think, may be a clue also to Mr. Campbell's thought, and to the whole tendency of religious aspiration in these earnest and stimulating days of ours.

ARTHUR GALTON

BLIND ¹

Two tramps : a Woman and her blind Son, a simply.

MOTHER. No further, child, to-night ; your mother's
tired,

And your blind feet have stumbled more than once.
Here's firing, a rare lot of withered gorse.

Son. Good : I think fire never puts such cheer
Into his flames as when he's gorse to burn.

Mother. My soul, this is a sad way we are going ;
I should be underground by rights, I think ;
The woman's dead in me these many years,
And it's a cold thing to carry in your heart.
I'd as lieve my flesh were trapt under this stone
As start again to-morrow the old gate ;
But it would need to be a heavier one
To keep me still and smothered down, if death
Got me before I'd found my man. Ah well,
One more day nearer.—If my hate would learn
Patience ! O, be satisfied, my disease,
You shall have better food than this old heart ;
And drink not all my life, you lime-hot hate ;
There's a trough prepared somewhere against your thirst,
Brimming, and then lap your fill.—Here, my son,
Let me make sure again of your arms' strength :
Ay, these are proper cords ; and there'll be need
To take him firmly when we find him, child.
Active he is and tall and beautiful
And a wild anger in him.—See here, boy,
My throat's his throat ; take it as you will his,
No, tighter, tighter, where's your strength ? Ah——

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BLIND

Son. O mother, did I hurt you ?

Mother. Simple lad,
You weren't half cruel enough ; you barely brought
The red flames into my eyes this time at all.
O but it's good, the grip you have, and good
To feel it on me, try the pains of those
Who strangle ; they will be *his* some day.

Son. Mother, don't let us have more of this game.
There's something gets into my fingers, dear,
When I begin to press and feel you breathe
Difficultly : why will you make me hurt you ?

Mother. Practice for you, and practice for my hate
To trust your grip. You know not what a peril
Your hands must deal with ; doubts keep stinging me
Whether you have the sinews to make quiet
That danger of a man.—And he escapes us !
We go too halt. Yet there's scant doubt he knows
We're after him ; sure he is afraid
And sleeps not well of nights. Married too
Belike these twenty years,—curse her, the witch.
Son, am I mad ? I wonder if I'm mad.

Son. They say so, mother. Now I've lit the fire,
What are we going to eat ?

Mother. Yes, we must eat,
You to keep strength and I to keep my wits.
Something might hap to-morrow. I'll go beg
At doors, and if I fail (it's darkening) steal.

Son. Ho, fire's in a friendly mood to-night.
That gypsy woman said there was a league,
Didn't she, mother, between me and fire ?
Hark at him purring when I stroke his ribs ;
Does he not play to bite my hand ? She said
His flames, if I sat and waved my hands for him,
Would follow and lick after them, and if
I raised them as to hit him, they would flinch.
Is it true, mother ?—but I'm sure it's true.
Mother, have we blind souls ?

Mother. What is it to you
If you have soul or no ? All you are for
Is, when the time comes, and I tell you grip him,

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To get the life in his throat under your hands,
And use your thumbs.

Son. But is not soul a kind
Of hungriness? Because if so, I have some.

Mother. What good's that to you? O the child you are.
I had a soul once; it was a poor thing
To this fierce master that now drives my flesh.
Who's fed you all these years?

Son. You, mother.

Mother. Then
Love me for it, and burn up all your thought
To zeal like mine for this one deed of ours.
I fear you'll fail me.

Son. Mother, that's not kind.
I know that some one must be killed by me,
And all my lifetime we've been looking for him.
When the time comes, here are my hands. It seems
A simple thing; and in my head there's room
For much beside.

Mother. Who knows how lucky it is
That in your body grown to such a manhood
Your mind is still a child?—my poor blind child!

Son. Are you rested, mother? But it does not sound
Quite dark yet, so it's no good, I suppose,
You going to the farmyards. Are you sure,
Mother, you'll know him?

Mother. I will know him, son,
Never you fret. There's not his like in the world.
You mustn't let him speak though, for I fear
The sleeping habit of my tears.

Son. Let me alone for that. Give me his throat,
And slim the words must be to sliver past
The collar I'll have round it.

Mother (to herself). Ah no, God, not like this. It must
have been.
Wicked to you, that long-dead love of mine,
That it bore so unkindly. Will you not now
Relent at last, and give my boy to hate?
It will be vile, if your delivering up
His father to these hands, so rare a man,

BLIND

Be not thus changed from impiousness, nor made
Holy with a fierce righteousness of hate,
Him to divide from usage of his breath.
I know you have warned death from him, that his son,
The minting of his passion on the world,
A love he has forgotten, may be found
The mischief of his life, his own wild youth
Standing up formed against him, given hands
To pluck him out of going on in the light,
A wrong he did grown big to do him wrong.
Will you come so near justice, and yet miss?—
Can you not hate him, child? It must be you
Who do it, not merely I through you.—
Vain, this: there is no end to your father's guilt.
He it was maimed your sense and reason, to spoil
The rightness of this work. How is it right
That you should kill him when you hate him not?
Yet as it falls, so must it; for I think
My purpose will not now leave go my life;
I have it for a nature, and my law.
When you were born, it took me, and your growth
Delighted it, not me. There never was
Joy in a mother's heart at your great strength;
Those were no mother's thanks I gave to Heaven
That you were thewed so well, but a great praise
Because I knew God signed my vengeance with you.
Yet there is mother in me.—Ah, child, child,
How near my bitter suckling of you seems.
Often I lookt that you would cry to draw
The throbbing fire shut in my breasts; and yet
Always you took it as it had been milk.
But none the less I knew, sorrow and guilt
Were all I had to feed my innocent with.
The cruelest thing was, how you smiled at me
And never wept that I should give you drink
Unnatural lawless nourishment, despair.
Was it not harsh as brine to taste?—but you
Delighted in it and thrived, my poor blind babe.
You do not hear. What are you rapt upon?
Son. What, mother? O that little girl we met

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At midday I was thinking of. You know
She let me put my hands upon her head :
What a wonderful loveliness that is of hair,—
Soft, smooth, delicious as the smell of gorse
In sunlight, and for slipping through your fingers
Better than water. Hair—yes, it would be
A nature, I suppose, between sunshine
And water, and yet neither.—There must be
Words equal to the loveliness of hair ;
If I could find them ! Golden, do they say ?
I wish the words for beauty had been made
By men who knew with hands, and not with eyes.
Why isn't your hair like that little girl's,
Mother ? You mind when first my feeling knew
The moon was shining on me ? Well, I took
That hair into my heart as wonderingly.
But it feels strange there : it's as if it missed
A welcome that it should have found therein.
That's why I askt, have we blind folks a soul ?

Mother. O Lord, Lord, this is not surely he who must
Thy vengeance do and mine ?

Son. The ugly beast,
What are her hands to mine ? What right had she
To take the little one's hair out of my hands ?
Beggar, says she, be off ; how dare you lay
Your dirty mawlers on my darling's head ?—
If hair was made for any hands, for mine.
The beast, I hate her.

Mother. Ay, can you hate her
Who took away your play, poor simpleton ?
The work we have to do, that would be rare
For demons, will not move you half so much.
That frightens me. And it was your father did it !

Son. Mother, how close these trees are overhead ;
Yet by their speech they are grown. Are they askew ?

Mother. Ay, poor old trees, right thravn they are. They
know
The north-west winds demand a posture of them
And fear the weight of wild feet on their necks
Spraining them, if they stood upright again.

BLIND

They are grown used to stooping now, as I,
Pulled mainly awry by long-served fierce desire,
Have all my nature strained from rightness, fixt
Crooked and nailed there, bending under my lust.

I am old wood : there is no spring in me.
When this our murder no more burthenously
Rides on my shoulders, but, as I've bred it to,
Springs from its tired seat at him I loved
And fleshes there its greed, what will be then ?
There is no blessed straightening for me.

What is there for me ?

You life of mine, surely you will not stay
In this stale house, when your dear hate is gone
To sleep beside his doing, filled and content ?
You'll lack the comfort of his company ;
And the dim corners of the house will stir,
Rustling with unseen hauntings, that well know
You are in dark, now that his eyes are gone.
The best thing you can do then is, unlatch,
Go out of doors and wander, till you find
In some large quiet place the sleep you want.
Son, mind the fire. I'll go get some food. [*She leaves him.*

Son. She's talkative to-night. I wonder what
This thing is that is in her ? Some day, sure,
She'll have a harm from it, it shakes her so.
I wish we'd come across that bad man soon
And get it over ; she worsens every month.
Will she turn bitter against me, do you think,
If we're much longer meeting him ? She'll craze,
I fear ; and O it's cold within me,
Thinking the time may come she will not love me.
Why, it seems only a few days gone by
Since she would mother me, without cause be kind ;
No wearying of my talk then ! But I think
All that was years ago. And what a way
Of walking now she's taken to,—no songs,
No lagging, scarce a word ; just padding on
As if we were escaping, or afraid.
All these are like the leaves, that change their voice
When a storm's near an hour before it comes.

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And if she turned against me—— ? O but I need,
Mother, your love. We can't be looking, looking,
All day and every day and still not find him ;
And when we do, I'll make my part all right.
Why, I'm forgetting fire. What, are you mum ?
Here ; you can talk of gorse-rubbish, I know.—
I like this hour best of all the day :
The evening cool upon my skin, the dark
And stillness, like a wing's shelter bending down.
I've often thought, if I were tall enough
And reacht my hand up, I should touch the soft
Spread feathers of the resting flight of him
Who covers us with night, so near he seems
Stooping and holding shadow over us,
Roofing the air with wings. It's plain to feel
Some large thing's near, and being good to us.
But you it is, fire, who mainly make
This time my best. I love to be alone
Except for you, and have a talk with you.
What are you ? There, I'm always asking that,
And never get but laughing flames for answer.
But I believe I've found you out at last.
You, fire, are the joy of things ; there's naught
Would stay in its own self, if it could find
How to be fire and joy. For you're the escape
From strictness and from nature laid on stuff
That once was freedom, still remembering it
Under its show of tameness ; and there is
Nothing that is not waiting for a chance
Out of duty to slip, and give way madly
To the old desire it has in it of joy,
Standing up in a flame and telling aloud
That it is fire and no more a shape.
The wonder is, when here some leaves and furze
Have found the way to burn, the whole wide land
Leaps not up in a wild glee of fire,
For all the earth's a-tiptoe to join in.
Often I have to run and skip in a wind ;
And then I seem to fill the space of the world,
So large in gladness. It's the same thing as lets

BLIND

Poor straw exult into a shouting blaze.
Hullo, here's a man.

A Tramp comes in, with a fiddle.

Tramp. Kind sirs, here's virtue for you. Ha, that's gorse
You're burning, ay, and ash. Sirs, I have here
The ware that is of most worth in the world,
A chance to be good ; the wind was peddling it
And would not take less than my pride for it,
But 'tis to you free gift ;—No, I'll not take
A penny for it : Yours, sir, yours, and welcome.
So let there be some cheer and fire to-night
For an old crazy blind bad vagabond.
Here's pity come for you to entertain.
Ah, thank you for those kind words, good brother fire ;
Your fellow seems a cautious man,—yet I'm
A rung in the ladder up to Heaven.—Look here,
Tongues lie, 'tis true. But see my witnesses
That never yet spake leasing. Stand you forth,
Sirs my trousers, and testify, true souls,
You are the breeks of Need, the very wear
Of Pity and Ruth,—no, that's wrong, Ruth's a lady.
Honour my trousers, mister. Why, old fire
Knew them at once, and gave them, honouring, warmth.
If any one might be proud it's fire ; for he
Has heard God speaking, and is sib to Hell.
A good-hearted fellow, fire, but blind ; and some
Think blindness a poor lot, as it were, affliction ;
It has crost my mind too. Well now, kind sirs,
Do you believe my trousers ? That my name
Is pity ? (for no poor, no pity, you know.)
Why, this is strange : I took you to be men,
But by your speaking I perceive you all
Are whales and cameleopards. Pray forgive me,
Excellent necks, I reverence your neckships.

Son. Who are you ?

Tramp. Save us, one has got man's speech.
You had done better, Spots, to have left alone
This English ; 'twill not help your browsings. But
Who am I ?—Saint Francis bad me to his wedding,

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Being the bride's godfather. There, the Wind
His brother and the Rain his sister took
Such a strong liking to me, I'll be hanged
If they will leave me. O a virtuous pair
No doubt ; but she keeps crying down my neck
And he's forever singing psalms, that now
They almost bore me, and—don't tell them, pray,—
I wish they were not quite such faithful friends.
But, who am I ? Crazy I am and blind,
Who once had wits and seeing. But now words,
Words are all my comfort, words and brandy.
Thank God for words, the best things he has made.

Son. Blind am I, but better off than you :
I never saw.

Tramp. What, blind ?
Your hand ; ay, sure, that's a blind man's hand.

Son. First, old man, answer me.

[He pins him by the arms.]

Tramp. Well, well,
There's no call for gripping me like that.

Son. What colour are your eyes ?

Tramp. Blind, blind,
Blind as the weather.

Son. Was it you loved a girl——

Tramp. No, no, it's false. You've given ear to slander.

Son. I am glad. Not yet, not yet. Ah, I forgot,
He's a tall seeing thewed man, not like this.

Tramp. And I'm glad you've unclaw'd me. What a
clutch !

Now, will I give you a tune ?

Son. No.

Tramp. Thank the Lord ;
I needn't scratch my cursed fiddle to-night

For supper. I suppose you've got some supper ?

Lie there, my art,

And a gouty devil quash you with his hoof,

Although it's heart-strings I have stretched upon you

To squeak out bawdry, which will get me brandy,

And brandy makes the old words move again

Like a bronze-harnesst soldiery that goes

BLIND

Sounding and sunlit, treading marble roads.

Son. Can you skill words ?

Tramp.

Not I, but by the Lord

Words can skill me. They're a better drunkenness,
And put your sorrowing toes and unhappy heels
And reproachful hams farther outside the doors
Of sense, shut deaf to their clamouring of pains,
Than any quart of brandy.

Son.

What are words ?

Tramp. God's love ! Here's a man after my own heart ;
We must be brothers, lad. What, you're not one
Who thinks the soul a kind of chemistry,
And words a slag it hides its working in ?
What are words ? Come, I've the speech to-night ; we'll
talk.

In with you to my porch, and I will teach you
Serious things. Sit in my mystery,
And be wise. So first, learn we the world ;
Then, climbing to more excellent knowledge, learn
How words are things out-marvelling the world.—

The world's a flame of the unquenching fire,
An upward-rapturing unhindered flame,
Singing a golden praise that it can be,
One of the joys of God the eternal fire.
But than this soaring nature, this green flame,
Largely exulting, not knowing how to cringe,
God's joy, there are things even sacreder,
Words : they are messengers from out God's heart,
Intimate with him ; through his deed they go,
This passion of him called the world, approving
All of fierce gladness in it, bidding leap
To a yet higher rapture ere it sink.
They have our souls for their glib travelling,
Our souls, part of the grain of the burning world.
And full of the very ardour out of God
Come words, lit with white fires, having past through
The fearful hearth in Heaven where, unmixed,
Unfed, the First Beauty terribly burns.
A great flame is the world, splendid and brave ;
But words come carrying such a vehemence

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Of Godhead, glowing so hot out of the holy kiln,
The place of fire whence the blaze of existence rose,
That dulled in brightness looks the world against them,
Even the radiant thought of man. There be
Who hold words made of thought. But as stars slide
Through air, so words, bright aliens, slide through thought,
Leaving a kindled way.

Son.

Ah, this is dark.

I am not kind for them to travel through,
These glories, words. Is there smoke to the world,
As other flames have smoke? I'm that, belike.
But O the emptiness sometimes within me,
And I paining and striving after words
To ease my sorrowful dumb heart.—But you,
They'll come and go through you? Are they so fine?

Tramp. Talk they of angels? Never was there saint
Heard mercy so soft spoken, felt such wise
Pitying forgiveness in his closed communion,
As I've had fear and loathing in my heart
Soothed into calm by mild blue-wearing words.
Terrors? destructions? But for crimson wings,
Garmented wrath, steel hammered and held for war,
And faces set against ruth—no rioting town
Prophet beheld shadowed by scathe of sword
Or rained upon by coals, elate thereat,
Had such a siege of seraphs awning it
As I've had camp around me, without cause,
Beauty and terror liveried in words.
And I have known when that famed holiness,
That word seeming arrayed in cloth-of-silver,
Love, has suddenly turned so evil a thing,
Devils were fools in wickedness to it;
And holding my soul numb in its cold look
Has fascinated me to its own evil.
O boy, I've lived: my misery and blindness,
Ay, and the death that's private in me now,
Were things for you to worship, could you but know
What service 'twas I got them in, a war
As old as Hell, still fighting.
Where's this supper that you talked about?

BLIND

I'm thirsty with this rattling.

Son. To-day, now,
We met a little girl. My straying hands
Found out her head;—there went a thrill in me,
I'd opened a new way of being pleased,
Her hair. How I delighted all my feeling
With touch of that strange fineness on my skin !
But after, memory of that delight
Wanted to put on words. And I had none
For it to live in, and it ached in me.
Have you got words to cure the heart, when longing,
After there has been pleasure too much felt,
Is like a twisted stitch about it?

Tramp. Come, you're the speechless world. Singers you
have

Given you to interpret your own souls
To you, and put in tongueless mouths a song.
Here's one. Now, World, thou shalt be satisfied.
Hot from my heart, made yesterday, is this;
A friend of mine was hanged, and I got drunk,
Whence this. Open your ears. Are you ready?

[*Twanging his fiddle-strings as if in burlesque of* MISS FARR.
Heaven, lay your harps aside, and let Hell speak a bit.

Ay, we all know you were good, and are good, safe in
Heaven;

We hear you giving thanks therefor, but don't you think
time is

That you thank us for being bad, and trying out your
holiness?

What's good without temptation, and who could tempt but
we, the bad?

How did you come there, O you good ones, if not by
resisting evil?

Look at our pains barred over with gratings, and the
throngs of your saviours,

Look, and be ashamed of your bliss: for your good we are
here.

We netted your godly paths, and made torments for you;
We whipt you and rebuked you, for the Lord desired to
see you

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Practising faith and meekness, and deserving your reward.
And it is our doing, that you are free of Heaven.
Cunningly were we fashion'd, and put to a cunning use,
Made to delight in pestering you, and blindly pleasuring
To hound all those who could be good, not wise enough to
 know
We blest you with our cruelties, maimed so that we could
 not tell
You had our ignorant backs for stairs, leading you up into
 Heaven.
We thought that wickedness was best, not masters of our
 thought ;
God had robbed us privately of the power and will to be
 good.
We had given us wolves' hearts, and the ruth of shrieks
 was in us,
Rats infecting cities with plague, and the swine that ate
 child's flesh.
And all that you unworthily might spend your pity and love.
We were the hates forgiven of you, the lecheries you
 withstood,
We did you the injuries and scorns you blest us for.
Bound we were in prison, and you came and loved us
 there,
Although you knew our hidden minds bitterly at work
To pay you back with harm, when we got out again.
We lay down with Evil, and fellowed him at meals,
And when we came for alms to you, told you that we
 loved
All good things, and you believed us, knowing that we
 lied.
You could not rest from good, for we were goads pricking
 you on ;
The blossom of your holiness needed our crimes for dung.
Like winds we howled about you, but all our loudness
 served
Only to blow your smouldering charity into a golden flame.
Are not we the nobler, the more honourable we ?
You had an hour's pain on earth, with certain Heaven
 at end ;

BLIND

We have pains in Hell for ever, to get you into Heaven.
Harp, ay keep on harping ; we know for why you harp,
So that we shall not be heard, the sacrificed for good.—
How's that, my lad ? Hurrah for Hell !

Son.

But why ?

Tramp. You simply, Hell did that.

Son.

It did not take me.

Tramp. O world, that's just your way. You sit a stock
When new songs are thrown at you, mumbling still
Old idiocy, and living in your past.

But when I'm dead and rotten, 'twill be then

" You was a poet if you like, a jockey ! "

Whereas the truth is I am out of date.

Poor world, yours is the loss. O I've been paid,

We who blink not for the swung sword of Heaven,

We with the calling danger in our blood,

Gladdest of fighters under the sun, must be

Our own paymasters ;—I've fought, and been worsted,

Matter for pride ! For I am one whose ears

Seldom have not the din of the warring drums

That troop the brave lusts and the crafty sins.

The listed under the flags of our revolt

Look not for wages : they affront defeat

Who go against the seated force of the world

That names itself eternal good and justice,

And gets belief, since it knows how to punish.

We have no knees for it ; and let them shoot

From their advantage on the walls of Heaven,

The service of the Lord, their malice aimed,

Their slinged war of sickness for our flesh

And madness for our minds, we'll stand upright

And be ourselves, not good. Do you know me, boy ?

Am I hunger and rags to you ? Fool, I have been

One of the mutiny that attempts God

And to take landing on the side of Heaven,

For foothold on the slippery peril of wall

Reaching and tearing at God's sheer resentment,

Still to be thrown down by the towering glass

A litter of upturned faces, gesturing

Against the calm front of his Sabbath's wall,

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The desperate height of shining builded scorn.
This I have been ; there is not in the land
A surgeon but, examining me, would
Tell you I speak the truth. However, here
And now, I'm chiefly hunger. Who was he
Who first invented supper ? I perceive
The greatness of that man.

[*The mother has come back.*]

Son. Is that you, mother ?

Mother.

We sleep hungry to-night.

—Who's this ?

Tramp (bowing). I greet you, woman of the house ;
I also greet the supper, though I smell none.

Mother (low). Michael, Michael ?

Tramp. Where's that ?—Lad, did you hear
A girl's voice speaking ?—O my wits.

Mother.

Michael !

I never thought of you as growing old.

Tramp. The stuff they sell for brandy nowadays !
Poisoned I am. Here's a kind lady asking me
What will I take for supper, and my hearing
Is made so foolish, it's as if some dream
Spoke,—one of my songs, one of my loves,
Who knows ? Some memory it is.

Mother. Michael infirm ! Michael broken and crippled !—

O not to meet you thus I've tired and prayed.
The years would not have gone more cruelly
Over you if they had been flames. Your brow
Is written on in sorrow. Do you mind
A lap you laid your head in once, a hand
That could unmark the trouble from your brow ?

Tramp. There have been many, woman or dream or
ghost

Or madness—that, I think. I knew you'd come.

Mother. I have you again. I heed not anything
But that. I cannot tell how it had been
Were you still happy and great-spirited. Now,
So poor, so hurt, so wronged with age,—and I,
Too long lacking you, have had injury.

BLIND

Time is for both of us we found each other.

Will you not know me, Michael?

Tramp. Yes, your voice
I know.

Mother. Unkind! Am I so gone from you?

Tramp. If this is madness, it's a gentle one.
Come you to punish me? Are you my sins
That speak so ruthless? I repent me not,
Nor if you shift your softness into gibing,
And stop my sleep with moans. If there was harm
Done through me, let the Lord repent, not me.
I will not lighten Him of any guilt.

Mother. Poor sick distracted brain,—O how you need
Me and my love, thank God! All that I have
To give you, and take nothing,—only thus
Can I relieve the pent and suddenly-thawed
Plenty of love, loosed from a stiffened winter
To pour and well like an inward bleeding wound
Oppressing over my heart. Give me this ease
Of caring for you, finding out your comfort;
I want no other kindness from you.

Tramp. Woman,
Who are you?

Mother. Michael, you do not know me?

Tramp. O cannot you see I'm blind?

Mother. Alas! and yet
I should be glad: you need me more than ever.
But—blind! You for whose eyes the earth put on
Such wonder! You visited! O it is wrong, wrong!

Son. Is it now, mother? Is this the man?

Mother. What say you?
Michael, he is our son. You did not know
It was a son? He's well framed? Ah, I forgot.—
Boy, come and kiss your father.

Son. Cunning, cunning,
O my mother's cunning.

Tramp. We travel too fast
For me; it seems, I've run into a wife:
Let me breathe there awhile. Lo, I, the rebel,
The wanderer, the lawless, settled down

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A husband, all in five minutes! It's a great change, lady;
Yet if the Flying Dutchman could not 'scape,
Why,—should I?—But for this family,—
Presenting me at once with a full-grown heir
Is mighty sudden. And it isn't decent.
I'm all for being decent now.
Is that big man my son, though? What's his trade?
Is he a large eater?—Be dutiful,
My son, honour your poor dear worthy father,
Who so unselfish was he at great pains
Begot you, and to whom you owe that now
You hunger in this miserable world.
Surely this asks a large return in love,
Such care for your well-being, and you still
Unborn? I hope you have it for me, son?
But don't salute me; we've embraced already;
Your loving is too violent for me.

Mother. Let him but kiss you. Child, will you kiss your
father?

Son. Yes, I will kiss him.—O I like this cunning.

Mother. You know me now, dear?

Tramp. If you're she I think,
I may as well admit that yon's my boy.
Strange, but I never thought of you as still
Alive.

Mother. I'm filled with you, my brain and heart.
You make me foolish, dear. For deep within me
Some vague discomfort lies, a dumb warning,
Which cannot come into my thought for you
Taking so much room there. Just now, when I
Was stricken with you, and into its wont,
Long dry of it and closed, the love ran warm,
And I was all in pangs of the sudden loosening,
A sharp fear flasht in me; something there was
I must provide against: but what it was
I cannot tell for sure. It must wait, then;
It may come back.—And now, your hand's in mine!
The thing must give place in my thought to that.
—You are silent, Michael.

Tramp. Am I? Well, I suppose

BLIND

It's too much happiness is gagging me,——
What did you say your name was?

Mother.

Alice. Ah! [*She sighs.*]

Tramp (springing up). No!

Not she? Not Alice? O I did not think it was you.
You've been a sorrow, Alice.—Why have you come
To spoil my dear regrets?—The others were
Despairs, not loves. I would meet any of them
Nor wince;—but you!—O Lord, am I ashamed?
No, I'd liever not have found you.

Son (aside).

More long,

Surely, than needs. There's one chance missed already.

Tramp. I have bitterly blamed you, boy; but I forgive.
Your coming frightened me away from her
A many years ago; but let that be.
In sign whereof, come here and you may kiss me.
Pardon the lack of veal; I don't keep cows.

Mother. Ah, thank you, Michael. For he is
Our love, and kissing him will be to take
That to your heart again. I will lead you to him——
O God, what's this?

Tramp.

You choke me: free my throat,

Blast you!

Mother. Let him go, fool, it's not the man.
I've changed my mind, too. Hear me, you devil, loose
him!

Tramp. Did you mean this, Alice? [*The struggle ends.*]

Mother. Is he dead, my God, dead?

Son. Why, he was weak and frail under my hands;
You mistook his danger. I've not failed you now?
And you were always saying that I would.
Will you not praise me, mother?—

(*Whimpering*) Why don't you speak?

Mother. (*She has been sitting bowed over the dead man.*

Slowly she raises her head and looks at her son, dry-eyed.)

This crime is mine.—O cramp is at my heart.—
I have the guilt. I need not so have grieved
About your eyes: it was I who was blind.
I know not how to bear you close to me,
The touch of your hands will be a fearful thing

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For me henceforth.—Give me your hands in mine ;
The Lord in Heaven knows nothing can be
To any human soul more horrible
Than these poor dreadful hands: therefore I kiss them,
And it may do for prayer. At Judgement Day
Tell them, my child, you did not make his death.
I will not share it. It is all mine.

THE IRISH QUESTION : AN ESSAY IN EXPLANATION

THE abolition of Landlordism in Ireland has been agreed to by all parties and enacted by the Land Purchase Act of 1903. Over the greater part of Ireland nothing now remains but the adjustment of the agreement upon particular estates, a matter of enormous positive but of small relative importance. The land is passing rapidly—some even say too rapidly—into the hands of the occupiers.

There remains the National Question. The land having been won back for the people, how shall Ireland be restored to the Irish? And first, since the phrase is capable of being and is indeed continually misinterpreted, let us see what “Ireland for the Irish” or “Home Rule” does *not* mean.

(i.) It does not mean the exclusion or boycott of people of English or Scotch extraction, or the proscription of the English language. The many races, who together make up the Irish people, have so mingled their blood that an inquisition set up to distinguish the old Celtic from other elements would find its task impossible. We have still, thank God, four and a quarter millions of Irish people in Ireland; but I doubt if one could discover a dozen pure-blooded Celts. The object of the Gaelic League is not to drive out the English tongue (which indeed would be impossible even if it were desirable), but to maintain side by side with it the language and traditions of the Gael.

(ii.) The idea that Home Rule or Irish Rule means the destruction of the Protestant minority is equally without foundation. Probably no part of the Irish Question is so utterly misunderstood in England as that which comprises

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the relations between politics and religion : and a great dread of clericalism undoubtedly colours the views of most Englishmen in relation to the Irish Question. The influence of the Catholic clergy is immense. So much no one denies. In part it results naturally and properly from their sacred office, exercised as it is among a deeply religious people. In part it has been as it were forced upon them by a long train of special circumstances. The ruin of nearly all the old Irish Catholic gentry, under the penal laws of the eighteenth century, left the clergy in undisputed possession of the leadership of the people in matters secular as well as divine. The deplorable lack of higher education for young Irish laymen has necessarily perpetuated and increased the influence of the clerics.¹ It is hardly too much to say that in hundreds of rural parishes and even in many of the smaller towns the only men capable, by virtue of a certain level of education and knowledge of affairs, of taking the lead in any public matter, as well political, social, economic as religious, are the Catholic Parish Priest and his Curates. The power of the clergy therefore is, I say, immense ; and to their honour it must be added that this immense power is on the whole exercised with wisdom, prudence, and unselfishness. Speaking for myself, I know not to what other class of the community I would be content to entrust one-tenth of their power with any confidence in its being half so well exercised. Abuses of course exist. Moreover the mass of the people are by no means the slaves and puppets which they appear to so many English eyes. They are perfectly capable, as Mr. Kettle has pointed out in a recent number of this REVIEW, of distinguishing between the priest as priest, and the priest as citizen. If any one questions this, I would ask him to compare the attitude of the Irish people towards University Education with their attitude on the Land Question. The condemnation of Trinity College and the Queen's Colleges has undoubtedly laid a heavy burthen upon the laity and severely tested their loyalty. Yet, at the bidding

¹ See the evidence of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick before the Royal Commission on University Education in Ireland, 1902. Minutes of Evidence, esp. pp. 24 and 25—questions 329, 624-7 and 658-64.

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of the Church they have foregone all the great advantages of University Education, because they believe (rightly or wrongly) that secular and religious learning are inextricably intertwined, and that, consequently, the Bishops in this matter speak as acknowledged guardians of religion and as the successors of the Apostles. But mark, on the other hand, what has happened in respect of the Land Question. When the Land League campaign began in the winter of '79-80 the majority of the Bishops were indifferent or hostile.¹ In more than one diocese priests who ventured to appear on the League's platform were visited with the ecclesiastical penalties. None the less the movement grew and flourished with results known to every one and writ large to-day upon the Statute Book. Nothing could mark more clearly the distinction between the amount of influence which the clergy exercise in spiritual and secular affairs. Every one in Ireland knows—and even Orangemen will confess it in private—that the cry of "Home Rule, Rome Rule" was deliberately manufactured for consumption in Great Britain.

The reverse would be nearer the truth. Strange though it may sound in British ears, it is not Home Rule, but Castle Rule, which means Rome Rule. It is well known that among the means by which the Union itself was carried were secret promises made by Pitt to the Irish Catholic Bishops with regard to Catholic Emancipation. And from that day to this the same thing has gone on. Have people forgotten how Disraeli, after raising the Protestants of Great Britain against Gladstone on a "No-Popery" cry, and wrecking the University Bill of 1873, forthwith proceeded to open confidential negotiations with the Irish Hierarchy, which eventuated in the creation of the Royal University and the indirect endowment out of public funds of the College in Stephen's Green conducted (Oh shades of Luther and Calvin !) by the Jesuits ? And when the Liberals returned to power, was there not the Errington Mission to the Vatican and the curious episode of Mgr. Persico's Irish adventure ? Let any one study the lists of persons

¹ See on this point Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P.'s *Recollections*, ch. xii, pp. 275-290.

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nominated by the Crown, or its representative in Ireland, to serve as members of administrative Boards, such as those of National and Intermediate Education, or upon Royal Commissions of various kinds, and he must necessarily admit that if clerical intervention in secular affairs be the terrible evil it is thought to be on this side of the Channel, successive British governments have taken a very curious way of checking it. Personally I see nothing to object to in the presence of the clerics upon these bodies. On the contrary, it is quite clear that Ireland has benefited enormously by the admirable and unselfish labours which such men as the Bishop of Raphoe and Father Denis O'Hara (to mention only two instances) bestow upon work lying quite outside the clerical sphere ; but what a curious commentary upon John Bull's cherished conviction that he, and he alone, stands between Ireland and priestly domination !

As for the notion that Irish Protestants would be liable to persecution at the hands of their fellow-countrymen if the direct control of England were removed, it seems scarcely worthy of serious notice. One or two facts which bear upon the question may however be mentioned.

(a) At the present moment, as at any time during the past century, Protestants sit as the freely-elected representatives of overwhelmingly Catholic constituencies. Longford returns Mr. Edward Blake, Galway, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, the County of Cork, Captain Donelan and Mr. William Abraham, King's County, Mr. Haviland Burke, Fermanagh, Mr. Jordan, and the list of Protestant members of the Irish Party is still incomplete. The two Liberal Members for Tyrone, both Protestants, owe their election beyond question to the hearty co-operation of Roman Catholics and Presbyterians, and this despite the fact of the unsuccessful Unionist candidate in North Tyrone being a Roman Catholic. The great Catholic County of Donegal, whose rugged mountains sheltered the descendants of the mere Irish dispossessed at the Plantation of Ulster, returns two Protestants and two Catholics. The same phenomenon has occurred at every general Election since the Union.

(b) It is a remarkable fact that nearly all the adherents

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of the party of Devolution (including Lord Dunraven) belong to the scattered Protestant gentry of the three Catholic Provinces. On the other hand, all the outcry about Papist plottings and persecution proceeds (it will be found) from North-East Ulster, where Protestants being in an overwhelming majority must needs have less to fear. Yet is it not obvious that if the danger were real the Southern Protestants would be the loudest in their entreaties, as being the most exposed? The truth is, of course, that, living all their lives among a Catholic population, they have ample opportunity of knowing what are the real sentiments and behaviour of their Catholic fellow-countrymen. The ears of the Orangemen of the North are deafened by the sound of their own drums and their eyes are glued upon a phantasm of their own creation.

(c) The cleavage in Irish Society is not along sectarian but social and economic lines. The Protestant clergy were objects of detestation so long as they were identified with the hateful and indefensible Tithe system. To-day they are as popular and as respected as any class in the community. The Roman Catholic landlord suffered at least equally with his Protestant fellows during the Land War. The "Castle Catholic" lawyer and the Tory Catholic judge are probably the best hated men in Ireland. "Oh the crawling Catholic slave!" cried Mr. T. P. O'Connor the other day amid the applause of a great Irish Convention in Philadelphia. "That is the man I really hate!" On the other hand, I challenge any one to adduce a single case in which a Protestant, desirous of throwing in his lot with the cause of his fellow-countrymen, has been rejected because of his religion. No men stand higher in the affections of all Irish Nationalists than the five great Protestants, Henry Grattan, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, and Thomas Davis, to say nothing of John Mitchell, or Smith O'Brien, or Parnell. And no sentiment is surer of an immediate response from an Irish crowd, in town or country, than the words of Davis—

"Then start not, Irish-born man,
If thou'rt to Ireland true

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We heed not creed, nor race, nor clan,
We've hands and hearts for you."

"We learned our lessons of Irish Nationality," said Mr. O'Connor to another American audience, "from the lips of Protestants, and the liberty of conscience they taught us we are determined to maintain to all classes and creeds of our people in Ireland when we are in possession of our liberties." Oh, when will an Irish Protestant Convention listen with approval to similar sentiments!

(iii.) "Ireland for the Irish" does not mean Separation. Many Irishmen have indeed desired, and fought and died for, the complete independence of the kingdom of Ireland. The great heroes of Irish history, Owen Roe O'Neil, Red Hugh O'Donnell, Patrick Sarsfield, the United Irishmen of 1798, the "Young Irelanders" of '48, all looked forward to breaking every link which bound the two countries. True Irishmen will never have anything but honour and respect for the memory of these unselfish and devoted patriots. But they are not going to imitate them. Even those who do not recognise, as I do, and as I believe most of my fellow-countrymen do, that an enormous improvement has taken place during the past twenty-five years in the feeling of the two countries towards one another, know quite well that in other respects, at any rate, times have changed. The population of Ireland, which even in '67 was a fraction of that of Great Britain, is now reduced much further. And there is a factor of much greater importance even than this. In 1798 pike and "brown bess" were not too unevenly matched. Even half a century later the development of arms of precision was not yet such as to render popular risings altogether hopeless, even where the regular army was unaffected. To-day the thing is beyond argument. Fate has spoken. And, since it is inconceivable that England would, without fighting, permit the separation of the Crowns of the two kingdoms, we should have to submit to the decrees of Fate, even if no middle course presented itself between a hopeless struggle for separation and a tame acquiescence in Castle Rule.

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The mass of Irishmen are no fools. It used to be said that a Liberal candidate in difficulties at a public meeting had but to utter the word "Gladstone" in order to cover his confusion and obtain the comfort of instant applause. Similarly a mention of Wolfe Tone or "Lord Edward" is sure to evoke cheers from an Irish audience. The fact is undoubtedly a God-send to the Dublin "Special Correspondent" of *The Times* and to the Union Defence League; inasmuch as it is productive of excellent copy for English consumption. Otherwise it has no political significance. The day I hear that in all Ireland there are 500 men who are prepared to risk their lives for independence I shall believe that Separation is more than a bugbear. Yet there is another side to the question of which it will not do altogether to lose sight. The "Young Irelanders" have their successors to-day in the "Sinn Fein" party, which, like theirs, is composed almost exclusively of young people of the middle class living in the larger towns. So far their propaganda has not touched the country districts, and it is doubtful if the mass of the people have so much as heard of its existence. On the other hand, the movement is undoubtedly attracting many very earnest and able minds. And I can foresee one real danger in this connection which it behoves Englishmen especially to consider. If a reasonable measure of self-government is indefinitely withheld, the young men of Ireland may very possibly turn back in despair from the slow and tedious path of constitutional agitation to that of physical violence, conspiracy, and futile but not the less disastrous revolt. Let those who think I am speaking at random recollect how the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam led on to the insurrection of 1798, how the Tithe War arose from the obstinate maintenance of the Established Church in its unjust prerogatives and ceased with their abolition, how the Fenian Conspiracy answered refusal of redress in other directions, how continued rejection of the claims set before Parliament year after year by that most constitutional of Irish leaders, Isaac Butt,¹ led on to the

¹ See *Life of Lord Randolph Churchill*, by W. S. Churchill, M.P., vol. i, p. 84. "No British Government could have desired a more temperate, courteous, or reasonable opponent. Never were courtesy and reason more poorly served.

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much more violent and disturbing reign of Parnell, and how (in turn) the refusal to treat Parnell as entitled to speak on behalf of the Irish people and his imprisonment in Kilmainham threw Ireland for a time into the hands of Captain Moonlight and the "Invincibles." Let Englishmen consider these lessons of the not distant past and say whether the House of Lords and two or three reactionaries in the present Cabinet are to provoke the dangers in which both countries will be involved if Parliamentary agitation is once more discredited in Ireland.

But "Ireland for the Irish" does not mean merely administrative reform. Irish government is of course an amazing jumble of ill-constructed, wholly or partly irresponsible boards, over several of which the Chief Secretary openly professes that he has no control whatever.¹ That minister is himself a bird of passage. Always an English man or Scotsman, hardly has he learned something of the peculiar circumstances of the country, and of the strange and intricate machinery of its administration, when he is called away to some other sphere. As for the cost of Irish Government it is utterly preposterous. Hear an English journalist on the subject. "A country with one-fourth the number of indictable offences to her discredit that Scotland has, maintains a police force over twice as large, and is charged £1,000,000 a year more for its upkeep. A country whose supreme need is education pays more for its police than for its schools and colleges. A country with a smaller population than Scotland pays £200,000 a year more for its judicial system, and £60,000 a year more for its Local Government."² Yet, as matters stand, with a common Exchequer, Irishmen have no motive for promoting economy, since savings, instead of being applied to objects of public utility The Irish legislation for which Mr. Butt pressed was neglected by the Government and disdained by the House. Session after session proved barren."

¹ See, for example, Mr. Bryce's speech on Motion by Mr. T. O'Donnell *re* action of Board of Intermediate Education, May 21, 1906. *Hansard*, Parliamentary Debates, vol. 157. Mr. Bryce said: "The hon member was mistaken in supposing that he had any authority over the Intermediate Education Board. . . . The Board made the rules for itself and stood apart from the Irish Government."

² Mr. Sydney Brooks in *Daily Mail*.

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in Ireland, are sure sooner or later to be swept in by the British Treasury, and the money spent in London or the ends of the earth. Similarly co-ordination of Irish public departments, unaccompanied by some device for making these departments responsible to Irish public opinion, would merely have the effect of increasing the power of the Executive, or (as we say in Ireland) of the "Castle," at the expense of bodies such as the Congested Districts Board upon which, whatever their faults and shortcomings, individuals in whom Irishmen have confidence do from time to time find a place. It may therefore be taken for granted that any proposal tending to reform administration with a view, not to public control, but to administrative symmetry or convenience, will not merely not be welcomed in Ireland, but will meet with determined opposition from the Irish Party.

This brings me to the conclusion of the whole matter. If "Ireland for the Irish" does not mean Rome Rule, nor Separation, nor Administrative Reform, what does it mean? It means, I take it, that by some means or another Ireland, in Lord Dudley's phrase, shall in future be governed "*according to Irish ideas.*" According to the theory of the more intelligent of the Unionist Party—of the men who, like Mr. Gerald Balfour and Mr. Wyndham, are not content with that policy of negation and ascendancy which commends itself to the rest of their party—this can be achieved without any modification of the Parliamentary Union. The disgrace with which both their Chief Secretaries fell in the endeavour to apply their theory shows how baseless this theory really was. Whatever may have been the case in the past, the drawbacks of the Parliamentary Union do not arise from any hostility or even indifference to the welfare of Ireland, but from a deeper and more lasting source. The two islands revolve on different orbits. Never do the same forces move them at the same time. The controversy between Free Trade and Protection which raged so furiously all over Great Britain at the last General Election awoke hardly the faintest echo in Ireland. They are so far apart in all that is most vital to each of them, that the attempt to legislate for the two in the same assembly,

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and to administer them by practically the same executive authority, is and must be productive of the maximum of friction and minimum of benefit to both countries. The Encumbered Estates Act, for example, was passed by the Imperial Parliament with the best intentions, but in purblind ignorance of the country to which it was intended to apply. Result, the final ruin of the older Irish land-owning families and the confiscation of property created by their tenants. No assembly sitting in Ireland, no matter how composed, could possibly have perpetrated such a blunder. The existing system of railway management and the existing Poor Law system were both forced upon Ireland by people who, acquainted only with the wholly different conditions, economic and social, which obtain in Great Britain, were yet convinced that they knew what was good for Ireland better than did her own representatives. Both systems have within the last few years been unequivocally condemned by the highest official authority. Or take another example. Every one knows, each Chief Secretary in turn declares and deplures, that the lack of a University acceptable to the majority of the Irish people has had, and is having, a most lamentable effect upon the whole tone and temper and *morale* of Irish life public and private. Every one again agrees that this is a question with which an Irish Parliament would certainly have dealt years ago. Yet generation after generation of young Irishmen grow up and nothing is done—and this confessedly, not because of the intrinsic difficulties, which are no doubt considerable, but because of the utter impossibility of reconciling the instincts of Protestant England with those of Catholic Ireland.

Effective control over administration and finance, and full power of legislation upon all Irish domestic affairs, are then the minimum which Irish Nationalists can honestly accept as a final settlement of the long struggle between the two kingdoms. Or, in Mr. Redmond's phrase, "a freely elected Parliament and a responsible executive." The measure of self-government enjoyed by Colonies with less than half Ireland's population and not one hundredth part of her historic claim may, generally speaking, be regarded as that which is desired. Surely this is not an outrageous

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demand. Give Ireland such freedom as is enjoyed by Canada or by New Zealand and I firmly believe Ireland will be as loyal and as contented a portion of the Empire as either New Zealand or Canada. Even the individuals who compose the Sinn Fein party need not, perhaps, be counted as irreconcilables. Gavan Duffy, one of the chiefs of the Young Ireland rebels of '48, lived to become, and this without essential change of his principles, a devoted and honoured servant of the Crown among the free institutions of his adopted Australia.

I have now tried to put the case of Ireland as it presents itself to a Nationalist of the rank and file, temperately and in a practical manner. I have endeavoured to show what it is that we do, and what it is that we do not, seek, and also something of the disadvantages of the present system and of what we hope from self-government. But, as I am addressing Englishmen, I have not dwelt upon that which is in Irish eyes more important than all else. I mean the spirit of the nation. To Englishmen Ireland may well seem a poor, an uninteresting, an unpopulous country, little worthy of the name of nation. But who is to judge of that? "I will tell the noble lord," said Mr. Timothy Healy, replying in a Home Rule debate to Lord Hugh Cecil, "what a Nation is. A Nation is something for which men will die." Many have died for Ireland; and if we Irish desire the restoration of our national Parliament it is not solely, nor perhaps chiefly, because of the *material* benefits which we expect from its fostering care—but also because we see in the old house in College Green beside which stands the statue of the greatest Irish statesman of the eighteenth century, the symbol of National Integrity and of National Honour.

HUGH LAW

SOCIOLOGY AND ETHICS

SOCIOLOGY as a science that is still struggling for existence is much cumbered by questions of its legitimate scope and method. In the end the only way of resolving these questions in a sense favourable to the science is to build up a body of connected sociological truths. If, as some contend, there is no such thing as a science of Sociology, the attempt will end in failure. If, on the other hand, it succeeds, we shall be able to find in the results reached, and the processes by which they have been reached, the only solid basis for a theory of the scope and method of the science. Hence sociological inquiry at present is better served by the actual investigation of past and present societies than by abstract discussion of the relation which such inquiries bear to other departments of knowledge.

There are, however, certain standing questions of difficulty upon which it would seem that the inquirer, do what he will and explain as he may, cannot escape misinterpretation. There are certain recognised channels in which it is supposed that his thought must run. There are certain time-honoured fallacies which the critic has all quite ready, neatly docketed and waiting for the reception of his views. It is useless for him to protest that he is aware of the fallacies; that he has himself exposed them; that he has expressly designed his argument to guard against them. The critic only smiles grimly as he notes one fallacy the more in the inconsistent attempt to escape from errors to which, according to his conviction, the sociologist is foredoomed. There are in the critic's view certain errors of which all sociologists are guilty. This writer is a sociologist; therefore he is guilty of them. It is useless for him to

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protest that he has long known them for fallacies and that part of his object as a sociologist is to expose them. The reply will be that he is only adding inconsistency and insincerity to his other obliquities. The sociological method involves certain fallacies, and if any one avoids them he is not a sociologist.

Among the most serious fallacies incidental to sociological inquiry is that of confusing questions of value with questions of fact—questions of what ought to be with questions of what has been, is, and will be. Whenever we strip the two questions of all encumbrances and set them fairly side by side, the radical difference is plain enough—at least, he must be an incorrigible optimist who, taking this world as he finds it, can still hold that as things ought to be so they are. The physical sciences have now emancipated themselves from all confusion on the point. Yet even in astronomy the time was when the stars were held to move in circles because the circle was the perfect curve, and in biology it is but yesterday that men abandoned those teleological explanations which brought the spider into existence to eat the fly, and the fly to be food for the spider. Physical science is now fully clear that its business is to investigate the actual relations of things, and to find out what has been, what is, and what will be. What ought to be is for its purposes “not evidence.” Its methods and objects are “positive,” not “normative.” Philosophy, on the other hand, is, I believe, justly conceived as being primarily normative rather than positive.

Now which of these methods is Sociology to follow? Is it primarily a science, or is it a philosophy? Is it positive or normative? Is it to deal with the facts of human society as it finds them, ascertaining, tabulating, classifying, and, if possible, discovering causal connections between them, and leaving its work at that? or is it to put a value on the facts of social life, to seek, with the earliest political thinkers, for the ideal polity, and to judge existing polities by their relation to this ideal? Or can it in any way combine the two methods without confounding them?

At first sight it might seem that, if sociology is to be anything but a subordinate branch of moral philosophy, its

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business is to be distinctively a science, and as a science its methods should be positive. It should tell us all that it can about human institutions, customs, laws, beliefs, activities. It should analyse, compare, and classify. Its aim should be to present a picture of the past, an analysis of the present, and a forecast of the future. But in all this its work is strictly "positive." It aspires to tell us what has been, is, and will be; but what ought to be it leaves aside.

It may be doubted, however, whether such a rigid exclusion of "values" is possible in dealing with human affairs. We are investigating not molecules, nor limpets, but the whole gamut of human interests, the thoughts and acts, the hopes and fears, the prejudices and reasonings of mankind, and we, the investigators, are naturally and inevitably charged with prepossessions and interests similar to those that we dissect. In point of fact, sociological inquiry, when it affects the most severely "positive" self-restraint, is often found to be indirectly recommending one thing and deprecating another with an influence which is perhaps the more penetrating because it is unavowed. The employment of "eulogistic" or "dyslogistic" terms in social affairs is almost unavoidable, and there are few so free from all bias as to take very special pains to avoid it. The older political economists, for example, were very solicitous in maintaining that their object was not to discuss what was socially desirable, but to show what was economically inevitable. The result of this seeming self-restraint was to diffuse the ideal of free competition as it were throughout the whole body of the economic argument, so that in the end the reader absorbed a doctrine while he supposed himself to be merely following an analysis.

In much that has been said and written on social evolution in our own time a similar confusion is concealed in a different form. We know in politics that the average man likes to be on the winning side, and that the most effective rhetorical method of convincing him that a reform is just is to assure him impressively that it is "coming." This little weakness of humanity is the making of a certain kind of sociological theory, which concerns itself little with the

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rights and wrongs of things, but sets out to trace the line of actual movement, and thereby forecast what is coming, with the implied if not the express conclusion that what is to be must be right, and that accordingly all good men ought to support the prophet in securing the fulfilment of his own prophecy. The "manifest destiny" of conquering nations about which we used to hear so much a few years since was one of the crudest instances of this kind of reasoning.

The fallacy is sometimes wrapped up a little more skilfully by the use of words like Evolution, Progress, or Development. These words carry a "eulogistic" suggestion. When we use them to characterise a change in an organism or an institution or a society we are at least half way to suggesting that such a change is not merely a fact but a desirable fact, and so when men have convinced themselves, for example, that evolution depends on the struggle for existence, they treat this as equivalent to a proof that the struggle for existence is the condition of every advance towards better things in the life of society. They pass easily from the assertion of a fact to the inculcation of a doctrine, because they have not stayed to analyse the elements of value, the hidden ethical assumptions in the terms that they use.

The remedy seems to lie not in the attempt to carry further the divorce of Sociology from Ethics, but rather to bring the two frankly into relation to one another. We shall best avoid confusing the "is" and the "ought" if we first distinguish and then compare them. If we once have a clear standard of value in our minds we shall at least know what we mean when we apply terms of praise and blame. We shall not, for example, speak of one type as "higher" than another merely because it is later. Still less shall we go on to argue that the higher type always takes the place of the lower, and that therefore all is working for the best in this best of all possible evolutionary schemes.

All these fallacies sound very simple when stated in so many words. One would suppose that they could hardly take in a child. Yet it seems to be harder to make our meaning plain than one would suppose. I find Mr. Bertrand

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Russell, for example, dealing with my book on *Morals in Evolution* in the last number of the INDEPENDENT REVIEW apparently on the assumption that I have committed every fallacy against which I have been most anxious to warn the reader. Thus he thinks it necessary to inform me that—

“The fact that things have developed in a certain direction is no evidence that it would not have been better if they had developed otherwise, nor that it would be good they should develop further in the same direction.”

So have I said myself in other words,¹ not only in the present work, but in two previous ones. I feared that I had repeated it *ad nauseam*, and, so far, I am relieved to find that my anxiety was groundless. But Mr. Russell seems to think that if I did not mean this, I ought by all the rules of the game to have meant it. “One expects his conclusions to grow” out of the material relating to early custom; “but the conclusions, when we reach them, seem unconnected with this material.” What conclusions does Mr. Russell mean? My principal conclusions consist of a summary statement of the different stages of advance in ethical evolution, together with some very general inferences therefrom as to the character of human evolution as a whole. Of these stages early custom forms in my arrangement the first two out of four. These conclusions, therefore, cannot be those to which Mr. Russell refers as “unconnected” with the material. In fact, from the next sentence it appears that he means my “conclusions as to ethics and politics,” that is to say, the theory of the moral basis and standard which I have ventured to put forward in very summary fashion on my own account.² Mr. Russell seems to think that I ought somehow to have based my own theory on the practices of savages. But why he should think so, except on the ground that people who write on sociology ought to

¹ e.g. “Moral progress (to assume provisionally that it is a reality) does not proceed continuously in a straight line. . . . The very conditions of the development of society have in some cases been hostile to moral development for the time being” (*Morals in Evolution*, I, p. 35).

² That this summary statement is so brief as to be open to criticism I am aware. But one of my motives for including it was precisely to guard against the imputation of using words like “advance,” implying a standard of value, without putting such a standard, however imperfectly, before the reader.

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commit fallacies which are very easily exposed, I really cannot say. It is not my argument, and nothing to do with my argument, but an argument which Mr. Russell first puts into my mouth and then censures me for failing to draw out with any cogency. But from his next sentence I am not sure whether Mr. Russell himself is quite aware of the extent of the fallacy which he imputes to me.

“The only possible connection—and this is not made out—would be that, given the opinions of the Australians, the Red Indians, the Babylonians, etc., the opinions of Mr. Hobhouse are those which would naturally come next in the order of development.”

I should never myself have thought of arguing in this fashion without first defining what sort of development is in question. The logical development of opinions held by one man, or one generation, may point to conclusions which are explicitly formulated by another, and in that sense the conclusions might be justified as “coming next in the order of development.” But the historical development of opinions is determined by many conditions besides those of logic, and to argue for their speculative truth on the ground of their position in the historical series would be to fall into precisely the fallacy against which I have tried to warn sociologists. But what puzzles me is that when dealing with my repudiation of such fallacies, he dismisses them as mere “lip-service.” At this point I feel further protest to be useless. The case is judged. As a sociologist, it is already proved that I secretly hold that all change is development, all development an advance to better things,¹ and the course of development the test of truth. If my argument has

¹ This view is apparently held by Mr. Russell himself. He criticises my use of terms like “growth” and “development” in defining the good, on the ground that these processes “presumably consist in travelling towards the good.” I do not think a cabbage travels towards the good as it grows, or a fever as it “develops” its symptoms. Development is a process wherein what has existed in germ or in potentiality comes to exist in maturity, or to be fully realised, and, however difficult it be to reduce this definition to its ultimate terms, there is no reason to suggest that the very notion implies the idea of good. On this point I may add that Mr. Russell somewhat overstates my divergence from utilitarianism. He makes me say that the end is “not happiness,” forgetting that I add the qualification, “abstracted from its (the human race's) spiritual growth.”

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nothing to do with these theories, it only shows that I am a poor reasoner who cannot even argue well from bad premisses. But if finally I repudiate the whole doctrine in so many words, the repudiation is only further evidence to show how little I understand my own business.

The inquiry into the ethical ideal is not the same thing as the investigation of ethical history. Yet the two inquiries are by no means unrelated. On the one hand, the question whether ethical history exhibits any sort of progress, any advance towards a "higher" standard, can only be settled with any precision when we have in our minds a clear and, if possible, a reasoned conception of the measure by which "higher" and "lower" are to be distinguished. On this side, therefore, ethical philosophy is of assistance to ethical history. On the other hand, moral philosophy proper has surely much to learn from ethical history. The ethical ideal is not to be worked out by any man with a turn for abstract thinking in his own head without regard to the experience of life. If it is to be anything more than an amusement for the study, its ultimate appeal will be to the working experience of mankind. History is merely the wider record of this experience, and ethical history the attempt to bring together those portions of experience which bear especially on conduct. It has to be added that when we speak of utilising experience, we are not committing ourselves to the crude use of any primitive form of induction that may suggest itself. In sociology, as in other sciences, experience has to be sifted, analysed, compared, and carefully considered in all its bearings before it is made the basis of any theory. Mr. Russell takes as an example of the difficulty of drawing inferences from history the question of divorce. We find much latitude in some American states and indissoluble marriage in certain Catholic countries. Both are equally civilised. Should we regard what Mr. Russell, with some latitude of expression, calls the "American system" as an advance, or as a reversion to the old pre-Catholic freedom of divorce? History, he tells us, can afford no guidance. So summarily stated it certainly cannot. When more carefully considered, however, it reveals many things which have a bearing on the problem, if they

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do not decide it. It shows, for example, how the conception of indissoluble marriage arose in Western Europe, to what order of ideas it belongs, with what limitations and restrictions it was applied in the period when it was the general law of Christendom, and how it was affected by the ideas of Protestantism and Rationalism. Such considerations can hardly be dismissed as irrelevant by any one who is attempting to re-state the ethics of the marriage relation on the basis of a rational theory. Nor can the actual working of the very divergent divorce laws of the American states and of modern European countries be left out of account.

Mr. Russell himself admits that moral history may be of value in criticism. It may be added that the completer the history the more likely is the criticism to be sound. Thus in the example just considered, a little history going back only to the Middle Ages would suggest that divorce is essentially a modern institution which has been gradually extended as the modern spirit has exorcised the medieval. The very doubts that Mr. Russell has put forward on this point are based on a more extended history which shows the medieval system in its turn to have superseded one wherein the whole position of woman in law more nearly resembled that of our own times. There is a case for the attempt at such a brief outline of ethical development as I have endeavoured to give in the frequent and misleading use of fragments of ethical history as evidence for the permanence and necessary trend of human progress.

But if history, properly considered, supplies a fair basis for criticism, it cannot be wholly irrelevant to ethical construction. For one thing that it reveals among others is the entangling of the ethical-element with religious, political, and other influences which are non-ethical. No doubt the disentanglement involves an act of analysis which is more than a mere narrative of the facts. For, the distinction once made, its value is immensely heightened by the study of all the vast varieties of forms in which the ethical consciousness presents itself: the magical ideas of primitive men, the taboos so grotesque in their early forms and yet so thinly divided from many of our modern ways of thinking, the avenging deities, the Omnipotent God

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sometimes a loving father, sometimes a cruel tyrant, the ideal beauty of virtue. To trace these forms of the ethical consciousness, to distinguish the permanent and the accidental, to discover, if one can, what is the core of the whole matter, and what its significance and completeness, is to learn something positive about the ethical order itself. If, indeed, we have once grasped the distinctive ideas of ethics, their development in history has a very close relation to ethical theory. Were ethical truth given to us complete and perfect at one moment it would be otherwise. But it is not so. In ethics even more perhaps than in other departments of thought we are influenced by our own history and circumscribed by the limitations of our own development. The thoughts which we come to arise out of this development. To that extent they are partial and incomplete, and if it is our aim to make them less partial and more complete the very best thing we can do is to examine into the conditions under which they have arisen, that is to say, into the ethical and intellectual history to which our own generation owes its mental equipment. Consider the influences at work : the Christian teaching of nineteen centuries, the Rationalist revolt against Christianity, the pressure of social and industrial problems, the teachings and the misunderstandings of science about life and humanity—how closely all these affect our ways and thoughts, and how certain it is that they are all changing influences, the balance of which is shifted by every new discovery or even by a marked political event. Consider any thinker of the past. Take Hobbes or Rousseau or Hegel, and remember how easy it is to see the influence of their historical position on their thinking. Similar influences must apply to ourselves, and if we can understand them we can also discount them and free our own thought from some, at least, of the irrelevances and exaggerations to which the most severe thinker is prone.

Finally, in the logical development of ethical thought itself there is more direct guidance to be found. In the working out of a theory, sometimes by its originator, sometimes by his successors and his critics, its weaknesses and limitations are drawn out. Contradictions are dis-

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covered, wider points of view are taken up. The original theory is remodelled to meet objections, and then the process of criticism begins afresh. The student who follows this process intelligently will find in it many of his first and perhaps his second and third ideas tested for him, and their strength and weakness revealed. Here is a phase of development, then, with a direct bearing on the construction of ethical theory. The history of thought is one presentation of the logic of thought, and in this particular form of development the stage which logically comes "next" will be sure to contain, if not a higher truth, at least some point of view which has previously been neglected. For the logical development of thought is something very different from the actual sequence of opinions. Just as organic evolution is not, as such, a movement towards a higher type, so the historical development of society involves retrogression and stagnation as well as advance. But as in evolution generally we can trace what has elsewhere been called the "orthogenic line," the one movement among many which does carry us forward, so is it in particular with human history. There is an onward movement discernible among the many changes that are valueless or worse, and this we may identify with the growth of mind of which the development of thought is one expression. In this development, though in no other, it becomes broadly justifiable to say that the more advanced stage is also the higher and more true. If, again, there are, as I hold, higher elements of truth in modern humanitarian rationalism than in earlier phases of thought, it is largely because there is in it on the one hand a fuller recognition of its own limitations, and on the other a wider disposition to utilise all that is of value in the successive contributions of the past. This is as much as to say that the best thought of our own time is itself a phase in a development, but a development which has now become conscious and self-critical. History and philosophy are never to be confused, but every philosophy has its historical genesis, and history is not fully understood till it has received its philosophical interpretation.

L. T. HOBHOUSE

THE FIRST EARL OF LYTTON¹

THE two volumes of letters which Lady Betty Balfour has put together from the private correspondence of her father, the late Lord Lytton, cannot fail to appeal to a large body of readers. The letters themselves are full of interest ; they deal, in a masterly and brilliant way, with a vast variety of topics ; and they are set before the reader with an admirable skill and an unerring sympathy. Lady Betty Balfour has succeeded not only in the difficult task of selecting and arranging a mass of material whose very richness was embarrassing ; she has invested the whole with a living unity, and breathed into it a spirit which is the true commentary of the life which the letters reveal. For there is something more in these volumes than a succession of good things : there is also—what is present in every collection of letters worthy of notice—the portrait of a man. To open the book is to strike at once into the orbit of a new personality. One feels, when one has read it, that one has almost made a friend.

A remarkable range of interests, and a wide catholicity of tastes—these are perhaps the most obvious characteristics of Lord Lytton's correspondence. The letters flow on, naturally and copiously, into a multitude of unbidden channels ; they pass without an effort from poetry to politics, from hypnotism to Wagner, from a string of anecdotes to reflections upon the destiny of man. Nor is their versatility merely of the dilettante kind ; it is the versatility of an enthusiast—of one of those rare enthusiasts

¹ *Personal and Literary Letters of Robert, First Earl of Lytton*, edited by Lady Betty Balfour. In two volumes. Longmans, Green & Co., 1906. 21s. net.

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whose province is the whole world. *Humani nihil a me alienum puto*: the old sentence, so often thrown out at random, would have been a peculiarly fitting motto for these letters. And the variety of their subject matter is reflected in the diversity of the correspondents to whom they are addressed. Few men of his generation could have had so various an acquaintance as Lord Lytton. He discussed literature with the Brownings, he wrote state papers to Lord Salisbury, he speculated on life and death with Theodore Gomperz, he exchanged epigrams with Lady Dorothy Nevill, he gossiped with Mr. John Morley, and some of his most charming letters are those addressed, when he was Viceroy of India, to the late Queen. He had, too, a genius for friendship, so that his acquaintances very soon became his friends. One of his most intimate correspondents was Sir James Stephen, whom he met for the first time on the eve of his departure to India, and with whom he immediately struck up a lasting friendship. "India," says Lady Betty, "was of course the subject of their talk. Lytton was not more eager to hear than Stephen to tell all that he knew of the conditions of that great empire;" and the two men "did not part till they had spent half the night walking each other home, too absorbed in their subject to feel fatigue or the wish to separate." Stephen went home to write for his new friend a pamphlet on the government of India, which Lord Lytton declared had given him "the master key to the magnificent system of Indian administration." During the four succeeding years Stephen wrote to the Viceroy by every mail. The friendship is remarkable for something more than its swift beginning: it was a mingling of opposites such as it is a rare delight to think upon. Sir James Stephen was eminently unromantic. His qualities were those of solidity and force; he preponderated with a character of formidable grandeur, with a massive and rugged intellectual sanity, a colossal common-sense. The contrast is complete between this monolithic nature and the mercurial temperament of Lord Lytton, with his ardent imagination, his easy brilliance, his passionate sympathy, his taste for the elaborate and the coloured and the rococo. Such characteristics offended some of his

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stiff countrymen ; they could not tolerate a man to whom conventions were "incomprehensible things," who felt at home "in the pure light air of foreign life," whose dress "was original, as nearly all about him," and who was not afraid to express his feelings in public. But the great lawyer judged differently. "I never knew a man," he wrote after Lord Lytton's death, "towards whom I felt so warmly and to whom I owed so much. . . I shall always regard it as one of the most fortunate circumstances of my life that I was for many years one of his most intimate friends."

The story which the letters tell has much of the attractiveness of a romance. But it is one of those romances which state and amplify a problem, only to leave one, at last, still in doubt. Was the hero a statesman of genius whose true faculties the world misunderstood ? Or was he a poet, diverted by the pressure of circumstances from a great achievement in art ? Different readers will answer the question differently ; but, in either case, the reply must involve an admission of failure or perhaps rather of defeat. Lord Lytton's rule in India was at the time the object of unparalleled obloquy, and is now almost forgotten ; his poetry blossomed early and blossomed late, but it never bore the fruit which brings immortality. Thus, behind all the sparkling movement of the letters, one may perceive a sense of melancholy, which at moments deepens into the actual expression of gloom. "Whether I look forward or backward, an immense despair always comes over me. If I were younger—but it is all too late now ; I know that as a poet I shall never do or be what I feel that I might have done and been." It is difficult to speculate on unfulfilled possibilities ; but one may well believe that a writer who trembled so often on the verge of greatness might, if fortune had so willed it, have crossed the perilous line. As it is, one is constantly wondering why Lytton's verse never does quite "soar above the Aonian mount." Was Mrs. Browning right when she told her friend "You *sympathise* too much" ? Perhaps his father came nearer the mark in his protests to John Forster. "He is doing that which the richest mind and the richest soil cannot do long with impunity. He is always

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taking white crops off his glebe. He never allows poetry to lie fallow." In truth, diamonds are not made in a day; and, though a Shakspeare or a Coleridge may give you, in a moment, a handful of jewels, who knows how many years of superhuman concentration may have gone to the making of them? One may imagine, at Lord Lytton's poetical christening, a bad fairy gliding in among the rest. The good ones were lavish with their gifts of charm, and distinction, and imagination, and humour, and feeling; and then, after them all, came the witch with her deceitful present: "Yes, my dear, and may you always write with ease!" The child grew up endowed with a fatal facility. He could put his thoughts into verse as easily as he could pick pebbles out of a brook. The pebbles, wet and glowing in his hand, were beautiful to look upon; and then in a little while, unaccountably, they seemed to be common stones after all. In this world, a glamour caught too easily fades too soon; it turns out to be an illusion. And an illusion is the one thing that a poet should never have.

A brief note from Disraeli, offering the Viceroyalty of India, dramatically shattered Lord Lytton's dreams of ease and poetry. He accepted the great office with an acute sense of all that it involved. "Oh, the change—the *awful* change!" he exclaims to Forster; and he assured Disraeli "that if, with the certainty of leaving my life behind me in India, I had a reasonable chance of also leaving there a reputation comparable to Lord Mayo's, I would still, without a moment's hesitation, embrace the high destiny you place within my grasp." This is not the place for a discussion of the still controversial questions surrounding Lord Lytton's Indian rule. But no reference to the man or to his life could be even superficially complete without some notice of his political capacity. There is enough in the present volumes—there is far more in Lady Betty Balfour's previous work (*Lord Lytton's Indian Administration*)—to make it clear to the most careless reader that the popular conception of Lord Lytton as a minor poet masquerading as a Viceroy, who scribbled verses when he should have been composing dispatches, is a glaring travesty of the facts. The antithesis, however, is delightful, like all antitheses;

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and, in this case, it is supported by that curious English prejudice which has always—since the days when Rochester libelled the most astute of monarchs—refused to allow that a witty man could be a wise one. The ignorance, too, with which the ordinary Englishman habitually seasons his judgments on Indian affairs has done much to obscure the true character of Lytton's statesmanship. Besides the Afghan war, there is one event, and one alone, which "the man in the street" connects with Lytton's Indian administration—the proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India. Important as that event was, it is little short of ludicrous that it should be the one remembered act of the administration which gave free trade to India, which accomplished the great reform of the equalisation of the inland duties on Salt, which finally established the grand and far-reaching principle of Decentralisation, and which instituted the Famine Insurance Fund. The truth is that Lytton's internal administration must take rank as one of the most pregnant and beneficent known in India since the great Governor-Generalship of Dalhousie. It is a curious irony that the Viceroy who carried, in the face of the opposition of a majority of his Council, the measure which opened the door to free trade in India, should labour under the imputation of political flippancy; but, after all, he was a Viceroy who had written love-poems, who wore unusual waistcoats, and who smoked cigarettes. Whether his Afghan policy did or did not deserve the virulent denunciation which it received is a question which does not concern us here; what does concern us is the obvious fact that Lytton's financial and administrative work was the work of a statesman endowed with no mean share of courage, of wisdom, of energy, and of determination. Unfortunately his opponents failed to notice the distinction. In the heat of party, he was declared by one politician to be "everything which a Viceroy ought not to be;" by a second to be guilty of "financial dishonesty, trickery, treachery, tyranny and cruelty;" and by a third to have shown "a deliberate desire to shed blood, systematic fraud, violence and in-
veracity of the vilest kind." Lytton, though it is clear

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that he suffered keenly, never let his dignity desert him. To a friend, who had associated himself with these attacks, he wrote : " I confess I have sometimes fancied that had our positions been reversed—you placed in mine, and I in yours—my confidence in your character and intelligence would have sufficed to satisfy my judgement that there was more honesty and wisdom in your action than in the denunciation of it by persons who could not be fully acquainted with the causes and conditions of it. But no man dare say of himself how he would feel, or what he would do, in a position he has never occupied." Such words as these have something in them of the old Roman *æquanimitas*—they might have come from the pen of a Pliny or a Trajan, calm in their great government and their mighty toil. And it was in the same spirit that, when the time came for relinquishing his task, Lord Lytton wrote to Stephen :

" Were you ever in the Forest of Arden ? I have always fancied it must be the most charming place in the world, more especially in summer-time. I shall shortly be on my way to it, I think, and I hasten to give you rendezvous at the court of the Banished Duke. If you meet our friend, the melancholy Jaques, greet him from me most lovingly, and tell him—Ducdame !—that all the fools are now in the circle and he need pipe to them no more. . . . And tell your own great heart, dear and good friend, that the joy I take from the prospect of seeing you is more precious to me than all that Providence has taken from the fancy prospect I had painted on the blank wall of the Future of bequeathing to India the supremacy of Central Asia and the revenues of a first-class Power."

These are fine words ; and, in their wit, their fancy, their ornate elaboration, their half-hidden sadness, their noble wealth of feeling, they are supremely characteristic of their author. One is reminded of the beautiful portrait by Watts, where the rich bright colours—the auburn hair and beard, the blue eyes, the turquoise on the finger—blend so wonderfully into the mysterious melancholy of the face. It is easy to talk of defeat and failure. But if one turns back from the portrait to the book, and then back again

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from the book to the portrait, if one considers those records of achievement and of thought, one begins to wonder whether such things can be measured by such terms. One seems to discern in them something less unfortunate than failure, and something, perchance, more splendid than success.

G. L. STRACHEY

A PURITAN HENRY GEORGE¹

HOW much do English and American land reformers know of Gerrard Winstanley, their intellectual forefather—and if he is their spiritual forefather too, their state is the more blessed—how much do they know of the Digger movements, when Winstanley and his score of “Diggers” set about reclaiming the land of England for the people, with their spades, and “wrought all day” on St. George’s Hill in Surrey? Hitherto this most interesting story has been known only to students of that period; but Mr. Berens’ book ought to make it well known to all democratic land reformers. I hope that the figure of Winstanley will at last get its proper niche in English history. The only reason he has hitherto been ignored is that history is written by the upper classes, for the upper classes, about the upper classes. Tom Paine and Gerrard Winstanley were different sort of men, but they have both been treated in the same sort of way by history, with this difference, that, as it was impossible to neglect Tom Paine, they lied about him solidly for nearly a century, instead of relegating him to oblivion for two centuries and a half, as they did Winstanley. In our own day Mr. Conway has rescued Paine from “detraction rude,” and Mr. Berens now comes to rescue Winstanley from “not thinking on.”

¹ *The Digger Movement in the days of the Commonwealth, as revealed in the writings of Gerrard Winstanley, the Digger Mystic and Rationalist, Communist and Social Reformer.* By Lewis H. Berens. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., 1906.

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Let me say at once, that personally and spiritually Winstanley is much the most attractive of the two men, as, of course, he is the less forcible. But in the originality of his views he is the greater, and he was more hopelessly "before his time" than "wicked Tom," whose crime was that he was only a century in advance of public opinion. But I think that if Winstanley attains some day to his proper place in English history, it will be by the loveliness of his mind and character. He is of the type of George Fox, and indeed may claim next to Fox to have been the originator of the distinctive Quaker ideas. Those "rationalists and mystics" who in the midst of bloodshed and sectarian intolerance bade wars to cease, and all men to listen in reverent silence for the whisper of the inner voice, those most lovely flowers of the stern parent-stock of Puritanism, are to my mind the most attractive and noble type ever produced by our island. Praised be the England that bore them. Though revolutionaries and destroyers of institutions, yet they "lead us beside the still waters." Such a one was John Woolman, the American Quaker, who destroyed the institution of Negro Slavery, and who none the less is the St. Francis of the heretics. Woolman was of the same racial stock and spiritual tradition as George Fox and Gerrard Winstanley.

Winstanley was born in 1609 and flourished under the Commonwealth. His place in the history of thought is thus summed up by Mr. Berens :

"Not only were Winstanley's earlier theological writings the source whence the earlier Quakers, or the Children of Light, as they first called themselves, drew many of their most characteristic tenets and doctrines, but the fundamental principles which inspired and animated his political writings were in all respects identical with those that during the past quarter of a century have been so honourably associated with the name of Henry George.

"Winstanley's characteristic theological doctrines were the realisation of the function and importance of the inward light, of reason, which he regarded as the

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necessary and all-sufficient guide for human conduct ; his keen appreciation of silence as the necessary precursor of all real prayer, if not as in itself a form of worship ; and his intense conviction of the ultimate salvation of the whole of mankind.

“To Winstanley as to Tolstoy, the kingdom of heaven, as well as the kingdom of hell, is within men’s minds, and ‘there is no other.’”

Here is Winstanley’s own statement of the Quaker (and Tolstoyan) view of force in relation to politics :

“The way to cast out kingly power is not to cast it out by the sword ; for this doth but set him in more power, and removes him from a weaker to a stronger hand. The only way to cast him out is for the people to leave him to himself, to forsake fighting and all oppression, and to live in love one towards another. The power of love is the true Saviour.”

This advice was Winstanley’s *New Year’s gift for the Parliament and Army* for 1649 !

But it is as a land-nationaliser that Winstanley will chiefly interest social reformers. Failing the reform of politics by the advent of brotherly love among all men, perhaps we may try his second remedy of justice, at any rate in the matter of access to the land. For his views on this subject let the reader turn to Mr. Berens’ book, rich in quotations from Winstanley’s tracts, where the right of the people to the land is set out in the beautiful and quaint old English of that day :

“And when the Land is once freed from the Oppressor’s Power and Laws, the Parliament is to keep it so, and not suffer it by their consent to have it bought or sold, and so entangled in Bondage upon a new account.”

“No indeed. Right there, Mr. Winstanley !” one might comment after the manner of Carlyle in his *Cromwell*.

A PURITAN HENRY GEORGE

“Solemn Lawyer Bulstrode shuffles uneasily, and shakes his wooden head. A dangerous fellow this !”

Alas ! for the victory of the powers of evil. Alas ! for the word that falls on stony ground. Stonier ground than England was there none in the world, for ideas of land reform. The squire triumphed utterly, and the very memory of Winstanley and his Diggers disappeared for three centuries. The Republic fell, because the landlords were not expropriated. It was certainly impossible to expropriate them, and therefore it was impossible that England should be a Republic or a Democracy ; until the English race had left the land and become a totally new race in the great cities, Democracy remained dead in England after 1660. Now, in the cities, we have at last the stirring of a new Democracy, in the midst of an island that is more snobbish and has worse land laws than any other in Europe.

But Winstanley's “Light Shining in Buckinghamshire” has been long extinguished. To us the very phrase sounds beautiful but absurd.

Winstanley knew what was coming. He foresaw the fall of the Republic and of Democracy, when once he realised that squirearchy was inexpugnable by Major-generals. He feared that the Cavaliers would return, and he knew that they and what they stood for were the “foes.” Poetry was not his strong point, but I love his quaint old rhymes, “The Diggers, Song,” calling on the “Diggers all” to “stand up now.”

“The Gentry are all round, stand up now, stand up now,
The Gentry are all round, stand up now ;
The Gentry are all round, on each side they are found,
Their wisdom's so profound to cheat us of our ground,
Stand up now, stand up now.”

Another verse begins :

“The Cavaliers are foes, stand up now, stand up now.”

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Yes, indeed, the Cavaliers were the foes. They returned in 1660 and made a world where Diggers could not even get themselves heard of for two centuries. And during those two centuries the land robbery of the poor by the rich was completely effected, and its results are now a "vested interest"; and even a Liberal Government cannot prevent Lord de Ramsey ruining a country side at his will and pleasure. "The Cavaliers are foes" would not be a bad watchword for the various sects of Democrats who, by their own divisions, may again be defeated by a Cavalier House of Lords.

G. M. TREVELYAN

SHELLEY¹

THERE is a peculiar gift that is necessary to the first-rate biographer, a gift that is hard to define. A man may be sympathetic, conscientious, sound in judgement, quick in perception, even skilful as a writer, and yet not possess it at all. Another may sin countless sins of omission and of commission, and yet the man we want to know may live and move in his pages.

Hogg's *Life of Shelley* has this quality: if it is not as great as Boswell's "Johnson," it has the same wonderful knack of catching the characteristic and giving it to us, fresh and vivid from the life. It has, somehow, a stamp of the actual, even if what it tells is not what actually happened. Hogg, indeed, was careless about literal accuracy, and on one occasion, at least, as Professor Dowden informs us, he deliberately obscured the truth. That was unpardonable, for it was in connection with Hogg's own discreditable overtures of "love" to Harriet, and Shelley's action in this matter was singularly frank, generous, and,—

¹ Hogg's *Life of Shelley*. With an Introduction by Edward Dowden. London, George Routledge, 1906.

Trelawny's *Records of Shelley and Byron*. With an Introduction by Edward Dowden. London, Henry Frowde, 1906.

SHELLEY

what may surprise some of us,—sensible. And yet we do pardon Hogg because through his windows we can “see Shelley plain,” and we want to see him so much, those of us who love him. He is pre-eminently a poet who sings of his own heart ; and, as Browning says in the beautiful Essay on his beloved “Sun-treader,” “we must look deep into his human eyes, to see those pictures on them.” Hogg in a curious way knew this : knew that Shelley’s personality was as remarkable and attractive as his poetry : knew, in spite of his witty mockery, that the “Divine Poet” was also his “incomparable friend” : knew, in spite of his vanity, that there was a difference between Shelley and himself : duns and chance acquaintances might mistake them, as he tells us, very complacently, that they did, and yet :

“I was of the earth, earthy : he was of the heaven, heavenly. I was a worldling, he had already returned to nature, or rather he had never quitted her. He was a pure spirit in the Divine likeness of the Archangel Gabriel ; the peace-breathing, lily-bearing Annunciator.”

We welcome Hogg’s laughter at Shelley, for it brings him the nearer to us. Scene after scene shows him as he lived : the first meeting at Oxford, Shelley at once plunging into an eloquent defence of German literature as against Italian, and then confessing, abruptly and ingenuously, that he knew nothing of either, except at second-hand : the delightful story of his joy at walking in the fields in his new blue coat, his wrath with the dog who tore its exquisite tails, his resolve to shoot the dog with one of the unmanageable pistols that caused Hogg perpetual amusement and alarm, his sudden relenting at the discreet friend’s suggestion :

“Let us try to fancy, Shelley, that we have been at Oxford, and have come back again, and have laid the beast low,—what then ?”

They were happy days, the days at Oxford. The poet whom the University expelled was the man of all men who could feed on what she had to give. There never was a keener student.

“Upon my word, Shelley, your style of going through a Greek book is something quite beautiful !”

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"Shelley was always reading ; at his meals a book lay by his side, on the table, open. Tea and toast were often neglected, his author seldom ; his mutton and potatoes might grow cold ; his interest in a work never cooled. . . . He took a volume to bed with him, and read as long as his candle lasted ; he then slept,—impatiently, no doubt—until it was light, and he recommenced reading at the early dawn."

And his pursuit of truth was as fearless as it was keen : for fearless Shelley was, in spirit and mind as in body. It was his joy "to drink from where the great streams spring," and desert and precipice could not daunt him on the way.

Would Shelley have been "disillusionised," as they call it, if he had lived ? With this power in him, would he not have renewed his youth like an eagle, and risen again and ever again from the ashes of many deaths ? He felt the pain of life intensely, it is true, but his impatience and despondency came not so much from inability to bear pain as from his sense of the poignant contrast between the wretched imperfections about him and the transcendent beauty of which he dreamed. There was a snare here, doubtless, and Shelley came to know it himself, as the wonderful piece of self-judgement in the "Alastor," poem and preface, shows. But it was a snare that could only catch a soul possessed by the sacred thirst. And the thirst in Shelley's heart was on all men's behalf as well as on his own. It is supremely characteristic of him not to endure Hogg's suggestion "that millions of bad are necessary for the existence of a few pre-eminent in excellence." And it is equally characteristic that he felt no difficulty in offering the word "perfect" as a substitute for the term "superior," since it involved no "such horrible consequence," but "each who aspires, may indulge a hope of arriving." To a democrat, Shelley's spirit at its best might well seem the morning-star of Democracy, radiant with a perfection that has never yet descended upon earth.

It is hard to be sure how much the worldly Hogg really loved and admired his "incomparable friend" : there can be no doubt of Trelawny's feeling. The old buccaneer felt an admiration as whole-hearted as Shelley's own for the being who "loved everything better than himself," whose

A SHORT HISTORY OF WALES

“pride was spiritual,” who always “went on with heart and mind intent on elevating his species. His words were, ‘I always go on till I am stopped, and I never am stopped.’”

The picture that Trelawny gives is just the same as Hogg’s, not omitting the endearing childish traits, but it is drawn with a more loving hand. The portrait of Byron, equally vivid in its way, is done with a certain bitterness, and yet one of the most touching things in the book is to see how easily the devil in Byron’s strangely-mixed nature was charmed out of him when he met with equal power, equal great-heartedness, and purer fire than his own.

F. MELIAN STAWELL

A SHORT HISTORY OF WALES¹

MR. OWEN EDWARDS’ History of Wales is a triumph of concentration, and his skill and imagination have enabled him to present in a book of 120 pages a complete and illuminating study in the psychology of his nation. Welsh patriotism has not the pathos of Irish patriotism, for it has suffered much less and much less recently from the great cruelties of history. But it is a genuine and living passion, and it has taken a form that is itself a guarantee of the vitality of an intense and active national spirit. As Mr. Owen Edwards shows, the Local Government Acts have been much more important to Wales than the Reform Acts. The former Acts found a country without the formal machinery of Local Government, but with a peasantry accustomed to organise its local life, and experienced in the finance and government of its religious affairs. As a result Wales has found in those Acts an emancipation of which England has been disappointed. In England democratic laws have altered the structure of society very slowly ; in Wales the reality and not only the

¹ By Owen M. Edwards. Fisher Unwin, 2s. 2d.

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forms of government has passed to the whole people. The result has been that Wales has been able to give effect to that passion for education which has been the most conspicuous attribute of the national character since the days of her mystics and the creation of her great Sunday Schools. It may be said that in founding and building up her modern Universities and Intermediate Schools, the Wales of to-day is paying her homage to the traditions of Owen Glendower, whose ambition it was in the fifteenth century to create two national Universities. But Welsh education is the work of the Welsh democracy, and Wales may justly be proud of the example she has set to her powerful neighbour, who still holds education in rather doubtful honour, of a faith which grudges no sacrifice in its service. This difference of temperament explains the great social differences between England and Wales ; it also explains the want of sympathy between the Welsh people and the English Church. Under other circumstances Wales might easily have remained a Catholic country. It is easy to see why in point of fact she has become the country of an emotional Protestantism. But in the Church which bore the marks of the social adventures of sixteenth-century England, there was nothing to satisfy her political wants or to comfort her spiritual dreams.

J. L. HAMMOND

THREE BOOKS ON RUSSIAN LITERATURE

PRINCE KROPOTKIN'S *Ideals and Realities of Russian Literature*¹ is the most complete account of Russian literary history, which can be read in any language except his own. In such a book, on such a subject, there are many pages which the ordinary reader must accept from him on trust ; but since the pages in which he discusses the

¹ Duckworth & Co.

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works of Tolstoi, Tourguénief, Dostoyévskiy and Gorkiy show clear-sighted good sense and wide sensibilities, the reader will confidently follow him farther a-field among strange names, queer to the eye and baffling to the tongue.

Of all books, a history of a partially familiar literature presents most difficulty to the reviewer. Perhaps the best way of conveying the peculiar merits of the one in question will be to compare the judgements of the author with those contained in two other recent books upon Russian writers. But before doing so some general remarks will serve, at any rate, to explain one characteristic of Prince Kropotkin's criticism, namely, a frequent preoccupation with the social and ethical bearing of the books he discusses, which might otherwise be attributed to his own predominant enthusiasm. For this characteristic is not due to an exclusive interest in such points on his part, as quotation from his comments upon literary merits will show ; but to the nature of the literature he criticises.

The Russian people have been so unhappy that those among them sensitive and clever enough to create imaginary men and women, have never in their work been free from the thought how bad or how much better life might be. This is one of the characteristics which makes them interesting now ; for the same thoughts trouble us which torture them. Only we can and do forget, while they cannot if they would. The tyranny which has pressed them down has diverted thought and sympathy from direct expression in argument and appeal into works of art, novels, plays and poems. Oppression has been the cause of the enrichment of their literature by the direct impressions of thwarted men of action, and has helped indirectly those whose natural bent was contemplative or analytical to avoid triviality and to scrutinise human nature and society profoundly in the hope of finding where the springs of good and evil, peace and confusion, suffering and happiness rise. Their honesty is that of men who have everything to gain by knowing the truth ; their directness, of men in desperate straits ; their painful self-examination, of men wrenched from their conventional moorings ; their emotional frankness, of heart-starved isolated men (how they pour out their feelings to

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one another ! they seldom merely talk) ; their criticism of civilisation has the freshness and force of those who are half outside it, whose protests have not been muffled by a little comfort. Their experience is as full of contrasts as the world of the Renaissance ; but instead of glorying in the world as an æsthetic spectacle like the Elizabethans, these Russian writers, who are the most living force in modern art, are moralists. Their appeal is not made through the power of the imagination to exalt the facts of experience, but through an instinct as fundamental in human nature to take the measure of emotions as they are. Sympathy, not a sense of the beauty and movement of life, is their inspiration ; and their strength lies in representing what we actually feel, not in conveying emotions which have undergone imaginative or conventional transformation. The best pages of their writings gain from their closeness to experience as great a power to move us as the creations of poets ; and those who have had their thirst for what is beautiful in human nature once satisfied at the turbid springs of realism, will taste at times, even in "the cream of morning Helicon," something of the flatness of filtered water—at times only, it is true, for we also want, at others, the emotions we value taken out of this world and set in a more beautiful one.

Since these are general characteristics of Russian Literature as a whole it is not surprising to find Russian criticism dealing at length with the moral and social aspects of works of art.

Russian literary criticism has, in fact, occupied a peculiar position. In most countries no form of literary activity is further removed from questions of the day ; but in Russia criticism has actually been the main channel through which political and philosophic thought has found expression. "The real soul of a Russian monthly review," says Prince Kropotkin, "is its art critic. His article is a much greater event than the novel of a favourite writer which may appear in the same number. The critic of a leading review is the intellectual leader of the young generation. It is so generally true that the intellectual aspect of a given epoch can be best characterised by naming the art critic of the time who exercised the main influence." The characters

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and situations in novels and plays afford the best opportunity the censorship of the press allows for discussing the real conditions of men and women in Russia. After considering whether the novel or drama is well constructed and natural, the Russian critic turns at once to discussing the part, good or bad, which the characters play in the action, their position in society and the ideas and influences which have made them behave in such a way. Such men as Byelinskiy (1818—1848) and Tchernyshévsiky, who followed him, were teachers and educators of the reformers of their generations. The latter declared that the aim of art should be to explain life, to comment upon it, and to express an opinion about it; in short to show men *how* they live and how they *ought* to live. His definition of beauty is life as it ought to be. Thus for the last eighty years Russian art critics have striven to convince people that the *raison d'être* of art is to make men better. Though they have been clever enough to foresee that a work of art written with a purpose is generally a failure, they have all insisted on its social and moral function as the important one. For this reason Tolstoi's *What is Art?* made much less impression in Russia than abroad. The main idea that the aim of artistic activity is to transmit "the highest feelings which humanity has attained," love between men and trust in God, only expressed in clearer words what his predecessors had said before him.

Prince Kropotkin's attitude towards literature is that of his countrymen. He rejects, however, Tolstoi's criterion of the best art, that it should be capable of being understood by uneducated men; and he points out that even the simplest forms of art require some training if they are to be rightly comprehended. But he assents to this principle, in so far as it simply conveys the charge that modern art has become too artificial, and that by being intended for the rich, it has become over specialised in expression. "Take the mass of excellent works that have been mentioned in this book," he exclaims near the end of it, "how very few of them will ever become accessible to a large public!" But unlike Tolstoi, he admits their excellence, and his comments upon them are more discriminating

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than those of many æsthetic critics. As his book is a history, the greater part of it is naturally given up to statements of what particular writers have written ; but apart from the interest which such information has in itself, his accounts of writers of importance are worth reading for the sense and sympathy with which he comments on the spirit of their works and for the precision with which he points out their connections with contemporary social conditions and aspirations. The two recent books on Russian writers with which it is worth while to compare his book are M. Ossip Lourié's *La Psychologie des Romanciers Russes*,¹ and M. Ivan Strannik's *La Pensée Russe Contemporaine*.² It is impossible to compare these critics at more than a few points, and these must be the most famous Russian authors. The principal difference, apart from the characteristics of the Russian critic already discussed, between M. Lourié's work and Prince Kropotkin's is that to see the point of the latter's comments the reader only requires to have read the authors criticised, while to understand M. Lourié's criticisms he must be familiar with many writers, French and German. M. Lourié often indulges in vague remarks, such as, "Le style de Tourguénief dénote son amour de la musique. Il est toujours élégant et presque toujours pittoresque." The same words would apply to the style of Charles Lamb, who did not distinguish musical notes. From these kind of comments Prince Kropotkin's book is absolutely free. The following passage too is not a happy summing up of Tourguénief's work. "A défaut de grands caractères, une sympathie cordiale, une bienveillance et une bonté attendries sont répandues à flots dans les romans de Tourguénief." In the first place there are several heroic characters in Tourguénief's novels, Insaroff, Basaroff, and several heroic women ; in the second, "répandues à flots" is a very bad description of the tenderness and sadness which colour the realism of his stories. Prince Kropotkin, in discussing Tourguénief's attitude towards his different types of heroes, refers to the lecture on Hamlet and Don Quixote, in which Tourguénief bestows all his admiration upon Don Quixote.

¹ Librairie Felix Alcan, 7 fr. 50.

² Arnand Colin, 3 fr. 50.

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This lecture, he thinks, fully explains Tourguénief's attitude towards Basaroff. Tourguénief asserted that he loved him, and shared all his ideas except his negation of art. Basaroff belongs to the type he admired ; but he could not feel for him the tenderness which he had for heroes like Ruden and Lavrétskiy who, like himself, belonged to the Hamlet type. The fact that he could not surround the young revolutionists with the same atmosphere of poetic sympathy with which he enveloped his other heroes was the cause of his being misunderstood by the rising generation. They did not realise that they had his admiration. M. Lourié's analysis of Tourguénief's romantic realism is perhaps the best piece of criticism in his book ; but he ends up weakly by trying to prove that Tourguénief was not a pessimist because he *wished* to believe in life. "De son œuvre ne se dégage pas du pessimisme, mais une grande beauté de tristesse." The last words may be a just description of the impression made by his art ; but it seems perverse to refuse to call a writer a pessimist because he tried to feel life was good and could not do so. "In common with all great writers Tourguénief combined the qualities of a pessimist and a lover of mankind," says Prince Kropotkin ; and the sentence, if the word "all" is changed to "most," seems nearer the truth.

Dostoyévski, who has written so much upon psychopathological subjects, certainly gives a great opportunity to the psychological critic. "Les ouvrages de Dostoyévski doivent être étudiés moins au point de vue littéraire qu'au point de vue de la psycho-pathologie et de l'anthropologie criminelle. Toutes les formes de névrose, d'épilepsie, d'obsession, de dégénérescence y sont présentées."

Such a remark will have the effect of extinguishing all interest in many readers. M. Lourié's interest as a specialist has not hidden from him, however, the real merit of Dostoyévski, which is not simply due to the fact, that by the extraordinary subtlety of his analysis of mental processes in those who are on the verge of insanity, he has anticipated the diagnoses of men of science. "Toutes ses pages sont vibrantes de tendresse . . . non pas de charité—qui dégrade la dignité de l'homme—mais d'amour vrai, immense." But

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although Dostoyévskiy's compassion is so absolutely free from the taint of patronage as to be almost unique in modern literature, there is a weak emotional quality in his work, which Prince Kropotkin lays his finger upon ; "the pleasure which the author finds in representing the unfathomable submission and servitude of his heroes, and the pleasure they find in the very sufferings and the ill-treatment that has been inflicted upon them—is repulsive to a sound mind." But neither critic has availed himself of the shortest way of suggesting Dostoyévskiy's merits and defects, by comparing him to Tolstoi. Tolstoi is of course by far the greater artist. But in their lives, in their literary characteristics and in their instincts they are instructive contrasts, and the more so, since in theory they hold the same religion and the same morality. In comparing their lives, the first obvious contrast is that Dostoyévskiy was compelled by fate to lead the life of toil and poverty which Tolstoi, as a rich successful man, has attempted to lead on theory. But there was an element in Dostoyévskiy's experience which from the nature of the case could not enter into Tolstoi's. He knew what it was to work under the goad of absolute necessity. In the background of Tolstoi's attempt to lead the life of poverty there has always been the knowledge that he could rest from work if necessary and escape from the burden if it became intolerable. However searchingly a man may scrutinise himself, the effect of such a circumstance upon his judgement of the value of poverty and humble labour, must in a measure escape him. We do not find Dostoyévskiy, who served four years as a convict and several times in his life was glad to take alms from passers by as a beggar, declaring the life of poverty and physical toil to be the only means to salvation ; at the most we gather from his works that life may still be beautiful under such conditions.

In their literary methods the most striking difference lies in the fact that in Tolstoi's novels the descriptions are the passages in which his genius is most surprising ; in Dostoyévskiy it is the dialogue which is most excellent. In reading Tolstoi, it is through our eyes and our senses and by means of comment that we are brought under the writer's spell ; in Dostoyévskiy the descriptions are nothing ;

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we infer the appearance of the characters rather from what they say. This difference of method is due to a deep temperamental difference, which is peculiarly interesting in connection with the attitude of both writers towards Christianity. No one can read Tolstoi without being struck by his instinctive preoccupation with all that concerns the body. It is as impressive as his religious belief that the secret of life is to ignore it and to keep it in subjection. What writer has communicated so vividly the physical horror of death ! How he hates disease and the symptoms of decay ! Half his indictments of civilisation are made from the point of view of a pagan reverence for the body. The artistic strength of Dostoyévskiy, on the other hand, springs from a coherence between his instincts and his morality ; it is natural in him to treat the physical side of life as of no account whatever.

All these critics have written excellently upon Gorkiy, who seems to have been more quickly and more profoundly understood by his contemporaries than any other original writer of to-day. M. Strannik has an extremely acute essay upon him which he calls *L'esprit de Vagabondage*. He sums up as follows :

“ L'œuvre de Gorki est, à ses yeux, entachée d'un vice capital. Elle est inapte à faire naître la joie qui vivifie. L'humanité a désappris la joie ; qu'a-t-il fait que plaindre ou railler la souffrance ? . . . Ces réflexions le hantent ; et ce doute sur son efficacité bien faisante donne à son génie une sublime tristesse. Son pessimisme irrémédiable dérive de ce fait que la vie ne comporte pas de solution logique. Elle n'a pas pour but définitif la félicité, ni quelque organisation régulière, comme en cherchent les moralistes : mais le désordre lui est essentiel et la douleur ne s'en peut séparer. Que reste-t-il à faire, dans ces conditions ? Le seul recours est de prendre à l'égard de la vie, nécessairement mauvaise, un attitude de beauté. Plus l'homme est grand, plus il perçoit l'horreur de son sort. Alors il se cantonnera dans un désespoir ardent et concevra comme son seul devoir de donner à chaque instant de sa durée la noblesse de sa farouche rébellion. Il faut d'abord, suivant Gorkiy, détourner l'humanité des vaines recherches de

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bien-être médiocre. Surtout il la faut éveiller, car elle s'endort misérablement dans son indigne resignation, il faut susciter en elle l'énergie, la force de se révolter—tout plutôt que le repos !”

He cries up his rebels, not because they realise happiness in the least degree, but because their lives are stamped with the deep impress of their own wills. Gorkiy then appears at first sight to be an exception in Russian literature. He does not concern himself apparently with good or bad. But in fact he is as much occupied with morality as the others, only he cannot find a doctrine to preach except the one expressed by M. Strannik in the above passage. M. Lourié takes the view that he is an artist rather than a revolutionary preacher. He himself has pointed out where his defect as an artist lies. “I discovered in myself,” he says, “many good feelings and desires—a fair proportion of what is usually called good ; but a feeling which could unify all this, a well-founded, clear thought, embracing all the phenomena of life—I did not find in myself.” It is not necessary to be able to pull the universe together under some one idea to be a great artist, but there must be some unifying intellectualised emotion behind a great work of art ; and this is lacking in Gorkiy's work. He is, as Prince Kropotkin remarks, too genuine a writer to attempt to disguise the chaotic character of his outlook by giving an artificial completeness and consistency to his productions. Hence his sketches and short stories are superior to his novels. Whatever we may think of him as an artist, he is just such a stormy petrel as might be expected in literature on the eve of a revolution.

Tchekhoff, who is so little known in England, interests Prince Kropotkin as a painter of the general bankruptcy and failure of “the intellectuals” during the years in which the national party triumphed under Alexander III. “Never will a Westerner understand the depth of despair and hopeless sadness which took hold of the intellectual portion of Russian society for the next ten or twelve years.” “The eighties” were perhaps the gloomiest period that Russia has lived through for the last 100 years. M. Strannik discusses Tchekhoff under the heading *L'impuissance*

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de vivre. As a dramatic author he was an innovator. He put life on the stage as it was with its monotony, languor and heavy burdens. "Dans une existence que nulle catastrophe ne trouble extérieurement il révèle d'intimes douleurs et, par exemple, au milieu d'un bonheur apparent, la sensation de la méprisable banalité de ce bonheur. . . . Son rêve n'est pas de soulever un mouvement collectif des masses ; mais il se préoccupe de susciter les bonnes volontés individuelles."

One peculiarity of Russian literature which strikes many readers is not mentioned by these three critics ; the strange detachment from civilisation which characterises so much of it. Tolstoi, for instance, describes the most familiar objects and institutions like a man dropped from Mars. The reader finds himself questioning the rationality and value of habits and conveniences which he had hitherto simply taken for granted. We follow, under Tolstoi's influence, Neklúhoff's morning toilet with a kind of astonishment. His white, clean legs, as he sits on the edge of his bed pushing his feet into warm slippers, the articles on his dressing-table "all in good taste, very durable and very expensive," inspire us with a kind of contemptuous disgust. Yet his toilet is a very ordinary one ; he takes the usual bath ; he puts on good, warm clothes. But Tolstoi's power is so great, and he focuses our attention on details in such a peculiar manner, that a tooth-brush comes to seem an implement of the most corrupt and barbarous refinement. The light in which everything is seen is so serious that common actions take on a kind of grotesqueness, as they have done in most people's experience occasionally, at times of great sorrow or during some emotional crisis. That they seem absurd then does not show necessarily that we would be better if we did not usually perform them, though that is the conclusion that Tolstoi draws from his perceptions ; but the benefit we get from Russian literature is that of seeing all our mechanical habits, conventions and contrivances in such a light for a long time together. No authors remind the world so often or so vividly as the Russians of difference between the actions which are merely important as means, and those actions and feelings which are

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ends in themselves. Standing half outside civilisation, they often see clearer what is necessary and what is superfluous. They are detached not only from the externals of civilisation, but from the ideas and traditions which colour men's views of their own impulses and emotions. In the characters of Russian fiction the instincts and impulses, though they may not be understood by the characters themselves, are seldom confused. There is no doubt about what they are feeling, and it is often all the clearer because the character in question does not know what to make of his own state of mind. The Russians bring back to our notice the facts of human nature which education and a complex tradition tend to confuse and conceal.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

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